

LIFE



**WINSTON
CHURCHILL**

PART I OF A CLOSE-UP

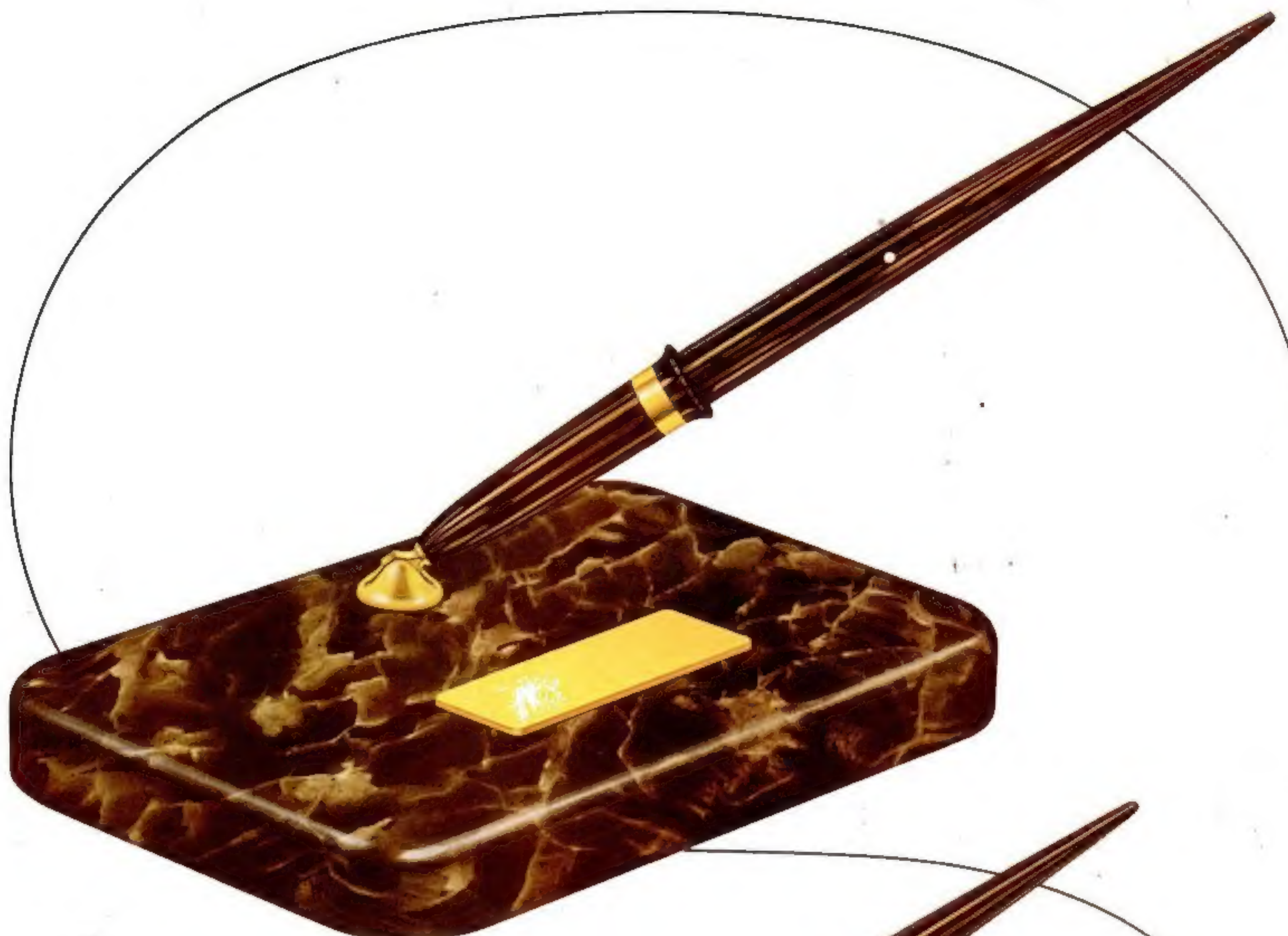
BY CHARLES J. V. MURPHY AND JOHN DAVENPORT

MAY 21, 1945

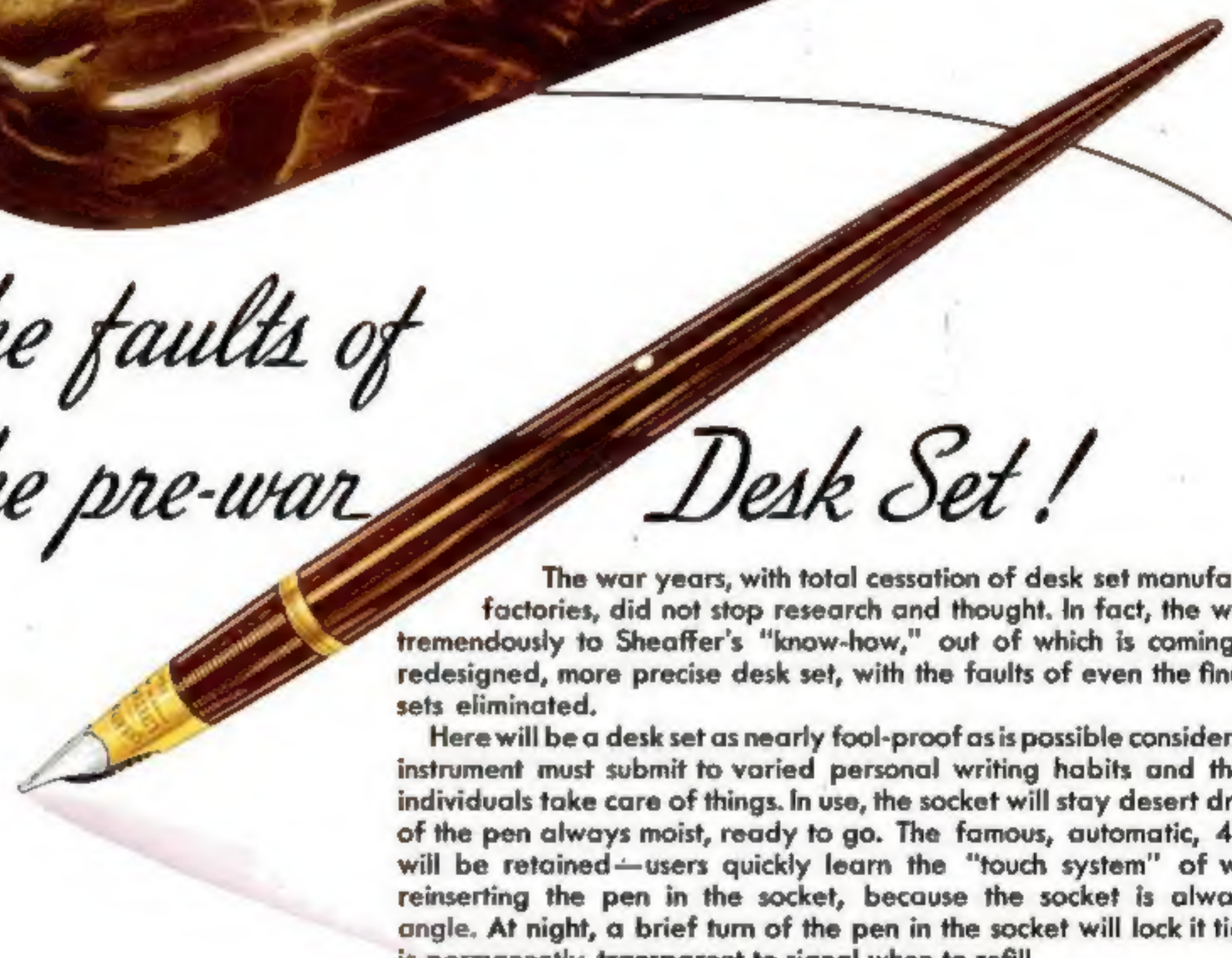
10

CENTS

BY SUBSCRIPTION: TWO YEARS \$8.50



*Gone are the faults of
the pre-war Desk Set!*



The war years, with total cessation of desk set manufacture in Sheaffer factories, did not stop research and thought. In fact, the war years added tremendously to Sheaffer's "know-how," out of which is coming this completely redesigned, more precise desk set, with the faults of even the finest pre-war desk sets eliminated.

Here will be a desk set as nearly fool-proof as is possible considering that a writing instrument must submit to varied personal writing habits and the way different individuals take care of things. In use, the socket will stay desert dry; the writing tip of the pen always moist, ready to go. The famous, automatic, 45° socket angle will be retained—users quickly learn the "touch system" of withdrawing and reinserting the pen in the socket, because the socket is always at the same angle. At night, a brief turn of the pen in the socket will lock it tightly. The barrel is permanently transparent to signal when to refill.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

These sets will not be available for some time. Meanwhile, what could be more fitting than to put your money in War Bonds so these and the many other fine post-war products you want will be available sooner?



SHEAFFER'S
Lifetime **TRIUMPH**

LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to
SHEAFFER'S WORLD PARADE—NBC Complete Network
3 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 P.M. C.W.T.; 1 P.M. M.W.T.; 12 P.M. P.W.T.

Copyright, 1945, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Invite *Him*? — Over My Dead Body!

Debbie was right. Chuck was a swell kid, but at a real nice party he would simply be excess baggage. Of late he had been pretty careless about a rather important thing, and the news got around fast. Lots of the girls considered a dance with him equivalent to a prison sentence. Too bad somebody didn't tip him off*!

Are you sure that your breath isn't on the offensive side? Why guess about halitosis* (unpleasant breath) . . . why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic provides such an easy and delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. How quickly it freshens . . . what a wonderful feeling of assurance it gives you!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

This One



7DCD-ATY-Y3Q3

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



THE FIRST PATENT. History records its issuance by the United States Government over the signatures of George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, to Samuel Hopkins of Burlington, Vermont, on July 31, 1790. It covered the process of leaching wood ashes to produce potash for making soap.

Today's Thrift provides for Tomorrow

To the Pioneer Mother, soap-making was a difficult job, but unless she made it the family went without. The discovery of Samuel Hopkins, as well as the countless others since then, has made woman's work around the house much easier and living conditions more pleasant.

To the Present-Day Provider, the income with which your family buys the everyday necessities is a matter of greatest importance. If possible, wouldn't you like to guarantee its continuance until your children are able to provide for themselves?

National's Family Income Policy guarantees income continuance at low cost to you. This modern contract is designed to provide maximum protection during years when children are growing up. If you are between ages 20 and 55, and have dependent children, it will be well worth your while to investigate its possibilities.

Fill in coupon below—Mail it today.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE—VERMONT MONTPELIER,

*A Mutual Company, founded in 1850,
"as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"*

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send copy of free booklet,
"Triple Protection."

Name Date of Birth

Business or Home Address



An Example

How National Life's Family Income Policy Would Work For You
Present age, 35—Sum insured, \$10,000.
Family Income 20 year plan. Consider death occurs on the 5th anniversary after the policy takes effect.

Your wife would receive:

(1) \$100 monthly for 15 years. And in addition—

(2) \$10,000 cash at the end of that time. This principal sum could be used to provide monthly income for your wife for life—based upon the settlement options in the policy.

If you outlive these maximum needs the policy's cash value and dividend accumulations can be used to provide you with an income for life.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"MISS FIGHTING LADY"

Sirs:

We the undersigned, members of the crew of the U.S. Navy aircraft carrier known as "The Fighting Lady," are in fervent hopes of finding a typical American girl to be chosen by the crew as the official pin-up of this ship, this girl to have the title of "Miss Fighting Lady."

We will accept pictures submitted by, or for, any American girl. These pictures will be judged by a committee selected from the various divisions aboard the ship. Those pictures chosen by the committee as most promising will be brought before the entire crew for a final vote.

Upon the ship's arrival in the U.S., and if security reasons permit, we hope to be allowed to give a ball in honor of the girl chosen as "Miss Fighting Lady," at which time we shall pay our respects to our Queen of the Fleet.

We will appreciate sincerely whatever LIFE may do to aid us in our efforts to find this girl.

PHM 3/C SAM A. GEART
S1/C JOHN KENNETH THOMAS
S 1/C R. P. KITCHEN
Mus 2/C E. L. DUNNING
EM 3/C JAMES F. McKEE
MaM 1/C H. E. BOLDEN
S 1/C JOSEPH F. BRAUN
GM 3/C ROBERT H. DAVIS
SC 1/C JOSEPH W. BERG
HA 1/C CHARLES E. STARKS
BM 1/C JOHN B. PARROTT
F 1/C WINDELL E. LAWSON
CPL HEWEY J. DOYLE, USMC
F 1/C LOUIS E. BOWMAN
QM 2/C LUTHER DICK
NM 1/C RAY PRENSER

● LIFE is happy to be of service. All contestants for the title of "Miss Fighting Lady" should send a picture to "The Fighting Lady," c/o LIFE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y. The contest will close July 21, exactly two months from the time of this publication. LIFE will at that time forward all pictures to the above-signed judges and their decision will evidently be final.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
May 21, 1945

Volume 18
Number 21

INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



JOAN FONTAINE FOUR WINS—NO LOSSES

Joan Fontaine, at last, has her first chance to show her extraordinary talents as a comedienne in the new motion picture

"The Affairs of SUSAN"

famed producer Hal Wallis' first production for Paramount. Joan comes off a winner—four times.

As Susan, a revolving cutie, with a fast change of pace, Joan gets four men—suffers no losses.

Her first is George Brent, Broadway big-shot, who is fascinated by her innocence, astonished by her truth.

Her second is Don DeFore, a strong, silent type, aged in the Minnesota woods. He is a sucker for bare shoulders and a fast rhumba.

Her third is Dennis O'Keefe, picked up on a park bench—won with flat heels and four old-fashioned.

She takes her fourth, Walter Abel, like Hodges took Cologne, but doesn't ruin him in the process.

Susan's affairs, ably directed by William Seiter, are entirely yours—for fun catch up with her at your favorite theatre—she'll get you like she got her men.

Paramount Pictures

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



He learned this in school

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich war-time service

"JUST a few lines to let you know I am still kicking and fixing tires. I can say one thing, the training I got at your school was the most important training I have had in all the time I have been in the Army. It sure comes in handy over here.

"The only gripe I have is that I can't get enough hot patches. The shrapnel tears hell out of tubes. I have put as many as 18 patches on one tube. We just have to do it. New tubes are prac-

tically impossible to get. I have some German synthetic gum rubber. I fill the holes with cement and this German rubber, then put a thin patch over that and a boot. So far it has been working out quite well. Of course, I try not to put them on the front wheels. Sometimes that is impossible, too. We just have to get by the best way we can." (Letter from a graduate of the army training school established by B. F. Goodrich less than one month after Pearl Harbor

to teach army instructors more about tire service and conservation.)

As long as the war lasts the tire shortage will be critical. On one European supply line alone they used up 5000 tires a day. So here at home millions who need tires won't be able to buy them. Cars may be laid up. Our transportation system is still in danger.

Now is the time when all of us should read and *reread* the rules of tire conservation. Here are the most important ones: (1) Always keep correct air pressure. (2) Shift tires from wheel

to wheel every 5000 miles. (3) Whenever a tire is changed, air pressure should be checked after a few miles of service. (4) Don't take corners at high speeds. (5) Don't slam on brakes. (6) Have wheel alignment checked occasionally. (7) Drive slowly. (8) Start up slowly. (9) Avoid bumping curbs. Let's keep on applying these rules. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

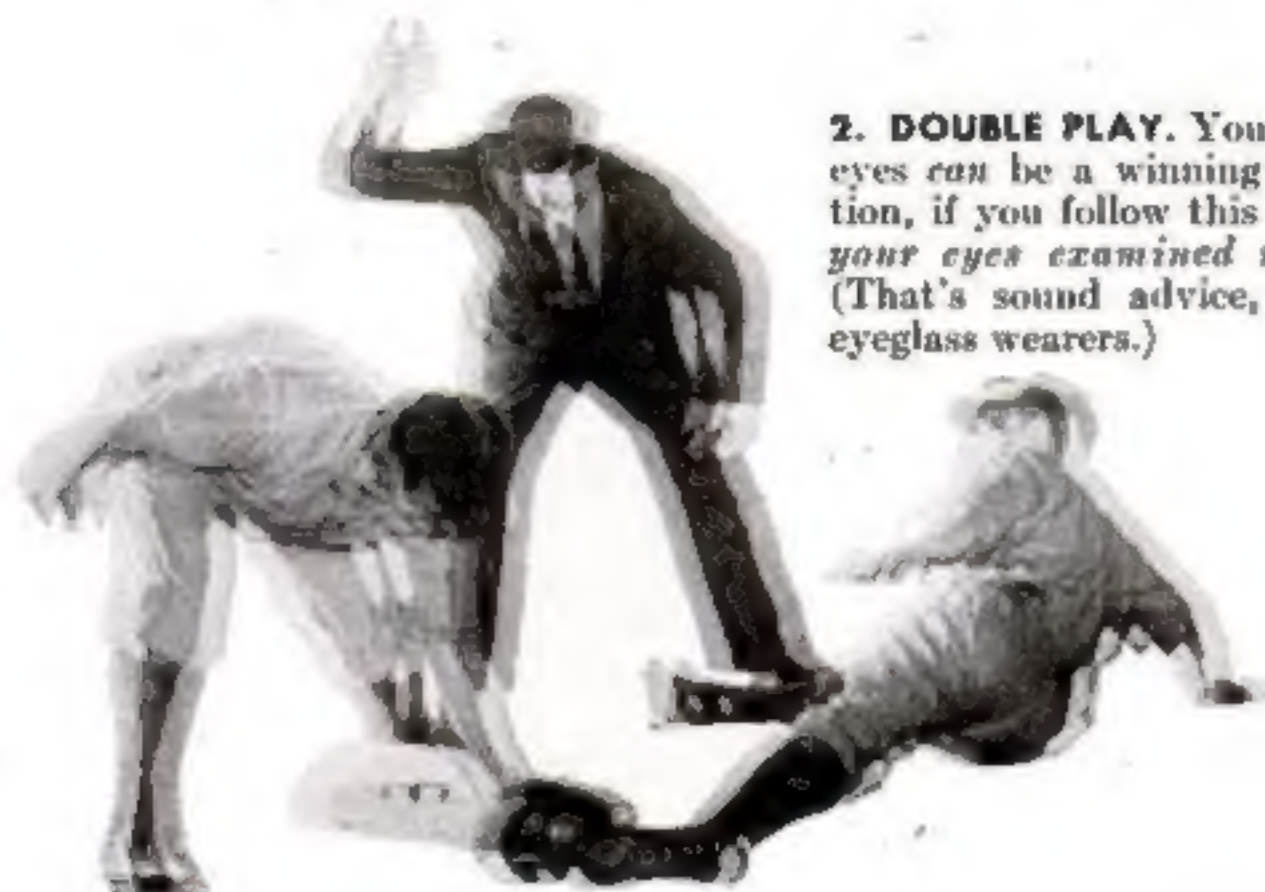
1. WHOSE ERROR?

Yours—if you allow neglect, intensive use, and changing visual conditions to rob your eyes of comfort and certainty. Eyes that must strain to see, too often fool you.



Keep your eye on the *ball!*

2. DOUBLE PLAY. You and your eyes can be a winning combination, if you follow this rule: *have your eyes examined regularly.* (That's sound advice, even for eyeglass wearers.)



3. HE'S OUT!—but you're safe if you take advantage of the skills and services of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist, Dispensing Optician. Trust them to help keep your vision keen, your eyes comfortable.



R... Professionally prescribed when needed to make seeing more comfortable.

Soft-Lite Lenses

... Tone down harsh light, reduce overbrightness
... Slightly flesh-toned... less conspicuous... better looking

There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate

SOFT-LITE LENS COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

THE PARATROOPER

Sirs:

In your April 9 issue of LIFE I was very pleased to see a full picture of my very good friend Jim Conboy. I went to school with Jim and have kept in very close contact with him since going into the service three years ago. At Bastogne we worked with Jim's outfit. Jim was wounded right after the picture was taken and now is in the hospital.

I know my word isn't much against Mr. Kehoe's, but I thought that I might be able to give the picture "Whose Boy" a name!

SGT. J. McNICHOL

Philadelphia, Pa.

● In Letters of the April 30 issue Mrs. Margaret Conboy of Philadelphia and Mr. T. R. Kehoe of Memphis each claimed the paratrooper as son.—ED.



JIM CONBOY

Sirs:

This issue has created almost as much—if not more—of a furor in the vicinity of Philadelphia as the April 9 issue did. It seems impossible for any of Jim's friends and relations to understand how anyone could mistake a picture of that size and clarity for anyone else.

Incidentally, I quote from a letter from him dated April 10:

"You know what, Mom? When we were at the marshaling area a photographer liked my haircut, so he took a picture of me with my helmet off and full equipment on."

MARGARET B. CONBOY

West Philadelphia, Pa.

JANEWAY'S ROOSEVELT

Sirs:

Elit Janeway's "Roosevelt: The Master of Politics" in the April 30 issue is a classic. It deserves a Pulitzer prize.

J. F. BALLARD

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

Elit Janeway's article on President Roosevelt is hypocritical, incoherent, illogical and indecent. The author pretends to be fair but he intends to smear....

JAMES W. RANKIN

Winter Park, Fla.

WRONG STORY

Sirs:

A few weeks ago, while still in Manila, I was able to read LIFE's captions which described how I had been captured, tortured and finally murdered by the Japanese when they took Manila in 1942. A GI friend, hoping that there might be some one left to whom he could give the stories, clipped them out of your March 30 and April 13 issues (1942), put them in his wallet, carried them through all the battles of the Southwest Pacific and, after the liberation of Manila, came



The Army Needs

MORE NURSES

and all women can help!

If you are untrained — take a home nursing or nurse's aide course.

If you are a senior cadet nurse — serve your final six months of training in an Army hospital.

If you are a registered nurse — join the Army Nurse Corps.

Your help may mean the difference between life and death to our wounded men. Visit or write your local Red Cross chapter for information. Or communicate with the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORPORATION



(continued on p. 6)

A good disposition inspires
love that lasts...

Nothing can do so much to keep love and companionship burning brightly through the years as a good-natured disposition. So make smiling a life-time habit.



"Fresh up"
keep smiling!

You like it...it likes you

You like 7-Up and it likes you. That explains briefly why you never fail to get real enjoyment from happy, sparkling 7-Up. Sip it slowly . . . taste it . . . let it roll over and under your tongue. Enjoy that grand and glorious flavor to the full. It's just natural to feel like smiling!

Better resolve right now to enjoy a frequent "fresh up" with 7-Up. And the best reminder is to keep plenty of 7-Up in the icebox. Just look for the nearest store displaying 7-Up signs.

MIRTH-QUAKE

EVERY WEDNESDAY! Nail down your radio
for The "FRESH UP" SHOW
Mutual Network . . . 8:30 p.m. EWT—7:30 CWT—
6:30 MWT—5:30 PWT.

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

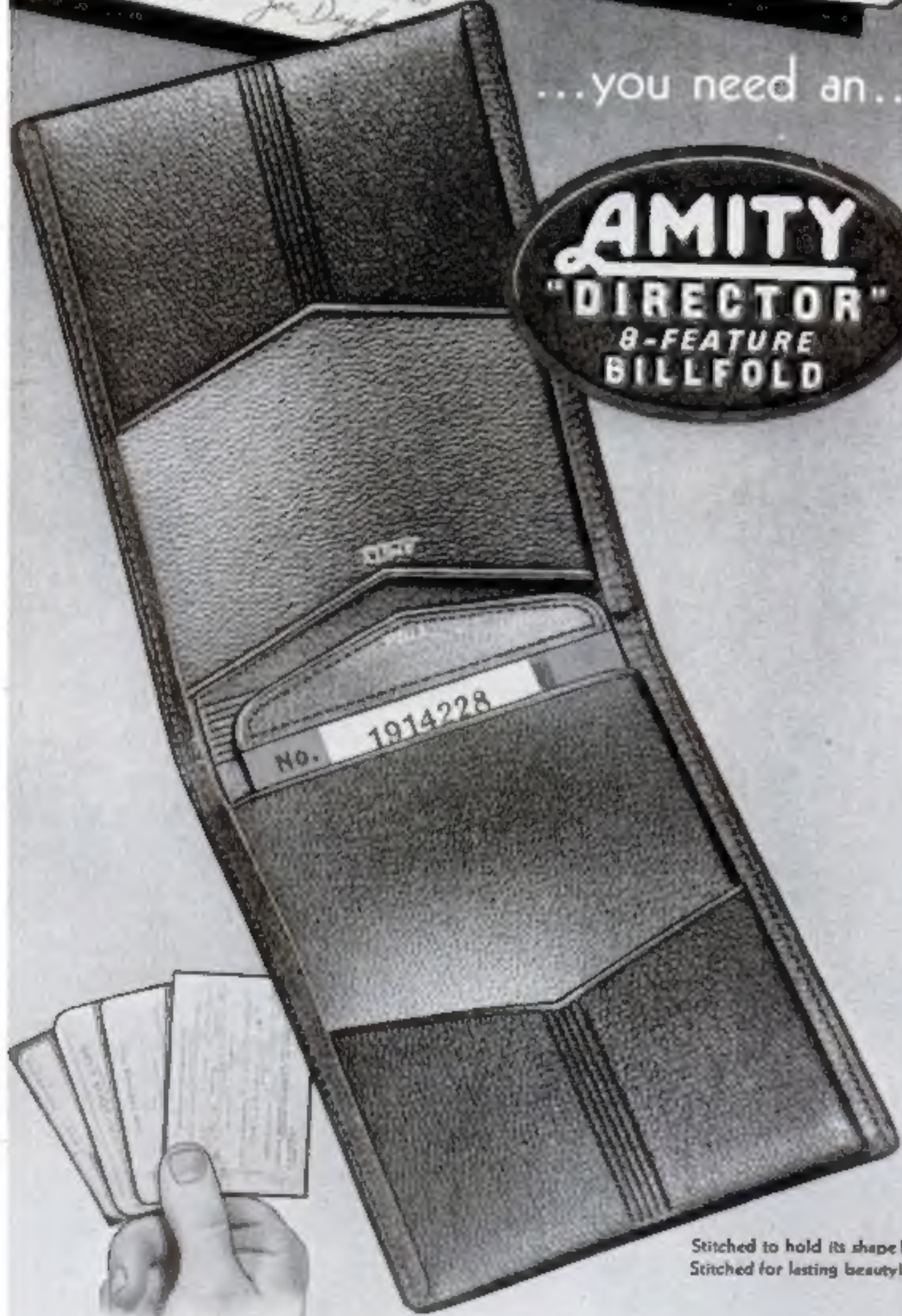


For HER
Picture
and all of these...



...you need an...

AMITY
"DIRECTOR"
8-FEATURE
BILLFOLD



Stitched to hold its shape!
Stitched for lasting beauty!

● It's the answer to every busy man's need! Four celluloid envelopes for eight visible cards, passes, photos! Instantly removable... no need to hand over your billfold when presenting identification. Eight great features, including secret currency pocket, spare key pockets! Fine leathers, workmanship. At leading stores... \$3.50 up plus tax. P.S.—For ladies only... colorful billfolds made just for you by Amity. Choose yours today!

Keep on buying war bonds... and hold on to them!

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY, WEST BEND, WIS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

into Santo Tomas prison camp, handed me the clippings, said, "LIFE must have been wrong for once."

But I won't sue. Those stories published in LIFE saved my life. I was on the Jap's black list because of my anti-Nippon broadcasts in China and the Philippines and, had they known they had me, your story of my death would have been correct.

Just before Manila fell I assumed my real name (Clarence Bell), dropped my radio name (Don Bell), arranged to be captured at Heacock's Department Store in my official capacity of publicity director. Every person in camp knew about the deception, but (God bless Americans) not one person ever said a thing to the Japs. So the Japs kept on looking for Don Bell and couldn't find him...

Then, when Melville Jacoby's story appeared in LIFE, giving all the gory details of my death, the Japs gave up their search for me, evidently thinking they had already murdered me.

After the liberation I got back up the job as war correspondent for Mutual Broadcasting, got shot down by the Japs somewhere on the China Coast, walked, finally got to Chungking...

Of course, your War Correspondent Carl Mydans or Researcher Shelley could have told you that I was still alive. But they were in that same prison camp with me and communications were rather bad between the Philippines and the U.S. at the time.

So your story was printed in good faith. It might have been true; fortunately for me it wasn't, but it did save my life. And to LIFE, thanks for being wrong once.

DON BELL
War Correspondent

Mutual Broadcasting System, Inc.
New York, N.Y.



DON BELL—ALIVE

SAN FRANCISCO

Sirs:

As a native (and prejudiced) San Franciscan, who is temporarily detained in Washington through no fault of his own, I would like to argue your statement that "San Francisco practically never warms up" (LIFE, April 30).

... Although it does not have the humid heat of your Eastern cities, where the weather changes at the wink of an eye, it still has "warmed up." Our average temperature is quite consistent and if you call 70°-90° not warmed up—well!

WARREN J. OBERHAUS
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

It is just a shame that you didn't show the dirt and filth of San Francisco. It took a world conference to have the Palace Hotel front washed and cleaned. They even had to start a campaign to clean the streets of San Francisco...

JOHN E. MONAGHAN
Hollywood, Calif.

(continued on p. 8)



UNTIL THE WHOLE JOB'S DONE

It takes ships and planes and guns and men...and millions of items of precision equipment, not one of which must fail.

It needs precision optical equipment...eyes that seek out the enemy, find him, range him, help to destroy him. This need, for all operations in this war, is still tremendous.

Universal Camera Corporation, furnishing such instruments for the armed forces continuously since before Pearl Harbor, today manufactures binoculars in quantities hitherto thought impossible, as well as other vitally important high-precision optical instruments.

Universal will continue to devote its efforts and facilities wholeheartedly to making these instruments as long as needed.

But when the war job is done, the production of hundreds of new Universal Cameras, Photographic and Home Movie Equipment items will begin immediately.

UNIVERSAL CAMERA CORPORATION'S WAR RECORD

1941... Started War Work (before Pearl Harbor)

1942... Over 80% Essential War Work

1943... Over 99% Essential War Work
(Awarded Army-Navy "E" March 13)

1944... Over 99% Essential War Work

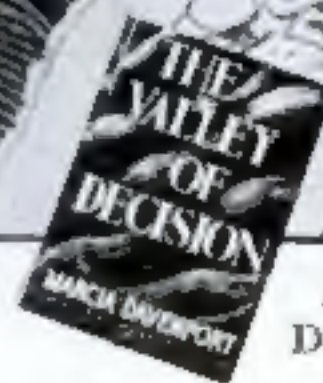
TODAY... Over 99% of our facilities are devoted to producing essential precision instruments for the Armed Forces, and will continue to be while the need exists.

**UNIVERSAL CAMERA
CORPORATION**

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • HOLLYWOOD
Peacetime Manufacturers of Mercury • Cinémaster • Corsair Cameras
and Photographic Equipment

For this moment... love was theirs—

Young, impulsive, they were deeply aware of the world between them! Then they kissed... and the hunger of their hearts could no longer be denied!



A fine adaptation of Marcia Davenport's best-selling novel!

M.G.M. presents **GREER GARSON and GREGORY PECK**
The Valley of Decision

**DONALD CRISP • LIONEL BARRYMORE • PRESTON FOSTER • MARSHA HUNT
GLADYS COOPER • REGINALD OWEN • DAN DURYEA • JESSICA TANDY • BARBARA EVEREST • MARSHALL THOMPSON**
Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levins • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Step into deep-water coolness — in Munsingwear-sheer panties. Wisps of run-proof rayon that cling... stay smooth to your shape because Munsingwear has a rare know-how about such things. With smooth-fitting waist bands that are elastic in back... and a matching bra that's a miracle of fit. All made, as always, to wear and wear. At better stores everywhere.

MUNSINGWEAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Underwear, Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear, Foundation Garments, Hosiery

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

LIFE'S ARTISTS

Sirs:

Your 24 pages of color pictures by LIFE's war artists is an outstanding piece of work (LIFE, April 30). Especially did we find the works of Aaron Bohrod amazing in the fact that they were both beautiful and sad.

We intend to save this issue because of his outstanding portrayal of this war. Our children should look upon them one day and say, "War is horrible. We must do anything to prevent it." ... More power to you and your magazine for giving us such artists and more power to Aaron Bohrod for giving us such magnificent pictures.

PHYLLIS SOKOL

Waukesha, Wis.

Sirs:

Aaron Bohrod's painting of the wire-strung cross had a very real model. While I was in Pont-l'Abbé a few months ago I took this snapshot of the same cross, with the same Signal Corps wires strung over it.

JOHN MORRIS

Chicago, Ill.



BOHROD'S CROSS



REAL CROSS

Sirs:

Your caption under a painting by Aaron Bohrod, "military necessity hung these Signal Corps wires on cross," ought to strike every Christian with the impossibility of reconciling the way of the Crucified One and the way of war.

Stark though this picture is, we thank you and the artist for it. It is not a happy sight, but perhaps if enough of us realize that chaos to which our rampant paganism inevitably leads we'll seek forgiveness and return to the ideals and standards of Christ and His pattern of life.

...You have well served the cause of peacemaking by your realistic reporting of the war.

EDGAR WILLIAMS
Minister

Jersey Shore, Pa.

(continued on p. 11)

1. When your child picks up a splinter, don't risk infection, mother! Treat the hurt properly...



2. Quickly apply *BAND-AID, the ready-made adhesive bandage that 8 out of 10 doctors specify when recommending such a bandage! (From 1944 doctors' survey.)



3. In fact, BAND-AID is so trusted more families use it than all other brands put together! Comes sterile in individual envelopes. Costs less than a penny stamp. Keep BAND-AID on hand at all times.

When advising a ready-made adhesive bandage

**8 out of 10
Doctors
recommend
Band-Aid**



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

*Band-Aid is the registered Trade mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson

Hardest part

Stick at it, Sister! For the first part is often hardest—you have to thread that needle before you can sew a fine seam. It's like a job we had to do on an engine once. When we got it done, the engine helped lighten the world's work and fight the war—all at the same time.

SOME 25 years ago, General Motors engineers set out to make a better Diesel engine. They found they could—if an im-

portant part could be improved and made quickly in great quantities.

This part, which the engineers call an injector, works like an atomizer. It breaks up the fuel oil into a fine spray by forcing it through a hole many times smaller than the eye of Sister's needle. Injectors had always been made by hand—a slow, costly process.

It took a long time—years, in fact—



but General Motors men finally worked out a way to make better injectors and produce them by ordinary production methods. And their research brought many other improvements.

Result: a Diesel engine that was more compact, lighter in weight, and so dependable that it was soon humming away at all sorts of tough jobs. Today it is at work in rail transportation, road building, heavy hauling, and many other important tasks.

When war came, GM Diesels proved a "natural" for many uses. Singly or teamed together as "Twins" and "Quads," they now power tanks, bulldozers, landing boats, submarines, subchasers, tugs, generators.

Engineering like this is giving us things needed in war just as it gave us useful things in peace. Today it is more active and creative than ever. It is a great energizing factor in our American system. And it is ready to help give us "more and better things for more people" when final victory has been won.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon

GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds



**"Sorry I married you?" protested Elsie,
"Why darling!"**

"DON'T PULL THAT *darling* stuff on me!" bel-
lowed Elmer, the bull. "What's this mess of beet tops
doing in front of me? And why?"

"But, dar-ling!" persisted Elsie, the Borden Cow.
"beet tops are wonderful food, full of vitamins and
minerals. It's a sin not to use them, especially *now*,
when the government asks us not to waste one single
bit of food."

"Let the government run the government!" roared
Elmer. "I'll run my house!"

"Then don't forget the rationing rules!" reminded
Elsie brightly. "Buy only what you need, pay your
points, and *never* pay more than ceiling prices. Re-
member, we have a mighty big army and navy to feed.
And the folks at home have to limit themselves. We
mustn't waste one crumb of bread, or one drop of
milk. Not that I can imagine anyone *ever* wasting a

using. But in these times of shortages—"

"Ha!" interrupted Elmer witheringly, "how about
milk weeds? Maybe babies could use them instead of
milk."

"That's absurd!" exclaimed Elsie. "Babies will get



their cows milk. You know very well how the little
ones thrive on Borden's Evaporated Milk, and how
many doctors approve of it. It's fortified with Vita-
min D."

"My stomach could do with a little fortifying,"
grumbled Elmer. "Oh, for the good old days!"



"In the good old days," said Elsie, "we wasted per-
fectly good leftovers that could have been made into
appetizing dishes. For instance, you can make a very

savory dish by mixing different leftover vegetables
together in a cream sauce, sprinkling with Borden's
grated American style cheese, and baking. Mighty
nourishing, too. For Borden's Fine Cheeses are con-
centrated nourishment

"I could do with a little concentrated silence!"
boomed Elmer.

"But how *can* I keep silent," asked Elsie, "when I'm
fairly bursting with conversation tips? Did you know
that you can make the most exciting jelly from apple
peelings? And that you can conserve potatoes by boil-
ing them in their skins, or baking them, and eating
skins and all. These days every little bit we save helps
our food supply last longer."

"If the food situation is that bad," reasoned Elmer,
"maybe I'll try this bit of boiled greenery. But, mind
you, only to help the boys!"

"Don't be so bull headed, Elmer!" scoffed Elsie.
"You'll find the greens delicious. I flavored them with
vinegar and pork drippings. It's the flavor that counts.
It even makes taking vitamins a pleasure! Just look



how folks go for the chocolate-flavored, vitamin-
fortified drink—Hemo! Everybody's saying Hemo's the
way to drink your vitamins and *like 'em*!"

"Less sales talk," commanded Elmer "and more of
these beet tops. They're not half bad

"Oh, Elmer, you say the nicest things," murmured



Elsie. "Just for that, you get Borden's Ice Cream and
Borden's Milk Sherbet for dessert. They're good,
sound nourishment at any time. As I always say—"

"No, my dear," twinkled Elmer, "let *me* say it this
time: If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"



single drop of milk that tastes as excitingly delicious
as Borden's Homogenized Milk! It has cream and
Vitamin D in every sip."

"My good woman," prompted Elmer haughily,
"just one moment ago you spoke of beet tops. One of
your relatives in the beet top business, perhaps?"

"No, angel," giggled Elsie. "But beet tops are grand
eating. So are turnip greens, and the leafy parts of
many vegetables you ordinarily wouldn't think of

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BORDEN'S
New
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Blue Network

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Jeff Alexander's Orchestra,
Famous Guest Stars!

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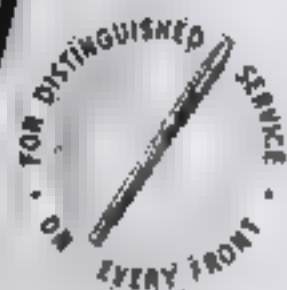
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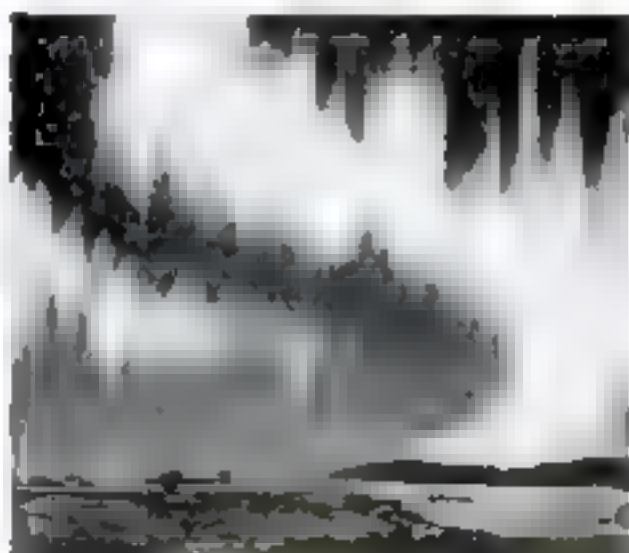


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LETTERS WELLS

Sirs,

The April 30 issue has all those amazing pictures by LIFE's artists, but I turn again and again to the picture of the northern lights in the arctic night above the far northern base. In Tom Lea's picture I can feel the shiver of watching them, for northern lights are



not to be watched through a window—you go outside where you can see the whole sky. And those planes with the star of Russia on them have thrummed over our heads so many nights. We have got up to see their faint, high lights going farther into the midnight sky up to those bases on the edges of the arctic. This has been our only tangible contact with war's turmoil. No training camps are anywhere near us, we have seen no troop trains pass—our boys have left and we just remain waiting it out and raising every kernel of wheat we can. Other people will respond to other scenes, but this picture that crackles with cold is the one I feel. . . .

MRS. ROY M. WELLS
Langdon, N. Dak.

Sirs,

Many, many thanks for the cover picture of Aaron Bohrod. After all the beautiful women and oldish men you've been using on the front of your magazine, it's a real treat to have a sho nuff cover man for a change!

MAMIE O. TEW
Miami, Fla.



COVER MAN

IMPORTANT NOTICE to LIFE subscribers in the Armed Forces

When you return to civilian life you are still entitled to the full unexpired term of your LIFE subscription at the special military rate.

Whether you subscribed for one year at \$3.50, two years at \$6 or three years at \$9, you will receive the full number of copies you ordered and paid for at these special rates—at no increase in price.

To be sure of receiving all your copies of LIFE please keep us informed of your latest address—military or civilian.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES FIFTEENTH CENTURY ARTISTIC FAKE WAS ITALIAN DUKE'S WHIM

The well-appointed little room shown on these pages actually has no appointments at all. All of the benches, the latticed cupboards, the bird cage, and even the bird in the cage are optical illusions. They are pictures made out of thousands of pieces of wood recessed in a flat wall, all put together to satisfy the whim of a 15th Century Italian duke.

The room was one of two made by an unknown Italian artisan for Federigo da Montefeltro, the Duke of Urbino. As the ruler of 150,000 people the duke was accustomed to having large numbers of local bigwigs and 15th Century social climbers swarming through the spacious rooms of his ducal palace. To get away from them and from the barnlike vastness of his palace rooms the duke liked to retire to his cozy studies and contemplate the objects which reflected various aspects of his many-sided nature. And when he was tired of that he could gaze through the one genuine window overlooking the quiet Umbrian countryside.

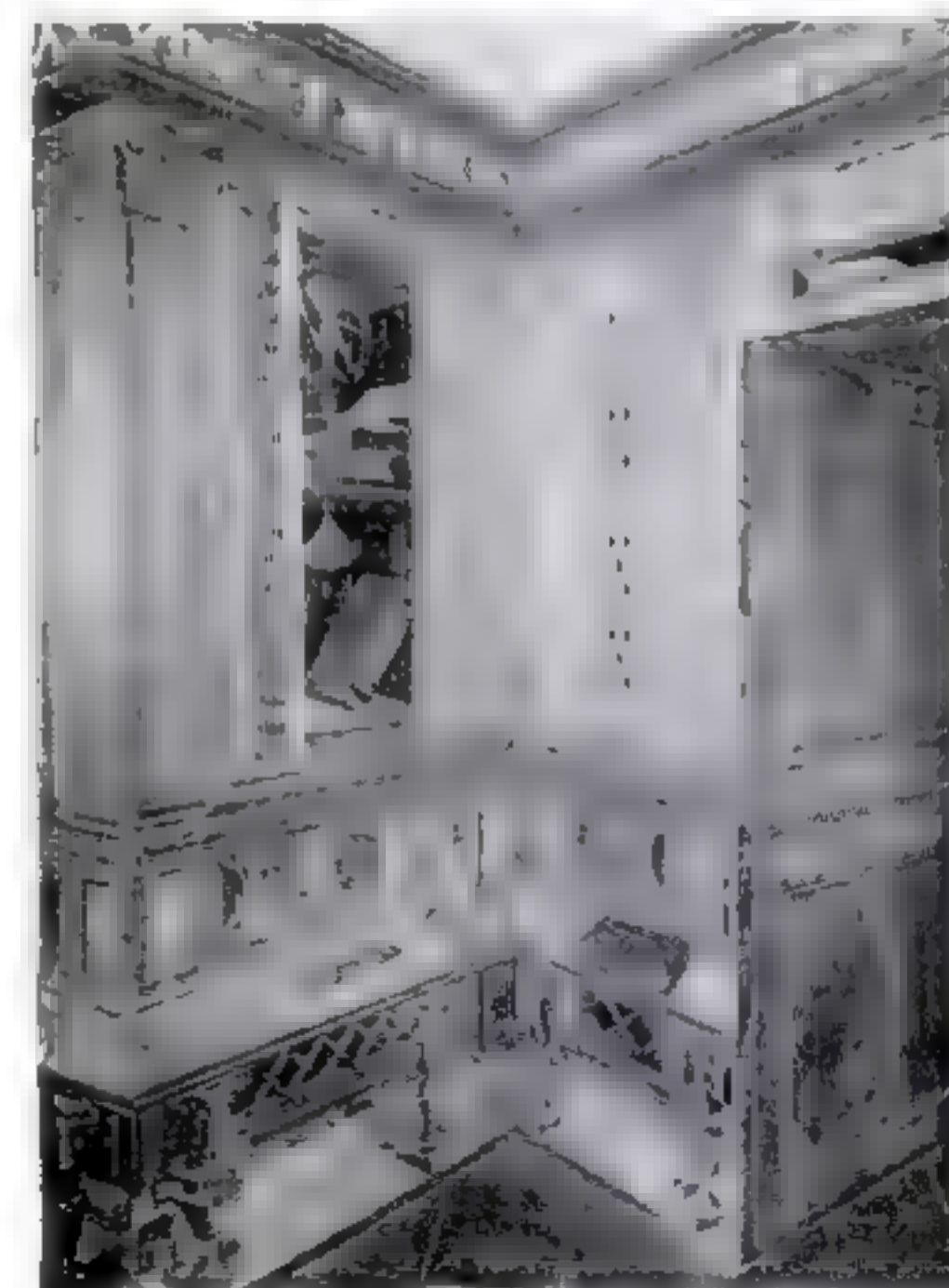
When the duke went forth on a military expedition in 1482 in defense of the province of Ferrara and died of malaria while he was in the field, the rooms went to his son Guidobaldo. Guidobaldo was only 10 years old at the time but he appreciated them nevertheless. This study has recently been uprooted and moved piecemeal to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where even New Yorkers are fooled and try to sit on the nonexistent, two-dimensional benches. The other study, which was built at the same time just for good measure, is still in the ducal palace in Urbino.

CORNER OF ROOM HAS WINDOW, LECTERN ON BENCH WITH BOOK OPEN TO TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S "AENEID"



Duke's varied interests are represented by the architect's careful selection of objects for study's cupboards. One near

door at left, which is a real door, has two cornettos, a lute and a fiddle. One in center has a hunting horn, a rebec and a bow.



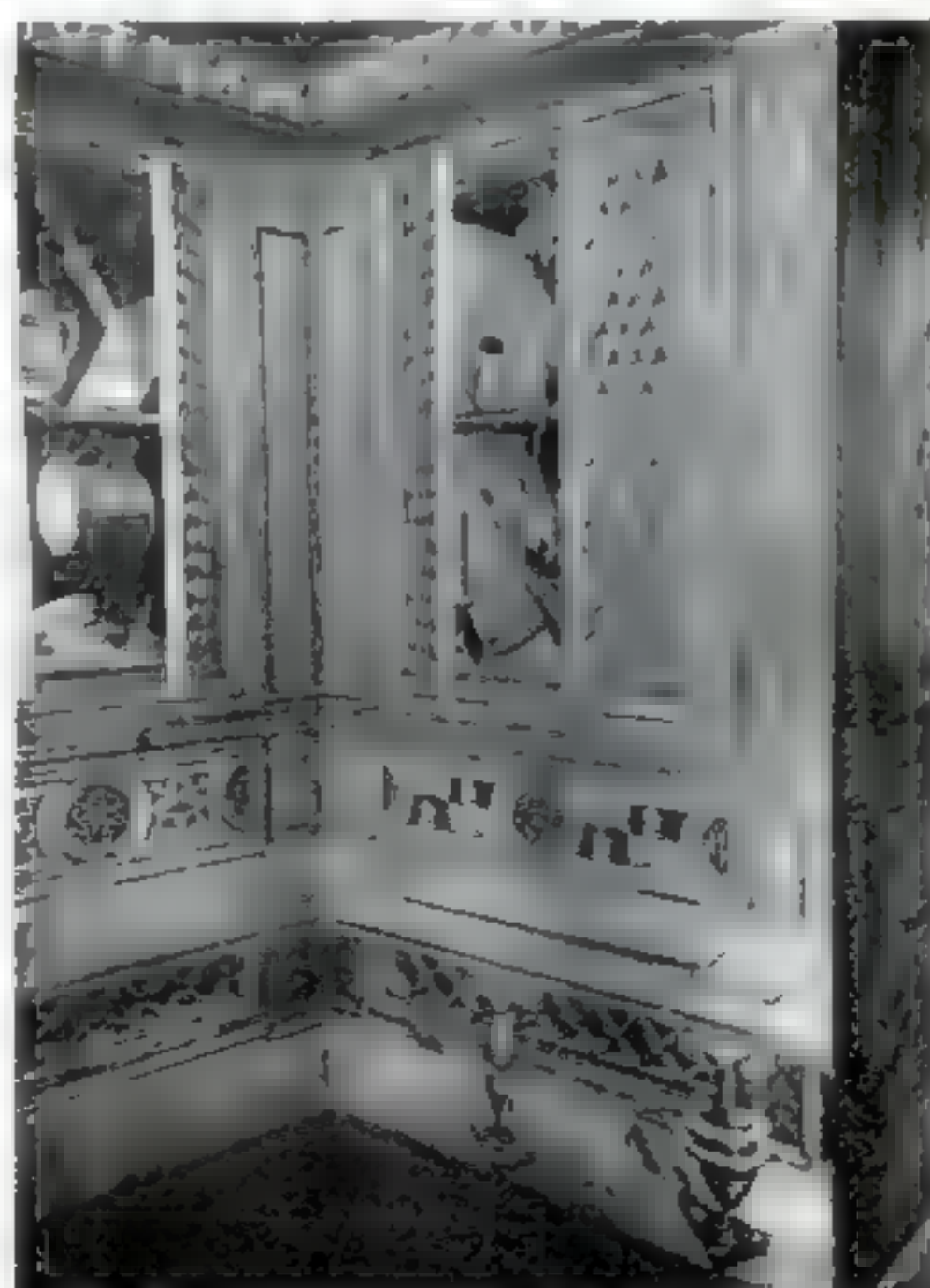
Latticed cupboard to the left of entrance to the room has a quadrant, four books. On the bench are two bundles of tapers.



ANOTHER CORNER HAS CUPBOARD WITH BADGE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, PRESENTED TO THE DUKE BY KING EDWARD IV OF ENGLAND (BOTTOM SHELF, LEFT)



Along the wall is a cupboard with a cittern and an hourglass (left) and another with a box of nuts and a dagger (right).



A corner cupboard has a helmet with Montefeltro family eagle, a pair of spurs, a pair of greaves (shin guards) and a mace



Window cupboard has bird cage with parakeet, even a box for bird seed. Museum uses hidden floodlights for sunlight.



Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night — NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



Close-up of cupboard shows intricate detail of inlaid wood. Note how book on top shelf has leaves indicated, box of nuts (lower shelf) has edge of serrated paper.



The whole room is two-dimensional in decoration. Although the room measures only 17x18 feet at greatest area, three-dimensional effect makes it appear much larger.

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Thick dust can stall a tank, or your car, if its electrical parts are not well protected. So can rain, and extremes of heat or cold.

In our laboratories, *imagination* is always searching better ways to protect products against weather and driving conditions. This artificial desert is one of many devices *imagination* has created for test and development work.

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation. Its ideas and discoveries, like all this

company's resources, are shared by all our Divisions.

Imagination contributes to the guns, tanks, B-29 engines, rockets and other military items we produce in large volume.

Before the war, this same *imagination* added unusual value to the things we made for you. It put more than 60 high-price features into the Plymouth car, for example, without sacrificing economy or low cost. In peace, it can again go to work to improve cars and trucks.

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LIFE'S REPORTS

BELGRADE BOOTBLACKS

Shoeshiners repudiate competitive enterprise

by NOEL F. BUSCH

BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA

The best shoeshine stand in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, is undoubtedly a five-box enterprise located on Terazije Square in the heart of the city, overlooking the Danube. Here it was my habit to stop every day or so, and it was here that I recently conducted an experiment in boring from within, in favor of the capitalistic, free enterprise, competitive system. The experiment concerned the five bootblacks, whose names were Muharim Baftier, Shefki Azirović, Zdravko, Trajko Riznić and Daut Bećir, the last a confirmed alcoholic.

On my first visit to the Terazije Square establishment I noticed at once that the five boxes differed markedly. I chose the biggest and neatest, a really splendid affair with many brass knobs, glass sides, mahogany desk, brass footrest and six brushes festooned around the sides. The bootblack, an alert young gypsy whose own shoes had an encouraging gleam, set to work briskly and finished the job in less than five minutes, with excellent effect. I gave him 100 dinars, the equivalent of 3¢, which is the standard price for a Belgrade shoeshine.

The next time I visited the establishment on Terazije Square the results were less satisfactory. On this occasion four of the boxes were already functioning, so I had to patronize the fifth. Something about this box discouraged me at the outset. Small and dingy, it had a rickety-looking wooden footrest which wobbled dangerously. Only two brushes were in evidence. The proprietor was an elderly and untidy-looking character who, save for his fur hat, might well have been an American tramp. My misgivings were speedily and thoroughly confirmed. The tramp-bootblack began by putting black polish on my left shoe, overlooking the coincidence that both are brown. He then chuckled at his mistake and gave both shoes a cursory wipe with a greasy piece of old blue plush. As an afterthought he smeared some red polish on my trousers with a dog-eared brush and then pushed my foot off the rack, mumbling through his stubble beard something which I naturally but wrongly took for an apology. It proved instead to be an impudent request for 500 dinars. When I generously gave him 100, far from thanking me, as his competent colleague had done, this sinister rascal uttered squeals of indignation which continued until I was out of earshot.

Withal its practical disadvantages this experience aroused my curiosity. On subsequent visits I succeeded in finding out from Muharim, the proprietor of the big shiny box, some details that shed light on the affair.

I had noticed that when not professionally engaged, all five bootblacks spent most of their time quarreling and threatening to hit each other with their brushes or with the spoons they used as

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THIS IS BELGRADE'S PREMIER SHINE STAND. AT RIGHT, DAUT BEĆIR

He didn't forget to kiss you, honey!



**You are the one
who forgot—to keep yourself
nice to be near!**

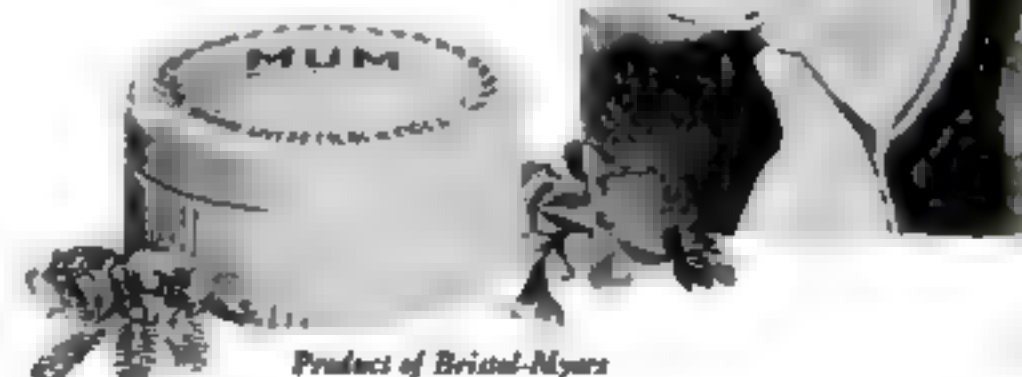
IF KISSES were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her fault. Poor, puzzled wife! Foolish wife—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with dependable Mum.

For your bath washes away past perspiration, but it can't safeguard you against risk of underarm odor to come. Mum can!

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. Then you will be worry-free all day or evening. Free from the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and romance go together like love-birds. Ask for Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum even after you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate your skin.)

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.



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A word on behalf of your dealer. He can't
supply you with enough "Eveready" flash-
light batteries because of urgent war needs.
Nearly our entire production of these depend-
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armed forces and essential war industry.

But your dealer promises you all the
"Eveready" batteries you want after victory.
And we, in turn, promise that these batteries
will be even better than before, even more de-
pendable.

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DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer
Look for the date line



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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

mudscrapers. Outside of quar-
reling, their chief pastime was
trotting off to a near-by cellar
for a nip of *rakia*, the prune
brandy which is Yugoslavia's
national drink and full of vita-
mins. This, as I immediately
suspected, explained the behav-
ior of the old gentleman at the
end of the line whose name was
Daut Bećir. According to Mu-
harim, Daut Bećir had been
drinking steadily for the past
40 years and, since he was now
52, it seemed improbable that
his habits would change. "Of
course," said Muharim, "this
makes it difficult for him to do
very good work. He does the
best he can to make up for his
incompetence by asking for 500
dinars instead of 100, and some-
times a customer is foolish
enough to give it to him. Ob-
serve that he always drinks in
the cellar and never on the job
although, as you see, he could
easily hide a bottle in his box if
he wanted to. The reason he
does not do so is pride in his
profession, of which he still has
a little left."

On my various visits to the
establishment on Terazije
Square I had noticed that four
of the bootblacks, on being
paid, handed their earnings to
the fifth member of the group.
This was a swarthy, Turkish
type with curly mustachios
who sat on Muharim's right
and, when not otherwise occu-
pied, passed the time by twirl-
ing his brushes in the air or
drumming on his box with
them in a devil-may-care man-
ner. In the course of chatting
about his associates—the other
two were Zdravko, a reserved
newcomer from Debar about
whom little was known, and
Traiko Riznić, who had an un-
grateful son and daughter,
doctor and hairdresser respec-
tively, living in Bosnia—I
found out about this lively in-
dividual, whose name was
Shefki Azirović. It developed

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



This is Muharim Baffier, sober and am-
bitious, the best shoeshiner of the five.



There are some things that win you from
the start, and grow more cherished as time
rolls on. A Sterling Hall Pipe is like that.
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immediately proclaim superior pipe craft-
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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

that the five bootblacks had organized themselves into a partnership and that Shefki was the treasurer. All earnings were pooled and at the end of each day Shefki distributed them evenly among the five. It was at this point that I started boring from within.

I said, "Who makes the most money in the pool?"

"I do, naturally," said Muharim. "That is because I work harder and better than the others."

"And who makes the least?"

"Daut Bećir, of course. Even a fool would know that."

"Tell me," I said, "do you think it is altogether fair that if you always make more than any of the others, because you do better work, and Daut Bećir always makes less, because he prefers to preserve himself in a drunken stupor, that you should nonetheless get rewards exactly equal each to the other?"

"Why not? We are all like brothers," said Muharim.

"Supposing you all put up a certain part of the pool to go to the one who shines the most shoes every day? Then the others would be encouraged to work as hard as you do, business might get even better, and all five of you could have an even better time in the *rakia* cellar. How would that work?"

"I don't think it would work very well," said Muharim. "What would do much better would be if we could get some American or British polish. This stuff, which comes from the black market, costs too much and is no good. When is the war going to end, so we get the American polish?"

That was the end of my boring from within on the Danube. All I was trying to do was plant a little seed of competitive enthusiasm, in line with the spirit of the Atlantic Charter, but it does not seem to me that it is likely to sprout much, though I may well be mistaken.



This is Shefki Azirović, lighthearted treasurer of five-man socialist utopia.

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3 Unless Mennen Shave Cream does everything we say, simply mail us the empty carton with a letter of explanation—and you'll get the necktie. Accept this sensational Mennen 2-to-1 bet and get Mennen Shave Cream—today.

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LIFE'S COVER

The surrender of Germany a fortnight ago brought the climactic hour to the monumental career of Winston Churchill, almost five years after the day in 1940—May 16—when the invasion of the Lowlands forced Neville Chamberlain out of office and gave Churchill his job as Prime Minister of Great Britain. This week in LIFE, on page 92, appears the first part of a close-up of Churchill. On the cover appears one of the most memorable Churchill portraits.

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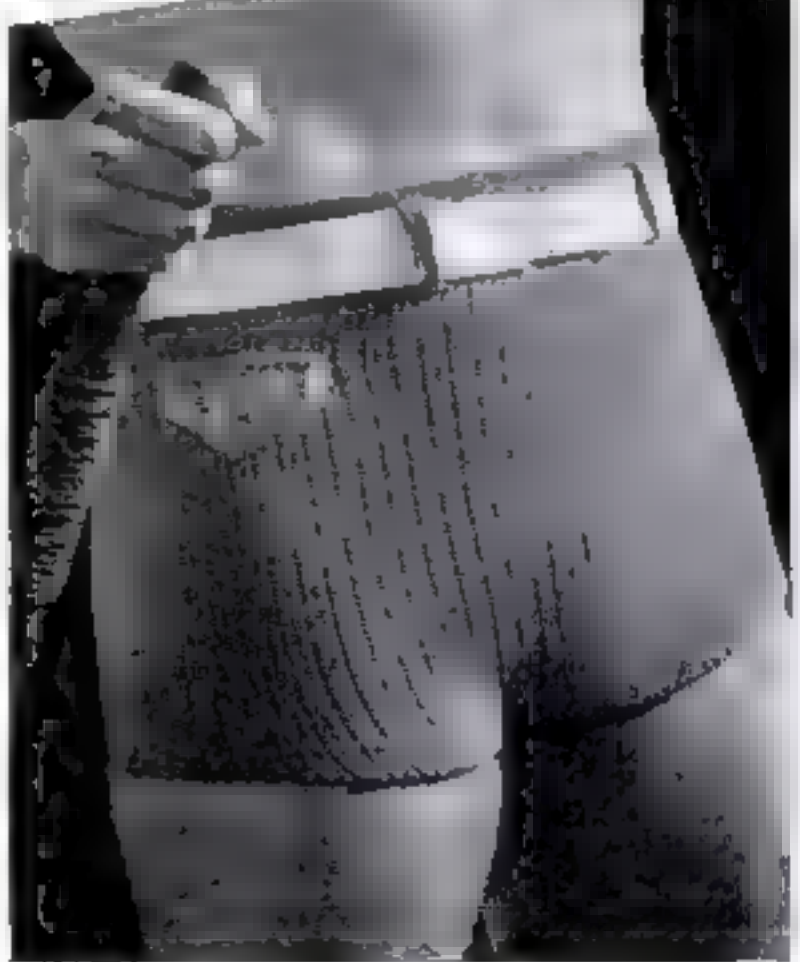
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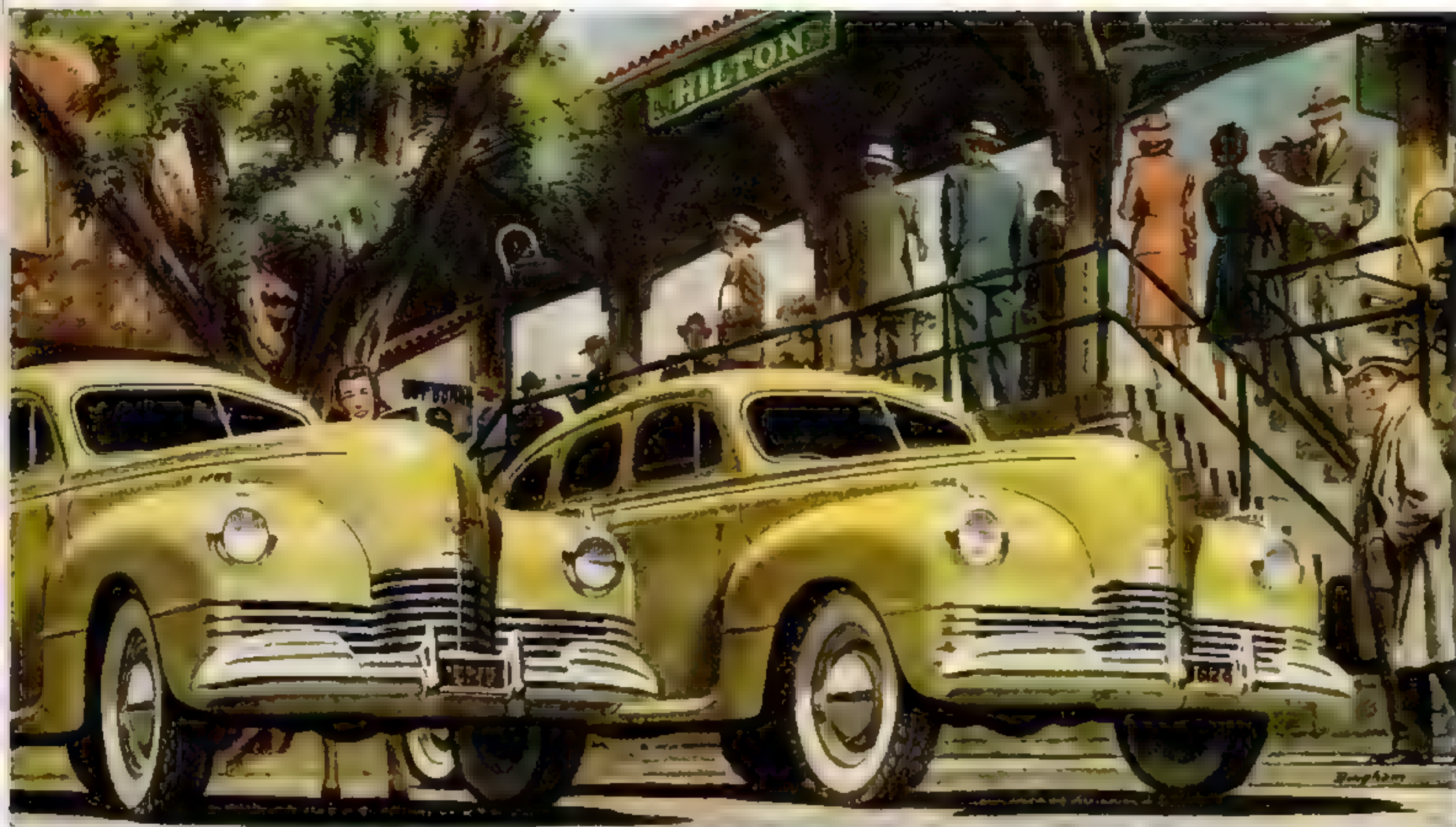
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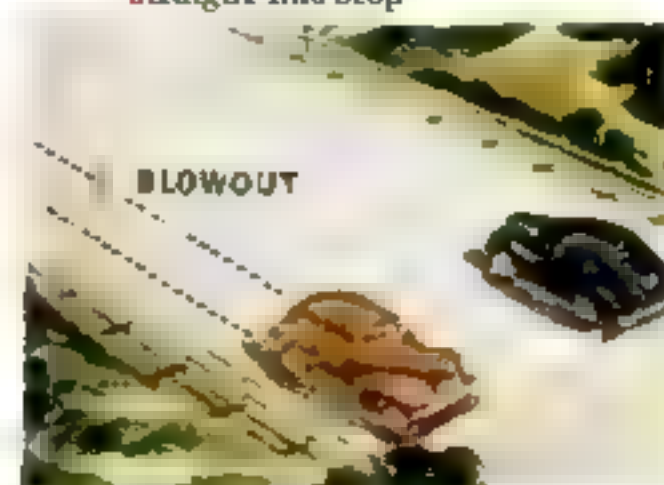
1 Tire without LifeGuard blows out, goes flat. Wheel drops suddenly—throws car out of control



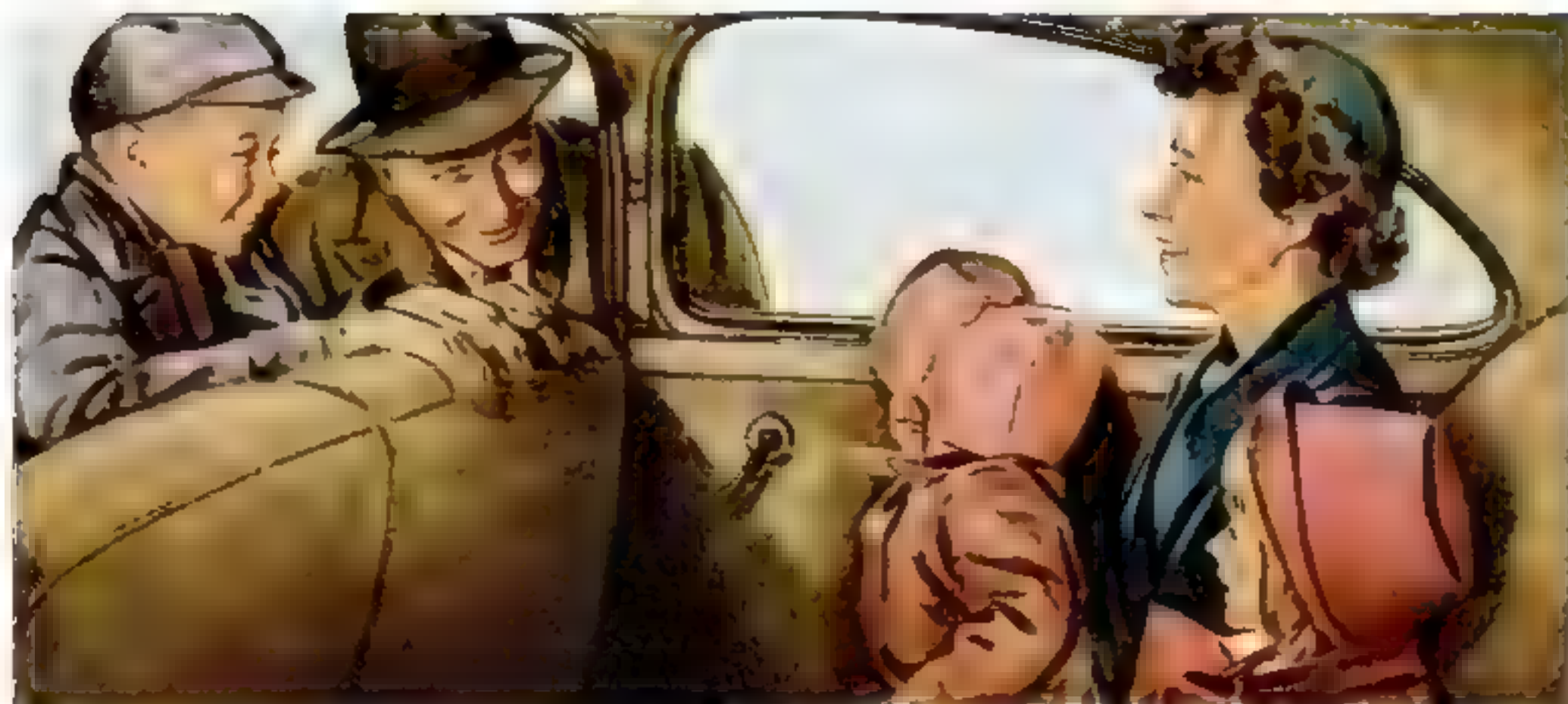
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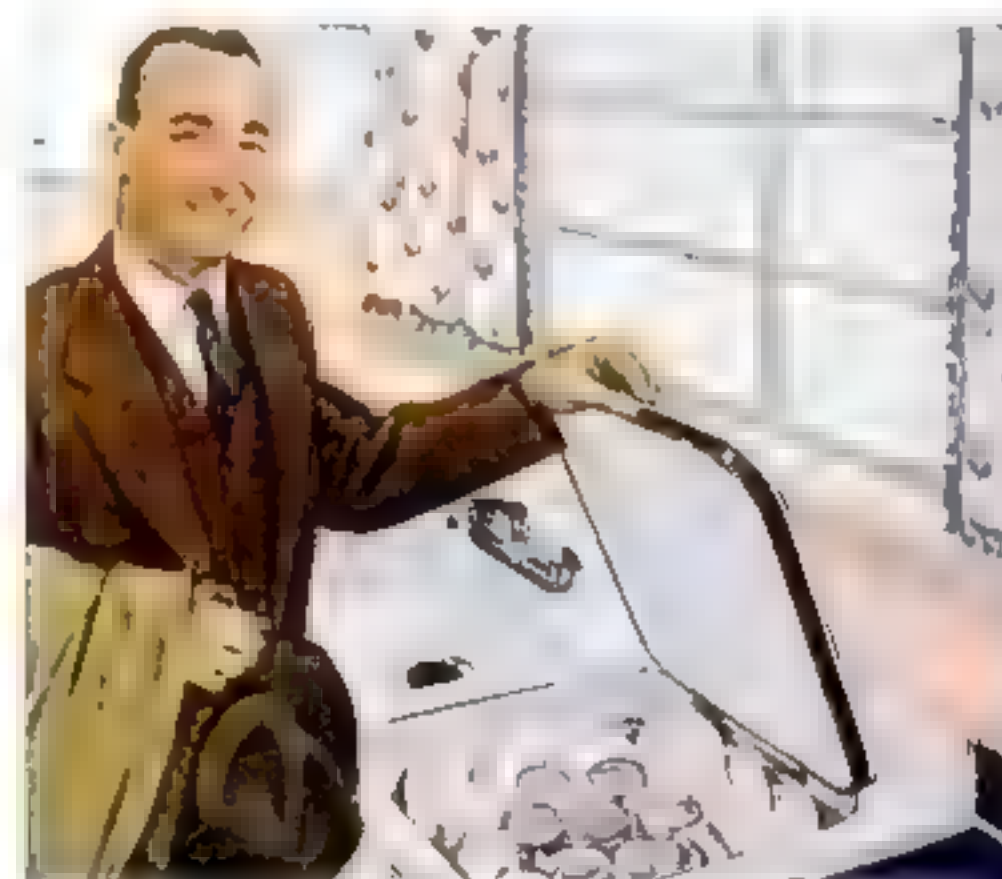
"Look, Mom!" says young Windy Rainbolt. "It grinds up bones!" Yea, it's true. A whole load of food waste, bones and all, can be tossed down the Disposall—the self-cleaning electric drain that fits into most any kitchen sink.



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LIFE'S PICTURES

When LIFE Photographer Ralph Morse became a war correspondent he said that his ambition was to "tell the true story of the doughboys." At their side during the Normandy landings, last week he completed the valiant history of their European struggle when he took the photographs of the German surrender at Reims (see pp. 25-29). Here Morse sits in the very chair from which General Eisenhower announced the victory and poses for his own surrender-day picture.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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12, 13—HAROLD CARTER
14—HAROLD CARTER—ANDREAS FEININGER

17, 18, 19—NOEL F. BUSCH
25 through 29—RALPH MORSE
30, 31—GEORGE RODGER

31—WILLIAM C. BIRCHOUT
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EISENHOWER MAKES V WITH SURRENDER PENS, GERMAN AND U. S. PEN AT RIGHT, RUSSIAN AT LEFT. WITH "IKE": SMITH, SECRETARY KAY SUMMERSBY, TEDDER

THE GERMANS SIGN THE SURRENDERS

The Germans quit at 2:41 a.m. Monday, May 7.

At his advance headquarters in Reims, Eisenhower turned to his deputy commander, British Air Marshal Tedder and said, "Thank you very much, Arthur." Then he held up the two pens with which surrender had been signed and made a victorious V. The momentous capitulation was done in a plain, undramatic American way, in a grimy Reims college building, on a plain wood table, with the flat, unaccented voice of Eisenhower's chief of staff, Lieut. General Walter Bedell Smith, rasping briefly into the tight silence. There were no Nazi salutes. The word "Hitler" was not spoken. As the Nazi Reich sank into a history that nobody will ever enjoy reading, the Allies ended it without even a grimace.

The Germans surrendered piecemeal—first by the thousands as the disorganized regiments and divi-

sions gave up, then by the hundreds of thousands as the armies in Italy and Austria and then in North Germany gave up. Having received the capitulation in north Germany on May 4 (*see page 30*) British Field Marshal Montgomery suggested to the Germans that they make their surrender more comprehensive. On the afternoon of Saturday, May 5, Admiral General von Friedeberg, latest commander of the German navy, came to Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force at Reims with power to surrender to the Western powers but not to the Russians. He was turned down by Eisenhower. At 5 the next afternoon, Sunday, May 6, Col. General Jodl, chief of staff of the Wehrmacht, reached Reims. He saw Bedell Smith at 6:15. At 9 in the morning of Monday, May 7, the staff cars began to pull up at SHAEF. What happened then is told on the following pages.

Shameful climax of the surrender was Jodl's short speech, "In this war, which has lasted more than five years, [we] have achieved and suffered more than perhaps any other people in the world. In this hour I can only express hope that the victor will treat [us] with generosity." Nobody replied to Jodl's hypocrisy.

The great event was marred by colossal news bungling. The Army admitted only three newspaper reporters to the surrender, pledged correspondents to withhold the announcement. Edward Kennedy of the Associated Press broke his pledge, scooped his scrupulous fellow newsmen. AP officially apologized.

From Reims the surrender scene shifted rapidly to ruined Berlin where on May 8 the Russians signed (*page 31*). For "Ike" Eisenhower it was one big job done and another to do. He was made head of the U.S. control committee to rule occupied Germany.



1—Scene of surrender was Reims's technical college, a red-brick building formerly the German headquarters. LIFE Photographer Ralph Morse was brought to it Saturday, May 5.



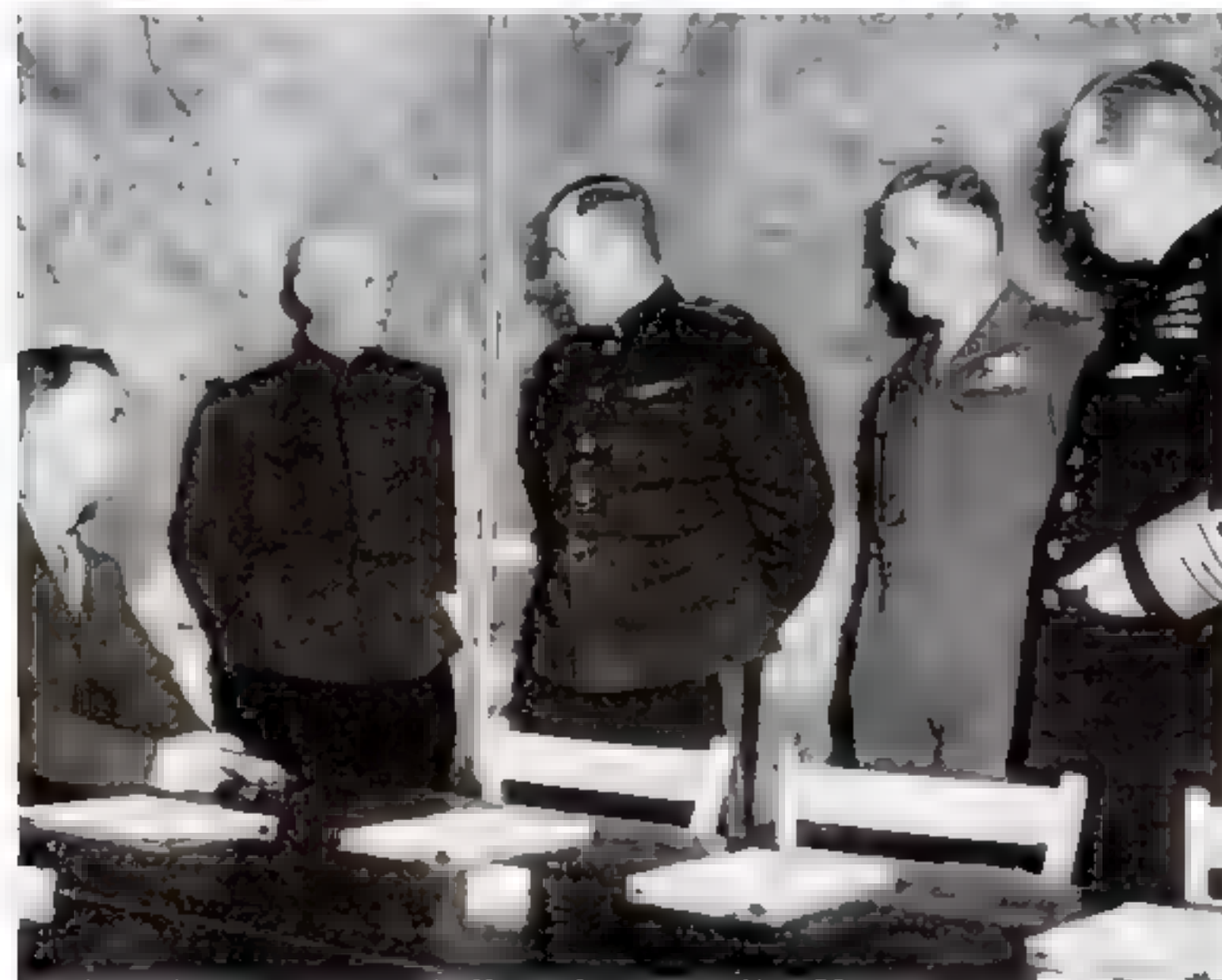
2—Nazi Chief of Staff Jodl (center), summoned by Admiral von Friedeberg, arrived at SHAEF after 5 p. m. Sunday. With his aide, Major Oxenius (right), he is ushered into a side room.



3—The surrender room was SHAEF War Room, lined with operational maps, tables of casualties, supplies, Army strengths, prisoners. Pads, pencils and name plates were at each place.



4—First arrivals for surrender at 2:29 a. m. Monday morning (from left) were Deputy Chief of Staff Sir Frederick Morgan, two Russians, Spaatz and Bull, Robb and Admiral Burrough.



5—Chief of Staff Walter Bedell Smith, suffering from gastric ulcer, sits at left while waiting for Germans. General Susloparoff (center) gets something from interpreter, Lieutenant Cherniaeff.



6—Surrender document is examined by the Russian interpreter for General Susloparoff (right, rear), chief of staff of Russian mission to SHAEF. Major General Bull, SHAEF G-3, explains.

SURRENDER AT REIMS

After two days of wrangling the Germans give up to an American general with a pain in his stomach

by CHARLES CHRISTIAN WERTENBAKER

REIMS, FRANCE

All day Saturday it rained on Western Europe. Over Reims, where General Eisenhower has his headquarters, the gray-frayed clouds hung so low that they seemed to touch the chimneys, and the gray smoke hung stagnant beneath the clouds. Smoke from locomotives in the railroad yards spread slowly across the street and through the open windows of the Ecole Technique, where Generals Eisenhower and Smith awaited the arrival of the Germans.

Eisenhower was nervous but controlling his nervousness. He had just made recordings of his V-E Day proclamation, and when he walked back to his office his step was barely quicker than usual, his voice when he stopped to give an order only a little more incisive. Walter Bedell Smith, his chief of staff, had a twinge of pain in his sensitive gastric region, but that only made him relish the more the prospect of questioning the emissaries. It was 3:30 in the afternoon. The Germans were expected at 4:30.

Downstairs 30 or 40 officers, GIs and Wacs were standing in the lobby of the building, watching the door or looking out of the windows. Across the railroad yard, beyond the two signal switches and the signal tower marked "REIMS," was a gray building with a sign that said "VINS ET SPIRITUEUX." A locomotive passed, pulling half a dozen barrel-shaped wine cars. Off to the right the station showed the marks of old bombings. Across the street six small boys leaned against a wall and stared at us in the windows. The rain spattered on the sidewalk for a few minutes, then relapsed into a moody drizzle. It was a fitting day for this war to end. . . . "Not with a bang but a whimper."

At exactly 5 o'clock two MPs on motorcycles sped past the building and two minutes later a Humber stopped just beyond the entrance in the middle of the street and a British major jumped out. He had a pistol strapped to his leg below his rain jacket. Out on the sidewalk from the schoolhouse stepped Brigadier E. J. Foord of SHAEF G-2, his rakehell mustache pointing up on one side and down on the other. The car backed to the sidewalk, the major opened the door and the German Admiral von Friedeberg got out in a stoop. When he straightened up it was to receive Brigadier Foord's stiffest salute. The admiral returned it awkwardly, not quite touching his cap, as one who is not used to saluting. He looked mild and nervous as he followed Foord through the crowd, a younger, taller German colonel behind him and a British colonel in the rear. The two Germans might have been the captain of a formerly fashionable passenger liner with his mate. They disappeared through the door that leads up to Bedell Smith's office.

Four of the six small boys who had been standing across the street ran up to the entrance through which the emissaries had passed. They were giggling and crying, "*Les Allemands! Les Allemands! La guerre est fini!*"

An MP yelled, "Shoo!" and booted them gently down the street.

"Was that Doughnuts?"

The crowd in the lobby soon broke up and I went back to the motor pool and smoked a cigaret with the driver who had driven the party from Brussels, a plump, pretty Inverness lass named Bobbie Alexander. She said they had left Brussels at 1:30 and that the admiral had slept most of the way. Nobody had talked during the whole trip except the major when he offered to drive.

Outside in the motor pool, which was a square court enclosed by the school building, drivers sat in a score of long staff limousines, and other drivers sat in their jeeps. All of them knew a little bit of the truth and they called to one another, "Say, was that Doughnuts?" "Dentz is his name." "Who's he, the head man?"

Almost everybody thought the admiral was Doenitz himself and that the surrender would take place this night. Then at 6:46 General Eisenhower walked slowly down the back steps and got into his car. Its big soft tires purred through the wet cinders as it crossed the court and went out of the gate. Other staff cars began to leave, the last of them General Spaatz's, until there were left only some jeeps and the two staff cars which were waiting for the Germans.

From 7 until 10 that evening there was hardly a sound in the damp courtyard except voices from inside the building and an occasional telephone ringing. The rain drizzled, then poured. A GI and a Wac hugged each other in a corner under the porch. As long as the two cars waiting for the Germans

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Exact alignment of place cards is worked out with a ruler by a U.S. captain in accord with the strictest military punctiliousness. This is von Friedeberg's place. The room had to be straightened up many times before final surrender. Below: Only ash trays, in two sizes, are out of line



The Surrenders CONTINUED

were there and the cars of all the allied generals were away, nothing could have happened.

Nothing had happened. Brigadier Foord had conducted Admiral von Friedeberg and Colonel Poleck to the bathroom, then to Major General Kenneth Strong, Foord's boss, and General Strong had conducted them to Bedell Smith's small office. Smith returned Admiral von Friedeberg's salute and demanded his credentials. It was clear from them that von Friedeberg had authority to surrender the forces on the Western Front but no authority to surrender to the Russians.

The Germans had come with one desperate hope: that they could persuade the Americans and the British to save them from the Russians. They never had a chance. Two weeks before Winston Churchill had called Eisenhower to tell him of Hitler's offer to surrender to the Western Allies alone. Eisenhower had said then, "Wrap it up in diplomatic language and tell him to go to hell."

Now Bedell Smith curtly presented the terms: surrender all or nothing. Admiral von Friedeberg asked for sympathy for 1,000,000 German wounded in Schleswig-Holstein, without drugs or anesthetics, and for 9,000,000 German civilians in Czechoslovakia and other pockets. General Smith remarked that as long as the war persisted, the German people were enemies. Then he suggested that the two emissaries retire and think things over. The interview had lasted exactly 22 minutes.

Bedell Smith walked into the War Room and reported to the generals sitting there, including Russian Major General Ivan Susloparoff. The generals sat around in the big War Room, smoking and talking, while in another room the two helpless Germans tried to think of new ways to wriggle out of their rap. Long after Eisenhower had gone home, the two Germans sat in their small room drinking whisky, eating sandwiches and talking. Finally they wrote out a message for transmission to Doenitz, asking him to authorize them to surrender or to send somebody who could.

Almost exactly on the dot of 10 the rear door of the building opened and the two Germans descended the steps and got into their car. They were driven slowly through Reims, past crowds of GIs coming out of bars and movies, to a house in the Place Godinot. The Germans went into the house and there was no peace for one more night.

General Jodl arrives

Sunday was a sunny day and all that morning Eisenhower and Smith waited for news, while the German admiral, also waiting, stayed in the house in the Place Godinot and looked at some old copies of *LIFE*. Sunday afternoon word came that the German army's chief of staff, Colonel General Gustav Jodl, was on his way to Reims by plane. He arrived at 8 minutes past 5, and the other two Germans were summoned. "Ah ha!" said von Friedeberg as he saw General Jodl. The door of Jodl's room closed behind him. A moment later it opened. Von Friedeberg stuck his head out and asked for coffee and a map of Europe.

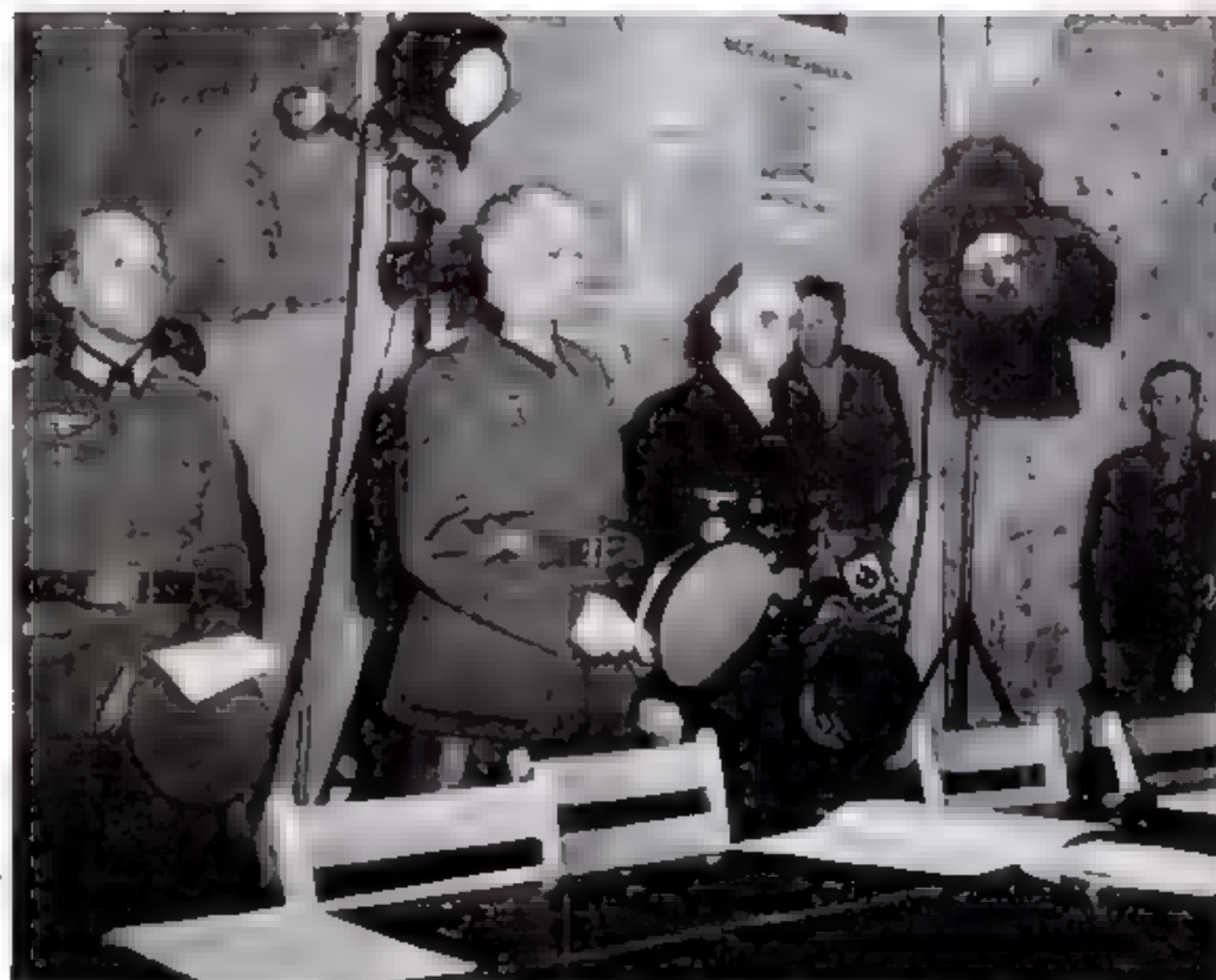
At 6:15 Jodl and von Friedeberg went in to see Bedell Smith. Strong was with him. They talked for an hour and five minutes. When Smith made it clear to Jodl that there would be no separate surrender, Jodl tried playing for time. He wanted 48 hours' delay and then another meeting—any device that would enable the Germans to run away from the Russians and surrender to the Americans. Bedell Smith and Strong went to see Eisenhower.

They talked for 20 minutes and then Smith and Strong returned with Eisenhower's answer: the Germans would sign the surrender by midnight or else Eisenhower would order his armies to close their ranks and accept no more surrenders. Jodl gave up and sent off a message to Doenitz asking for authority to sign.

At 9:12 the Germans went back to their billet and for the next two hours there was quiet at the school in Reims while everybody waited for 11 o'clock, the hour at which Doenitz' answer was expected. Twilight faded and the stars came out. Eleven o'clock came and then midnight. By ones and twos and fours American and British and Russian and French officers began to leave the building. It seemed as though Eisenhower's ultimatum had been ignored, that there would be no surrender yet.

Just before 2 o'clock the staff cars began to come back. We saw Eisenhower go into the building and then, at 2:05, Bedell Smith, swinging a swagger stick. We saw the cars come faster and their occupants hurry across the sidewalk: Spaatz, Robb, the Russians, Burrough and Morgan, and then at 2:15 the four Germans. The Germans walked stiffly, their faces absolutely without expression.

We watched the windows, but the War Room had no window on the street and MPs barred us from the courtyard. Through the double doors leading to the court I thought I could see on one of the trees light shining from the War Room. I watched that tree. Suddenly it was lit by a brighter flash, then another and another. These would be the lights from flash bulbs. When I looked at my watch it said 2:43. I think it was two minutes fast. At 5 minutes past 3 Bedell Smith walked down the corridor, swinging his swagger stick, but holding himself stiffly as if his stomach hurt him, and as he got into his car he said, "*Fin la guerre.*"



1—The Germans, Major Oxenius, Col. General Jodl, Admiral General von Friedeberg march stiffly in under floodlights at 2:39 a. m. Monday, May 7. Von Friedeberg was coolest of three.



4—Aides scurry around the table with surrender documents. Notice that chair beside Bedell Smith is empty, the bald Russian interpreter modestly sitting behind it instead of at table.



7—Picked correspondents, including Kennedy in profile (left rear), watch behind a line drawn by photographers to keep them out of pictures. All negotiations had been behind closed doors.



2—Jodl, wearing Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross low on his left breast, is seated between the major and admiral. With Doenitz' authorization, he has nothing to do but sign the surrender.



3—Germany gives up as Jodl scratches signature with a brown-and-gold fountain pen at 2:41 a. m.; Admiral von Friedeberg tensely watches. Everyone signed four copies. No one smoked.



5—For Eisenhower, Chief of Staff Lieut. General Bedell Smith signs. At the left is Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, commander of Allied naval forces, right, Russian Interpreter Cherniaeff.



6—For Red high command, Major General Ivan Susloparoff signs, to be followed by French General Francois Sevez for Juin, commander of French expeditionary forces. At right, Spaatz.



8—After surrender Eisenhower (right) seizes hand of General Susloparoff and says, "This is a great moment for us all." But surrender announcement was held up for Moscow approval.



9—in surrender room Eisenhower makes victory speech. Behind are flags of U.S., Britain, Eisenhower (five stars) and SHAEP. Eisenhower's biggest job had been done magnificently.

SIGNING AT LÜNEBERG

At Montgomery's headquarters Admiral von Friedeberg gives up the German forces throughout the northwest



1—German surrender delegation marches through the cold driving rain toward Montgomery's tent. They arrived at 5:45 p. m. on May 4. Montgomery let them cool their heels for 30 minutes.



2—Admiral General Hans von Friedeberg, commander in chief of the German navy, signs first as Montgomery watches. Around his neck von Friedeberg wears Iron Cross with Swords.



3—General Kinsel, chief of staff for Field Marshal Busch's Wehrmacht command in the north, signs next. Montgomery, tired of sitting, stands behind Kinsel with his hands in his pockets.



4—Major Friede, one of Kinsel's staff officers, puts down the pen after signing the document. None of the punctilious Germans removed the gloves from their left hand during the ceremony.



5—The conquered wait as conqueror picks up the pen. Admiral von Friedeberg (right) watches. LIFE Photographer Rodger while Rear Admiral Wagner and Friede (left) stare at Montgomery.



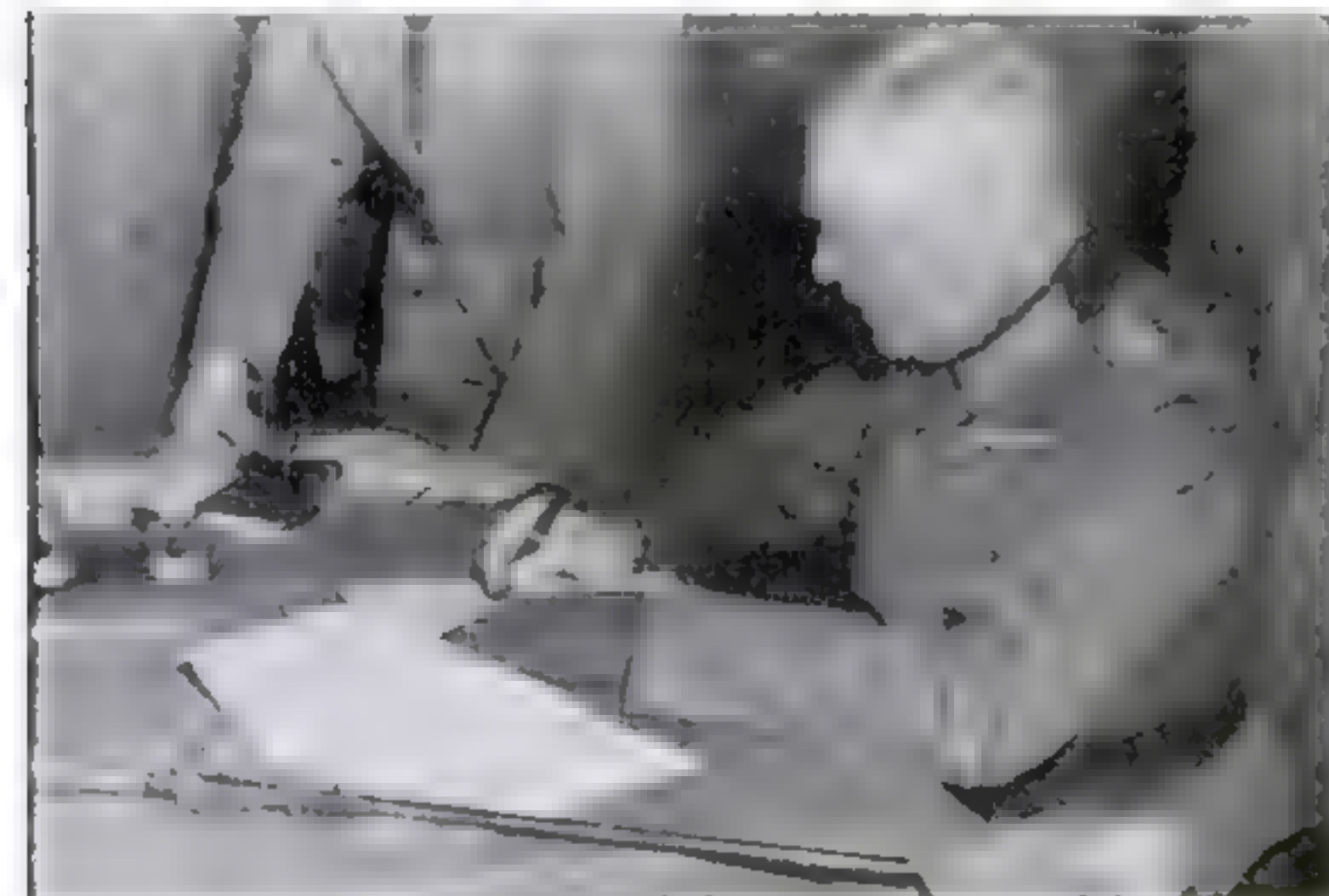
6—Field Marshal Montgomery affixes his signature with a wooden pen, saying into the microphones, "And now I will sign in behalf of the Supreme Allied Commander, General Eisenhower."

FINAL SIGNING IN BERLIN

In ruined capital Field Marshal Keitel ratifies the Reims terms for the Red Army's Marshal Zhukov



1—SHAEF delegation led by Sir Arthur Tedder (*saluting, center*) arrives at Marshal Zhukov's headquarters, formerly a German army technical school in the Berlin suburb of Karlshorst.



3—Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, titular head of the Wehrmacht, signs simply "Keitel" with own fountain pen. A few minutes later he asked for an extra 24 hours' grace and was refused.



5—German commanders depart after signing. Keitel, accompanied by Col. General Stumpf, stalks out of meeting, arrogantly waving his swastika-topped marshal's baton in a casual salute.

The peace terms dictated by Eisenhower at Reims (pp. 25-26) were satisfactory to the Russians, but they still felt that the final surrender of Germany should be made to them. They felt that the Red Army had done the bulk of the fighting and that a Berlin surrender to the Soviet forces would pay prestige dividends later in Europe. On May 8 after an inglorious ride through the ruins of Berlin, the acting commander of the entire Wehrmacht, Field Marshal Keitel, capitulated to Stalin's deputy, Marshal Zhukov. Actually this only ratified the Reims surrender. Next day Stalin announced the "Surrender of Berlin," proclaimed May 9 as Soviet V-E Day. The earlier surrender at Reims, was not mentioned in the Soviet press until May 10.



2—Marshal Georgi Zhukov, the conqueror of Berlin, glowers at the documents before signing. Later Zhukov paid tribute to Eisenhower as "one of the greatest generals of present times."



4—Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, signed for Eisenhower. As he finished, Zhukov said, "I now request the German delegation to leave the room."



6—At midnight banquet after surrender, Tedder (*left*) lifts his glass to propose a victory toast while Zhukov and Spatz hold theirs in readiness. Marshal Zhukov made at least 12 speeches.

ON TO TOKYO AND WHAT?

THE PROOF OF OUR VICTORY WILL BE A REBORN CHINA

Suppose Japan were to surrender tomorrow. It could happen. Suppose, instead of trying to negotiate terms, they simply handed us the burden of defining "unconditional surrender." What would we do?

In a war it is always a good idea to know what you are fighting for. In our war against Germany the question scarcely arose. Even those of us who wanted clearer and more ambitious war aims never questioned the necessity of Germany's absolute defeat. There was obviously no room for compromise between Hitler's aims and ideas and those of the rest of the world. That was a war to the death, for keeps. Can the same be said about our war with Japan?

At first glance, the very question may seem frivolous. The bloodshed in the Pacific is in many respects even bitterer than it was in Europe. Americans had to learn to hate Germans, but hating Japs comes natural—as natural as fighting Indians once was. Moreover, revenge is sweet; we have much to avenge since Pearl Harbor and Bataan; and as a nation we are already tasting the sweets as well as the costs of revenge. We have recovered Manila, gained control of the Western Pacific, sunk nearly half of Japan's shipping, mined her principal ports, set fire to her greatest cities, crippled her air force and navy, and shown ourselves the masters of her army on every battlefield where we have met. Then why not show ourselves the masters of Japan as well? Why stoop to bargain?

The U.S. in Asia

One reason for asking (and answering) this question now is in case the Japs should surrender. Although the Japs have plenty of fight left, their hope of victory is gone, and their political situation is ripe for a peace offensive. Suzuki, their third wartime premier, is less influenced by the diehard militarists, the *gunbatsu*, than he is by the great industrial owners, the *Zabatsu*, who would probably like to see the war end before their properties (what targets!) are completely destroyed. Peace feelers, or rumors of them, started in March. Even the Japanese Navy is said to have joined the peace group. On our side the *New York Daily News* has begun to argue sourly that the true American interest was satisfied when MacArthur retook the Philippines, and that any more fighting we do is merely cat's-pawing for the British, French and Dutch. Well, is it or is it not?

Nobody can answer for us. This is not a true coalition war like the European. The Russians are not even in it, and many of our military men hope Russia will stay out. Our Navy is even impatient with Britain's attempts to collaborate. It is primarily our war. Which makes it all the more important that we know what we are about.

Pearl Harbor was not a suicide raid by alien freaks. It was the logical result of many decades of American intervention in the affairs of the Far East. American diplomats, salesmen, missionaries and marines have been in the thick of those affairs even before

an American sailor named Perry opened up Japan in 1854. In the course of those decades we developed a policy. This policy, whether called "The Open Door" or "territorial integrity," inevitably made us the No. 1 obstacle in the path of Japanese imperialism, currently known as "Asia for the Asiatics" or the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Our opposition to Japan's imperialism was timid and wavering at times. But from 1931 on we never concealed the fact that we were on the other side.

Britain's side? No, not primarily. Britain was often as not a fellow imperialist and had been an ally of Japan. The Philippines' side? No, not primarily; we had virtually renounced responsibility for the Philippines before the Japs struck. Primarily, and in our own interest, we were on the side of a principle: non-aggression, the territorial integrity of all nations, equal rights for all. In practice this principle has placed us on the side of one nation more than any other, namely China, because China's integrity has been most subject to threat. Whether the threat came from Britain, Russia, Germany, Japan or civil war, we have been on China's side.

The meteoric imperialism of Japan and the long internal travail of China have put our policy to a terrible test. It will be vindicated not by the leveling of Nagasaki, nor by the removal of Hirohito, nor by changing the Jap way of life, whether those things prove advisable or not. Our policy will be primarily vindicated by the emergence from this war of a strong, free, modern Chinese nation, America's No. 1 friend in the Orient—an Orient in which no nation will fear its neighbor, or will hate the white man, or will doubt the future anymore.

News from Chungking

It will be a great day for America when MacArthur receives Hirohito's sword in Tokyo. But it will be a greater day for America when Chiang Kai-shek remounts the long, wide steps of Sun Yat-sen's memorial in Nanking. That vicarious victory will be worth more than many atolls. It will mean that a great nation is reborn, and with our help.

It begins to seem that that end is in sight. From Chungking comes news of renewed Chinese strength. As summer begins to shed its warmth on that suffering, makeshift city, a new hope fills the air. The exiles who crowd it know in their bones that they will be back home in Canton, or Hangchow, or Shanghai, or Nanking before another summer rolls around. They know it from the American cars and trucks on the freshly paved streets, from the American planes overhead. They know that last week's Chinese victory over the Japs in Chihkiang is just a token of things ahead. For General Wedemeyer is now training and equipping a Chinese army of potential combat efficiency unmatched in Chinese history.

Since about the time Pat Hurley went out there, U. S. policy in China has begun to yield results. Despite a galloping inflation

which is ruining the basic Chinese economy, Chinese war production has been actually increased under the new WPB set up by Donald Nelson and honeycombed with American experts. The blockade is pierced, though not broken, by the new Stilwell road and by the greatest air-transport operation in history, which darkens the Kunming air from dawn to dusk, bringing everything from gasoline and gold to Leon Henderson and white mice. U. S. and Chinese military men work in closer and more efficient liaison, stimulated by new supplies. Since a jeep sells for 4,000,000 Chinese dollars, the military losses to "bandits" are enormous; yet a new army is being equipped. In addition, a two-year-old program of cultural liaison is turning free China into a laboratory of American techniques. Half the news in China's small-town newspapers is supplied by OWI. American experts in potato culture, sewage disposal, X-rays, stock breeding, news photography and hydraulics are teaching the Chinese their ways.

Sweeter than Revenge

Since Stilwell's return, the high policy behind all this activity has been entire support of Chiang Kai-shek. Having failed to heal the breach between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists, Pat Hurley can only hope and bet that the Central Government will vindicate our policy by achieving the national unity it still seeks under the Orient's noblest slogans, those of Sun Yat-sen. The government has gone through one reform (not without U. S. pressure) and the Chinese press is knocking it freely once more. Chiang's post-victory plans for China are Christian, constitutional and democratic. If ever American power and ideals had a chance to influence world history, here is the place.

The first prerequisite is the defeat of Japan. Victory will not be complete unless Japan is permanently awakened from her dreams of conquest. But there is a kind of victory far sweeter than revenge, sweeter even than justice. It is the victory that turns an old partiality into a true friendship and fulfills a long hope

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➡

Victory in Europe came 23 days after Franklin Roosevelt was buried. On the afternoon of V-E Day, at President Truman's request, a West Point detachment visited the Roosevelt family garden at Hyde Park and placed a wreath of carnations, daisies and stock at the simple, moundless grave, otherwise marked only by garden flowers and ivy. In the hour of triumph, the country's thoughts turned to the man who fashioned the triumph. Said Harry Truman, proclaiming V-E Day, "I only wish that Franklin Roosevelt had lived to witness this day." Said an MP on duty in the history-wrapped garden, "It's so quiet. It was always so busy here before, whenever he was here."



PARLEY'S PROGRESS

All nations get to express views at San Francisco

Last week Russian Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov left San Francisco for Moscow. British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden was about to leave. The United Nations security conference probably had several critical weeks to run but, at least, in the words of Molotov, "unanimity" among the Big Four had been achieved. Matters like those of procedure, of seating Argentina and two Russian republics had been settled. Others, such as the wording of proposed amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks agreement and the formula by which enemy territory is to



U.S.'S STETTINIUS



U.S.S.R.'S VYACHESLAV M. MOLOTOV



BRITAIN'S ROBERT ANTHONY EDEN



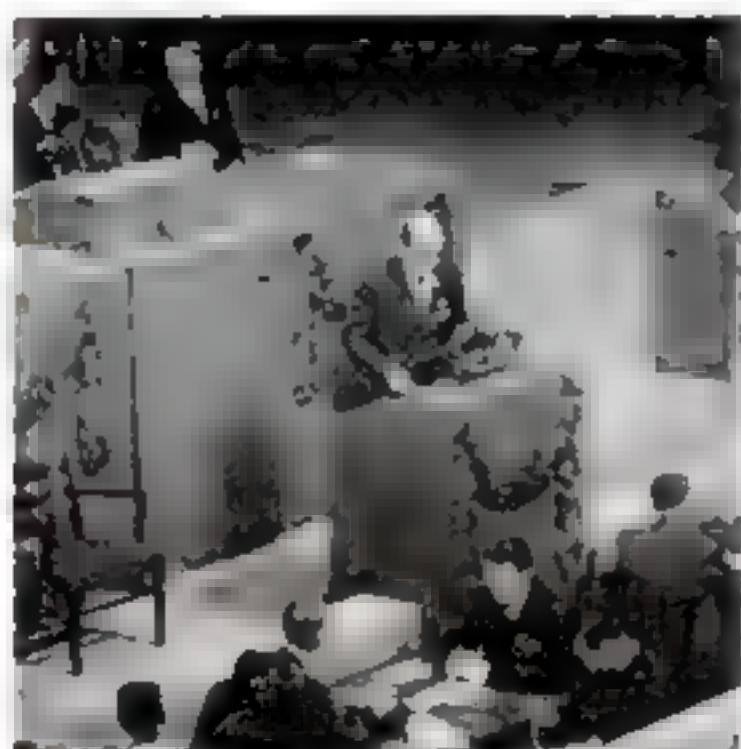
CHINA'S T. V. SOONG



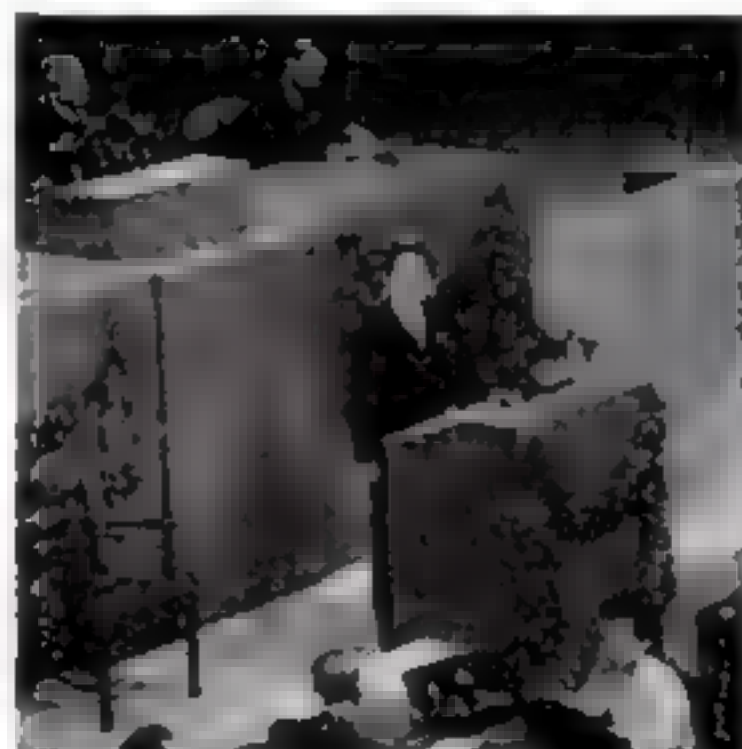
FRANCE'S



BELGIUM'S PAUL SPAAK



CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S JAN MASARYK



PHILIPPINE'S GENERAL ROMULO



YUGOSLAVIA'S IVAN SUBASIC



NORWAY'S



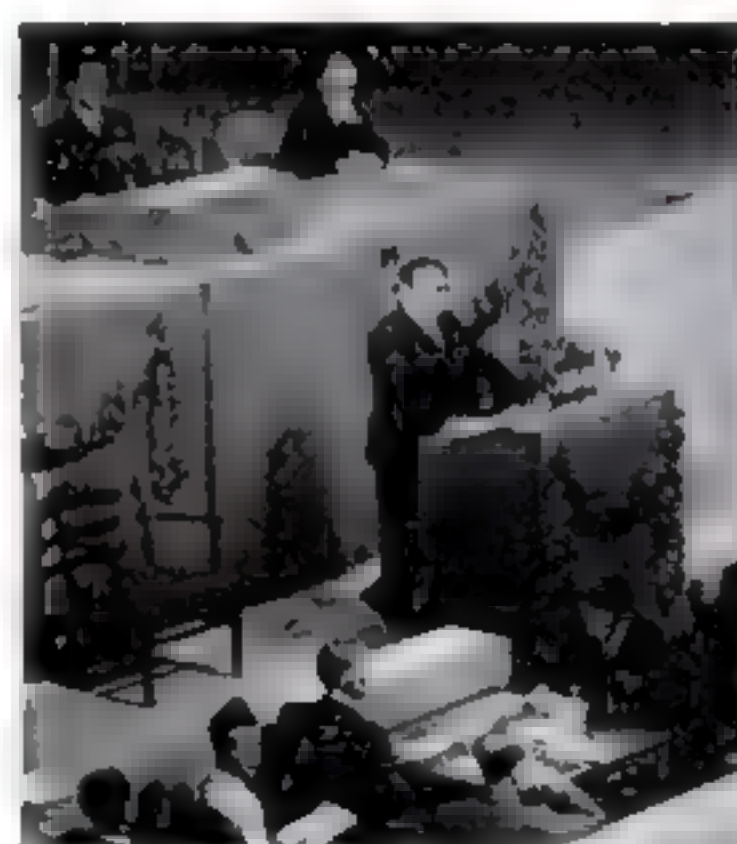
SYRIA'S FARIS EL-KHOURI



TURKEY'S HASAN SAKA



GREECE'S JOHN SOFIANOPOULOS



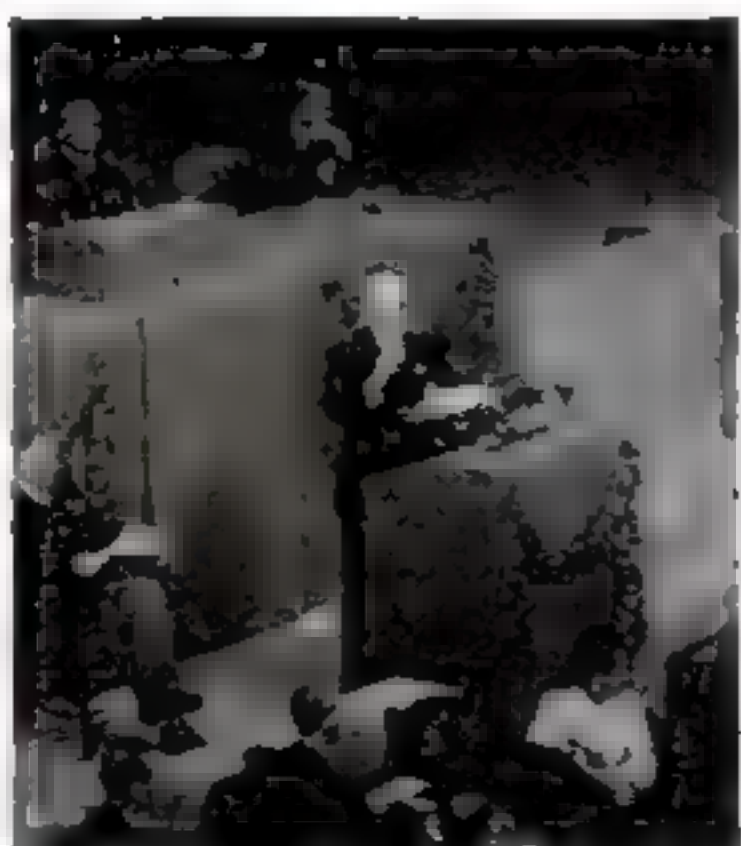
EGYPT'S ABDEL HAMID BADAWI PASHA



LIBERIA'S C. L.



CUBA'S GUILLERMO BELT



URUGUAY'S JOSE SERRATO



PANAMA'S ROBERTO JIMENEZ



COLOMBIA'S ALBERTO LLERAS CAMARGO



HAITI'S G. E.

be governed, were being threshed out in committees. Still to be solved were questions of the degree of independence ultimately to be allotted peoples under trusteeships, and reconciliation of regional security systems with the new world-wide system. Important differences might yet develop and the Polish problem still remained.

The progress thus far had been achieved by giving everyone a voice—the Big Four especially, at first, but more recently the “Little Forty” as committee sessions began. Below: 36 of the nations are pictured stating their views. Australia wanted a

change in the Security Council's veto powers. The Netherlands held that if they furnish troops to act against aggression, they should have a voice in the Security Council's decisions on aggression. The Philippines, through Resident Commissioner Carlos P. Romulo, wanted what everyone wanted: “Let us make this floor the last battlefield.” As committees pored over the blueprint for future world security, gossip columnists and cafe society reporters, who had come for spectacle and backstairs political chit-chat, began drifting down to more accustomed haunts in Hollywood.



BIDAULT



CANADA'S MACKENZIE KING



SOUTH AFRICA'S JAN SMUTS



MEXICO'S EZEQUIEL PADILLA



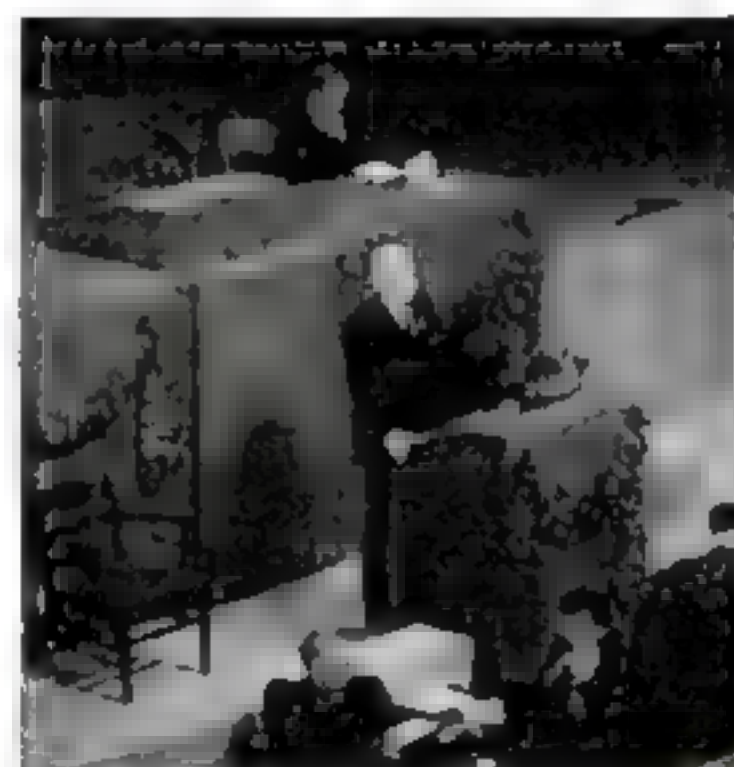
HOLLAND'S VAN KLEFFENS



TRYGVE LIE



LUXEMBOURG'S JOSEPH BECH



NEW ZEALAND'S PETER FRASER



AUSTRALIA'S FRANCIS MICHAEL FORDE



IRAQ'S AL-OMARI



SIMPSON



IRAN'S MOSTAFA ADLE



ETHIOPIA'S BLATTA EPHREM



ECUADOR'S CAMILO PONCE ENRIQUEZ



EL SALVADOR'S CASTRO



LESCOT



BOLIVIA'S VICTOR ANDRADE



BRAZIL'S PEDRO LEAO VELLOSO



PERU'S MANUEL GALLAGHER



HONDURAS' J. R. CACERES



LONDON GOES WILD ON V-E DAY

During an investiture at Buckingham Palace last week, King George VI asked a soldier with one arm in a cast where he had been wounded. "In Trafalgar Square on V-E night," grinned the soldier. Unlike the relatively restrained U.S. (see page 118) London went happily mad on V E Day. So did Moscow where the visiting Russians



phile Dean of Canterbury, venturing into the street, was thrown into the air by Anglophile Miscoytes. London took to the streets to dance, sing, climb lampposts, overturn a few taxis and drain the pubs of their small stocks. At one point Trafalgar Square was so packed that pigeons fluttered helplessly overhead, unable to find

landing space. Nowhere was joy more ecstatic than in the East End *aboven*, whose teeming poor took much of the most slaughterous Nazi bombing. In streets which once blazed with incendiaries, the East Enders built bonfires with debris from bomb-blasted houses, laughed and shouted and romped themselves into delirious weariness.



IN A CROWDED MILAN SQUARE A PARTISAN FIRING SQUAD PREPARES TO SHOOT LIEUT. GENERAL ACHILLE STARACE, FORMER SECRETARY OF THE FASCIST PARTY

ANOTHER FASCIST DIES

Partisans shoot Mussolini's aide

On April 28 the partisan band which killed Benito Mussolini (LIFE, May 14) captured Italy's No. 2 Fascist, Lieut. General Achille Starace. Drugged to a square in Milan, he was accorded the jungle justice which he had once decreed as secretary of the Fascist Party and chief of Mussolini's hated militia. He was shot in the back, hung by the heels next to his Duce.

A Mussolini henchman since the March on Rome, Starace was nicknamed "the panther" for his aggressiveness. While in power he campaigned against inter-racial marriage, too much coffee, handshaking and satirical cartoons. He promoted the Fascist black-shirted uniform and the national slogan "*Mussolini, Ha Sempre Ragione*" (Mussolini Is Always Right).

AS BULLETS BITE INTO HIS BACK, STARACE'S BODY STARTS TO SAG DOWNWARD TO PAVEMENT. AT LAST SECOND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND CLENCHED HIS FISTS





They call it broth,
But Mon alive!
'Tis hearty soup
On which to thrive!

Here's a Highland Fling of Good Eating!

— a hearty soup of meat and vegetables

Who says that you have to fix and fuss, and get the whole kitchen heated up to produce a main dish all the family will be sure to like? Maybe that person hasn't heard about Campbell's Scotch Broth. Have you?

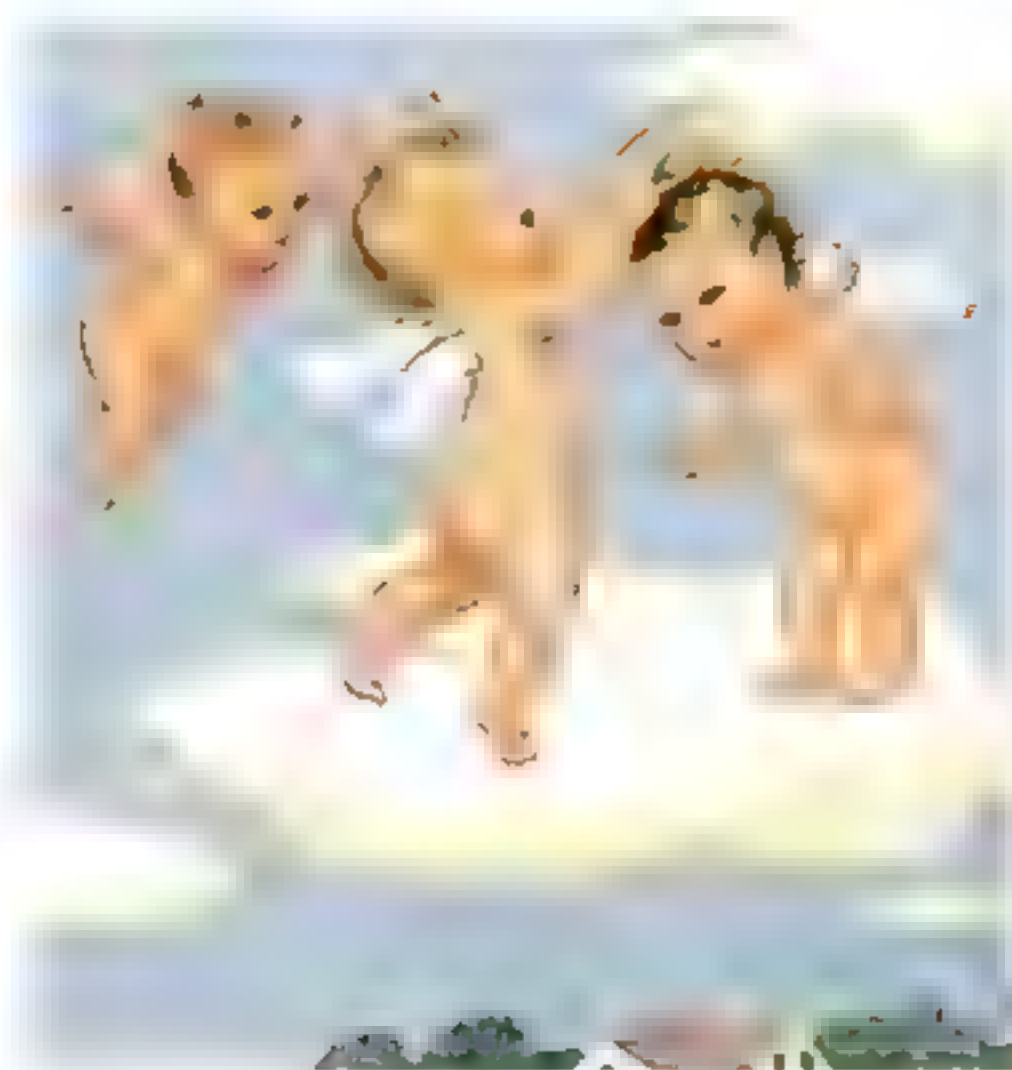
Flavorful, nourishing meat stock, brimming with garden vegetables, good barley and tender pieces of mutton—that's Campbell's Scotch Broth! And that's why it's all set to greet rugged appetites right on their own ground. It didn't get its start in Scotland for nothing! It has the homey taste to win you instantly—and the substantial heartiness to let you know the going will be good till the next meal. Plan to build lots of your summer lunches and suppers around this delicious, satisfying soup.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

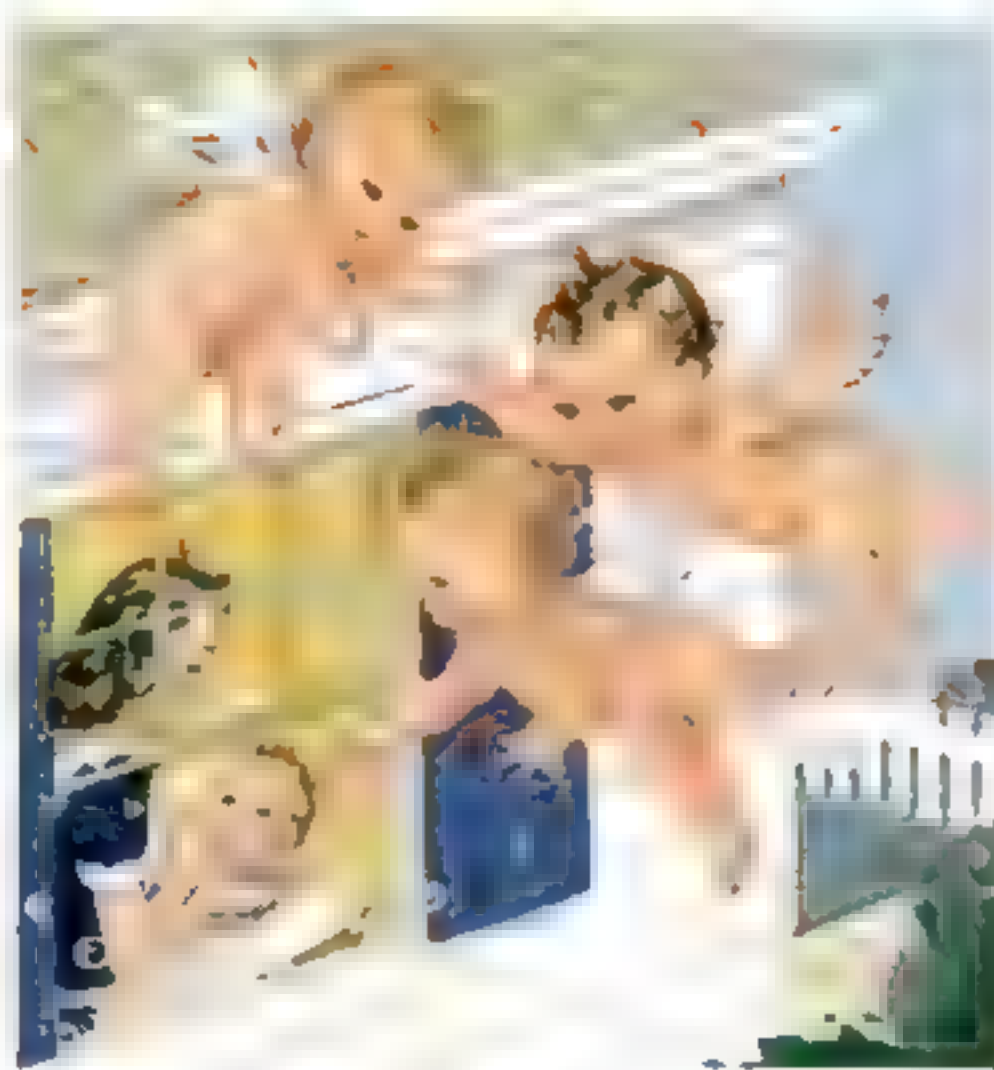
Look for the Red-and-White Label



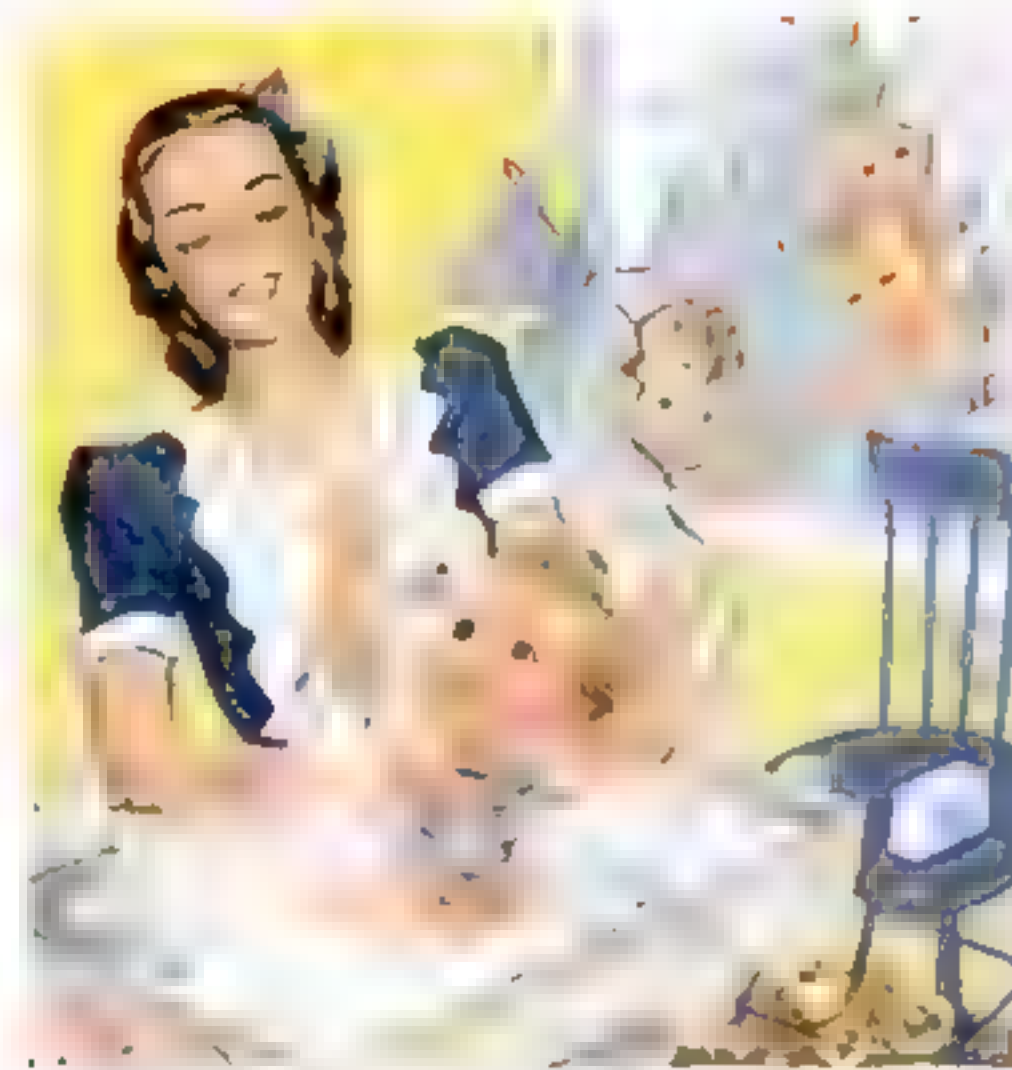
Why even angels tip their halos to Swan



Once upon a time some baby angels lived on a cloud over a pretty white house. Everybody kept telling them how pure they were. Over and over again they heard it—"Anything that's pure as an angel is positively as pure as can be."



But one day, when the baby angels came tumbling down to play on the roof of the white house, a couple of them peeked in the window. And there was a fat, pink baby, laughing and splashing in a tubful of pure, creamy Swan suds.



His mother was crooning to him:

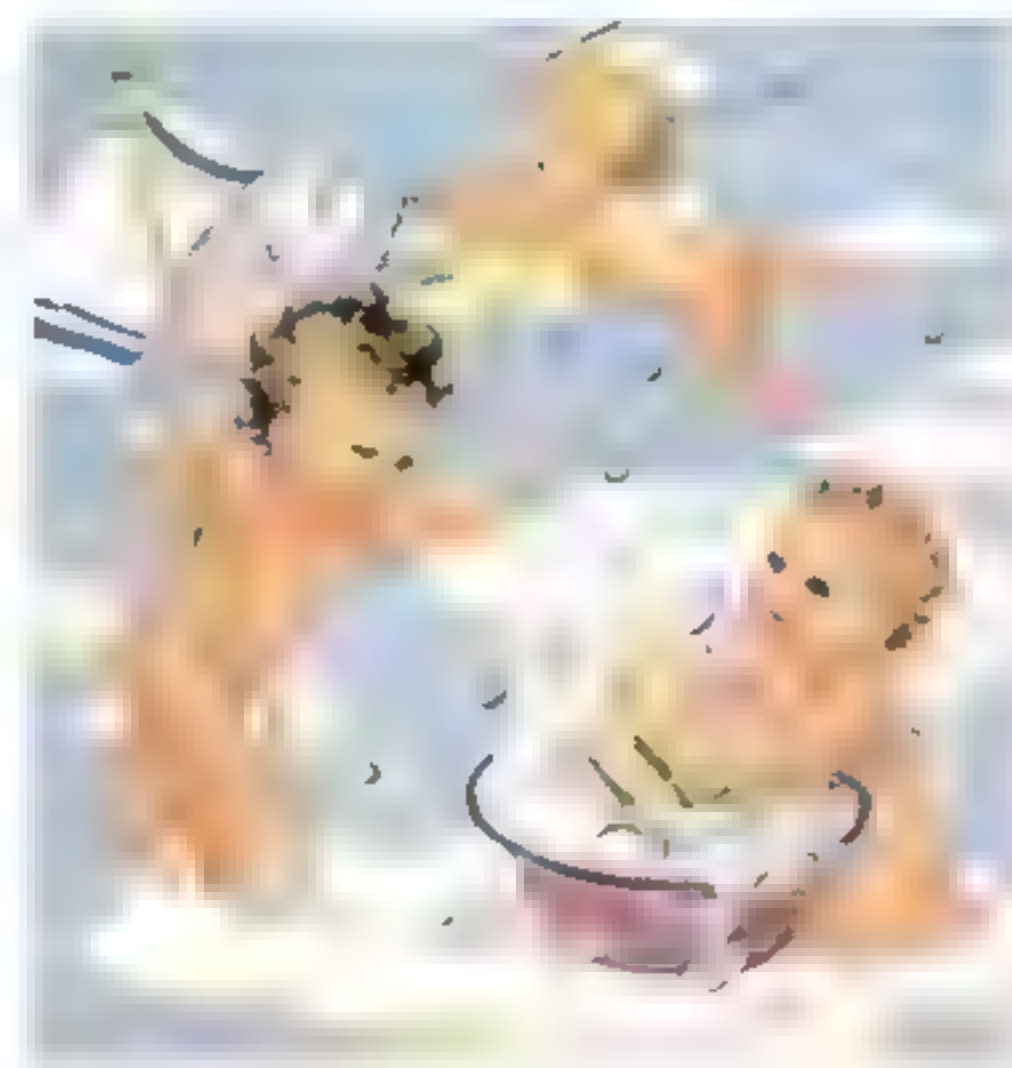
"Swan's good for you—good for me
There's nothing like it for pur-i-ty
For everything it's baby-mild
Swan's purer than an angel-child."



The baby angels scampered back to the cloud in tears, expecting to be reassured and told that they were still the purest pure there was. And what a surprise! The only answer they got was . . .



"Yes, Cherubs, Swan is an angel of purity! That's why doctors tell new mommies to Swan the baby—it's pure as fine Castiles. Baby-mild to everything! And that's why new mommies Swan themselves—'cause they want to 'baby' their smooth, pretty complexions.



"And that means right down to the tips of their pretty fingers, too! So you always find Swan in their dishpans working its mild, quick-foaming magic to help lovely hands stay angel-soft."

Be an angel yourself—get baby-mild Swan today and use it for everything! Swanderful for Baby! Bath! Dishes! Duds!



FREE! A cake of pure Swan to every baby born in 1945. Ask your dealer for coupon. (Offer good in U.S. only. Expires December 31, 1945.)

TUNE IN:
George Burns &
Gracie Allen
CBS, Monday Nights

Baby-mild for everything! SWAN is pure as fine Castiles

UNCLE SAM SAYS: Don't waste soap—it's made from vital war materials!



HITLER'S FAMOUS BERCHTESGADEN HOME BURNS. IN THE TOWN, LIFE'S PERCY KNAUTH FOUND HITLER'S STENOGRAPHER, GOT STORY OF BERLIN'S LAST DAYS

THE LAST DAYS IN BERLIN

by PERCY KNAUTH

Hitler's stenographer tells story
of the Führer's last conferences

BERCHTESGADEN, GERMANY

In the early morning hours of April 23, 1945 a four-engined Condor airplane of the German Luftwaffe took off from the deserted Gatow airfield outside Berlin and headed south for Berchtesgaden. Aboard were the last members of Adolf Hitler's supreme headquarters staff to leave Berlin before it fell. Among the group was Herr Gerhard Gesell, a small, slender, 35-year-old stenographer who had attended every conference of Hitler's supreme command in the last nine months, taking down in rapid shorthand every word that passed between the Fuhrer and his top Wehrmacht commanders. This morning in sunny, peaceful Berchtesgaden, Herr Gesell told the story of the supreme command's last recorded conferences in Berlin.

"At the afternoon briefing of April 20," Herr Gesell began, "it was decided to evacuate the

greater part of the Fuhrer's supreme headquarters. The Russians were already in Berlin. The major part of the Fuhrer's supreme headquarters was therefore shifted, mostly by plane, to Berchtesgaden."

Of the staff of eight stenographers six were sent to Berchtesgaden. "I volunteered to remain," said Herr Gesell, "because I wanted to see what would happen at the end."

A night briefing was held at 3 a.m. April 21. In these last days conferences were following one another in rapid succession and the usually orderly routine of headquarters was becoming more and more upset. Meetings took place in an air-raid cellar deep underground below the Chancellery. The briefing room was small and plain, about 12x12 feet, furnished with a single table and a few stools. Only the stenographers



Hitler's chalet is a palace of scorched timbers surrounded by landscape of rubble. Berghof was ruined by intensive RAF bombing. Fires were still smoldering a week later on May 4, when U.S. troops came



Main living room of Hitler's house is now thoroughly burned out. In the background was a modern, glass window looking out over the mountains. Here before the war Hitler received the world's great

THE LAST DAYS IN BERLIN CONTINUED

were seated during these sessions. Although some conferences lasted several hours, Hitler and his staff always stood.

On the morning of April 21 shells began falling in the Chancellery area. This was the first sign of approaching doom to the little group of men who, from their deep underground shelters, were guiding the Reich's destinies in its final hours. That afternoon Joseph Goebbels moved to the Chancellery with his wife and children. Keitel and Jodl had already moved to the Chancellery with their staffs a few days before.

"Decisive briefing, which determined the fate of all of us," Herr Gesell related, "began at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of April 22 and lasted until nearly 8 o'clock that evening. At that time the Russians were in the center of Berlin itself, barely a kilometer, as the crow flies, from the Chancellery. They had almost encircled the city. There was artillery fire on nearly every part. Tempelhof Airdrome was under fire and unusable. Only the east-west axis, a broad promenade leading west from Brandenburg Gate, and the exit to the west were still clear.

"At this briefing Adolf Hitler suddenly announced his intention of staying in Berlin. At first hesitantly, then with increasing firmness he declared that he wanted to die in Berlin. He repeated this 10 or 20 times during the conference in various phrases. He would say, 'I will fall here' or 'I will fall before the Chancellery' or 'I must die here in Berlin.' He reasoned that the cause was irretrievably lost, in complete contrast to his previous attitude which had always been, 'We'll fight to the last tip of the German Reich.' He confessed that his confidence was shaken. He had lost confidence in the Wehrmacht quite a while ago, saying he had not received true reports, that bad news had been withheld from him. This afternoon he said he was losing confidence in the Waffen SS for the first time. He had always counted on the Waffen SS as Elite troops that would never fail him. Now he cited a series of reports which he declared were false. All these incidents had apparently convinced Hitler that his Elite troops had lost heart. When the SS failed him he felt his last reserve had gone."

Hitler's face was flushed

"Meanwhile the conferees were changing constantly. Some persons would leave, others would come in and there was great hurrying, all of which made it one of the most difficult stenographic jobs we ever had. Hitler himself was generally composed. Every time he began to get really angry or excited, he would quickly get himself under control again. His face was flushed and red, however, and he paced the floor almost constantly, walking back and forth, sometimes smacking his fist into his hand. But of all participants at all conferences, the Führer was generally the one who kept his nerves best under control. I don't believe I have ever seen him get really out of hand.

"The final decisive conference took place in the late afternoon. It lasted only about 15 minutes. Present were Hitler, Martin Bormann, successor to Hess as the Führer's personal representative, Keitel and Jodl. All others were sent away except, of course, two stenographers.

"Hitler again expressed his determination to stay in Berlin and said he wanted to die there. He thought it would be the greatest service he could render to the honor of the German nation. In this conference his desire to stay in the Chancellery was violently opposed. Keitel spoke to him in really sharp terms, reminding him that his new attitude was completely contradictory to his former plans. Bormann supported Keitel no less strongly.

General Jodl had remained in the background as usual, saying little. Jodl, by the way, was certainly the most clearheaded and objective of all Hitler's close advisers. He was the only man who ever expressed an open, frank and frequently critical opinion in plain language. He was always skeptical of Hitler's optimistic moments. Now he also came out strongly against Hitler. He declared very firmly that he personally would not stay in Berlin, he thought it was a mousetrap, his job was to lead troops, not to stand with a flintlock in his hand defending the city and in the end dying in the rubble of its ruins.

"When Keitel and Bormann saw that they could not move Hitler to change his mind they said that they would also stay. Hitler ordered them to leave, interjecting the remark that in ten minutes the Russians might be before the Chancellery. Keitel and Bormann repeated that they would stay. Keitel added, 'We would never be able to confront our wives and children if we left.'

"Hitler then said that in two or three days, in a week at the very most, Berlin would be finished and the Chancellery taken. He said that he had considered what would happen after his own death. He gave an order to two or three men. It was not clear to whom he gave it or whether he actually meant it as an order to one of them specifi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

What chance does your child have to go to college?

When you become a father, you dream big dreams.

College is only one small part of your glowing plans. Only a small part and by no means impossible of fulfillment even for a father of moderate income.

Yet U. S. Census figures for 1939, the last year before Selective Service, show that out of every seven young people of college age, only one was attending college. *One out of seven*—does this represent your child's chance?

Not necessarily. One of the reasons so few go to college is lack of money.

This particular obstacle is one that a man need not be wealthy to overcome. He can do it with life insurance.

Your own John Hancock agent can show you exactly how you can use life insurance to assure a college education for your child. The sooner you start, the less money you have to set aside.

An education for your children is but one of the good things in life that you can make more secure with the help of well-planned life insurance. But remember this, to get the most out of every dollar you put into life insurance, you need the help of a man who knows life insurance and how to fit its many benefits to *your* needs and *your* income.

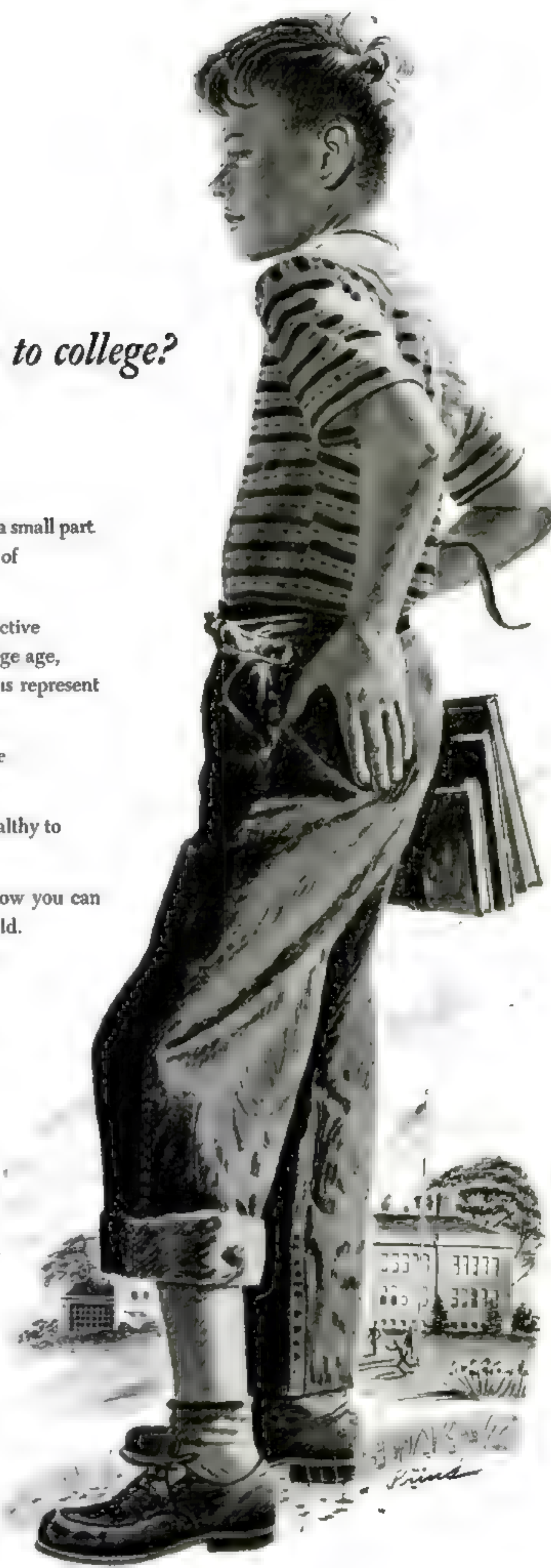
Expert help of this nature costs nothing. You can get it from your John Hancock agent.

An 80-year-old mutual life insurance company serving over 7,500,000 policyholders. There's a representative near you. He's a good man to know.



John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GUY W. COX Chairman of the Board	PAUL F. CLARK President
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G. WASHINGTON'S INSTANT COFFEE

IT'S pure coffee ... so rich, full-flavored, so satisfying you'll want a second cup. Ready instantly—morning, noon or night!

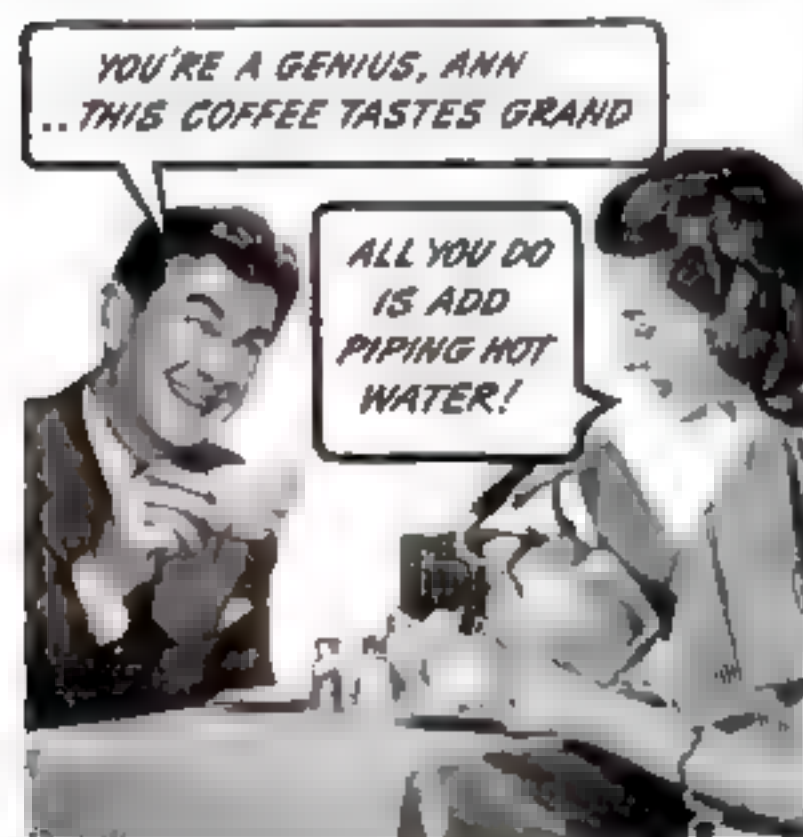
NO COFFEE POT...NO GROUNDS

You make it right in the cup, simply by adding hot water. There's no waiting ... no coffee pot ... no messy,

soggy grounds to clean out afterward.

ANY STRENGTH YOU LIKE

G. Washington is always uniform, and you can make it any strength you like, strong, medium or mild. And it costs no more than ground coffee! The 2 oz. container is equal to a full pound of old-style coffee. Try it!



NOTICE! All the G. Washington's Instant Coffee now being made is going to our Armed Forces. But keep asking for it. Your grocer will have it eventually!



NEW IT'S PURE COFFEE!
G. WASHINGTON'S
INSTANT COFFEE

THE LAST DAYS IN BERLIN CONTINUED

cally. He said, "You must go to southern Germany, form a government and Göring will be my successor. *Göring wird verhandeln*" (Göring will negotiate). Whether this last statement was an order or a prophecy, no one knows. The Führer was by now rather vague and uncertain, giving no direct orders, apparently entirely preoccupied with the prospect of his own imminent death."

Jodl interjected that Germany still had some armies capable of action. He mentioned the Central Army Group under Field Marshal Schoerner which was disposed south of Berlin in the direction of Dresden and the Twelfth Army of General Wenck, the newly formed army which was to stand against the Americans on the Elbe. Perhaps, said Jodl, these armies could change the course of events around Berlin. Hitler evidenced little interest. He gave no orders, shrugged his shoulders and said, "You do whatever you want."

General Jodl did leave later and went to General Wenck, where he ordered the Twelfth Army turned around with its back to the Americans and headed in the direction of Berlin. Jodl may also have gone to Göring. Nobody knows who did get to him but somehow Göring did learn that Hitler had appointed him as his successor.

Göring is bitter

In any event, Göring began to act. He telephoned from Berchtesgaden to the Chancellery in Berlin and asked whether he was to negotiate. Shortly afterward he was put under arrest by the SS and the day after Hitler's installations on Obersalzberg were bombed he was taken away to the little town of Mauterndorf in the mountains beyond Salzburg. To men of his personal bodyguard at Berchtesgaden, Göring said, just before he was taken away, that he considered himself the only man qualified to negotiate, that he had always gone on record as disapproving of concentration camps and mass executions and that his arrest was "against the will of the Führer." His last words to his bodyguard were depressed and bitter ones, "For 23 years I was faithful to the Führer—all I did now was to ask for instructions and I am arrested."

"These statements were reported to me," Gesell declared, "by two members of Göring's bodyguard who were with him on Obersalzberg during his arrest." Herr Gesell believed that Göring was arrested at orders of Bormann, who had always hated Göring, an emotion which the Reichsmarshal cordially reciprocated. Whether Admiral Doenitz was subsequently appointed by Hitler Herr Gesell did not know. However Doenitz was unquestionably one of Hitler's most trusted men. Hitler often declared that he never had to bother about Navy operations, so it is possible at least that he did appoint Doenitz before he died.

"As to Hitler's death," Gesell continued, "I don't believe we will ever find a witness who can tell us how it happened. But I don't believe the Führer remained in the cellar. I believe he went out, possibly several times, looking for death, to which he now was so completely resigned, and that he may have died by artillery fire. One thing we do know—he was not the last man alive in the Chancellery bunker because after his death we still received some radio reports from there."

I asked Gesell at this point about reports I had heard from American security officers that Hitler had been killed by SS Hauptsturmführer Günsche, the Führer's personal adjutant. "It's possible," he replied. "Günsche was a giant of a man and very violent. He would be capable of doing it if he were asked to or if he thought the time had come to shoot the Führer and then himself. But I don't believe it happened that way. I honestly believe Hitler sought his death. He was convinced that all was irretrievably lost, that he could trust nobody any more and that he must die."

"During all this time artillery fire on the Chancellery was increasing and even deep down in the cellar we could feel concussions shaking the building. The conference finally broke up in indecision. Bormann then ordered my stenographic partner and me to leave that evening by plane. It was nearly 8 then. By 10 o'clock we were packed and ready. We left the Chancellery and drove up Hermann Göringstrasse to the east-west axis, headed out toward Gatow. No shells were falling then. Berlin was quiet and dark with only the flash and grumble of a few guns off in the distance. There was a light rain falling and in the rain and darkness men marched silently along as we drove past."

"Outside of town we ran into several traffic jams. Once we were stopped for an hour. When we reached Gatow airfield it was deserted; all the troops had left. We waited there until 1:45 before we took off. That was the last plane and we were the last people to leave Berlin. We flew over Russian territory part of the way and between Jüterbog and Zerbst we encountered some flak. We flew very low all the time because it was safer that way." **THE END**



© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker trucks "take to the air" in the service of the Red Army

THE realistic painting you see above was made from a photograph sent to Studebaker with the compliments of the General Automotive Division of the Red Army.

It shows how Studebaker trucks in the service of the Soviet Russian forces are swung, fully loaded, across unbridged ravines and streams.

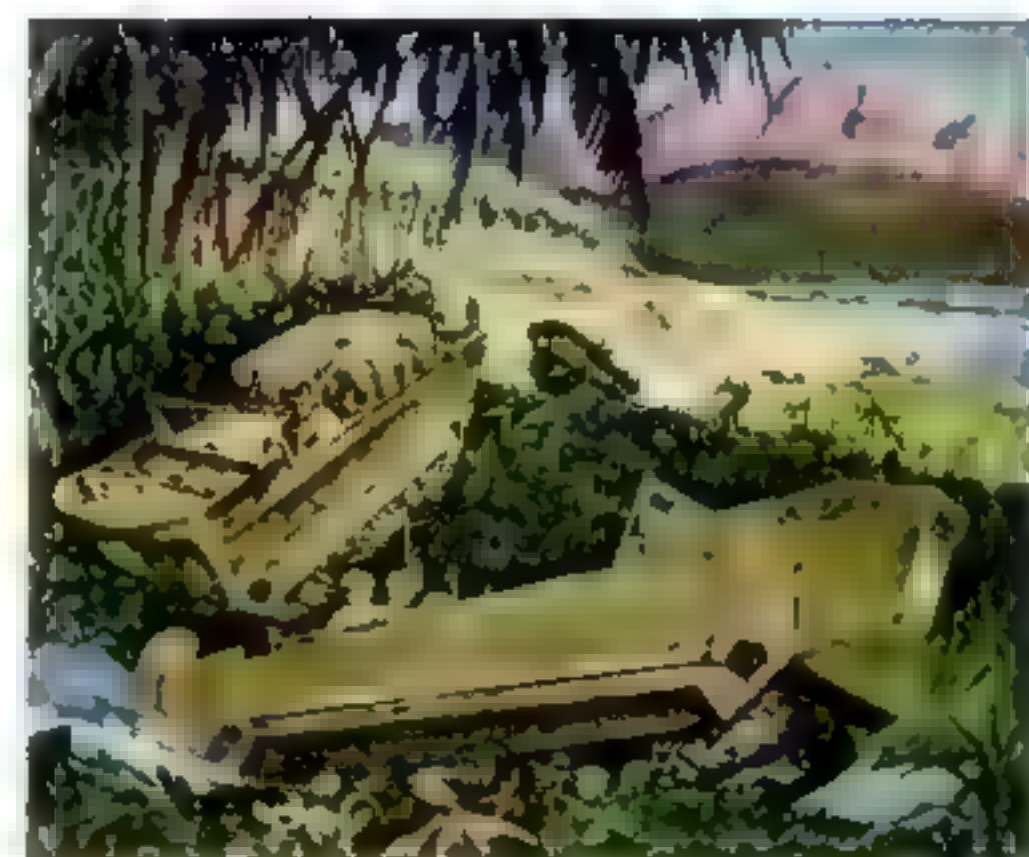
The latest information obtainable indicates that a substantial portion of the powerful 2½-ton 6 x 6 trucks shipped to Russia from the United States have been Studebakers. These big Studebakers comprise approximately 40% of the hundreds of thousands of American trucks of all sizes made available to Marshal Stalin's fighting men under lend-lease.



In recognition of this important help, Red Army authorities presented Studebaker with an album of hitherto unpublished photographs of the trucks in action—"as a token of appreciation of the excellent quality of your military-type truck."

Supplementing its huge production of heavy-duty trucks for the armed forces of the U.S.S.R. and other United Nations, Studebaker to date has built over 60,000 of the Wright Cyclone engines that power the world-famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

And now an amazing new vehicle, the sure-footed, versatile Studebaker Weasel personnel and cargo carrier, is reaching America's far-flung fighting fronts in impressive quantities.

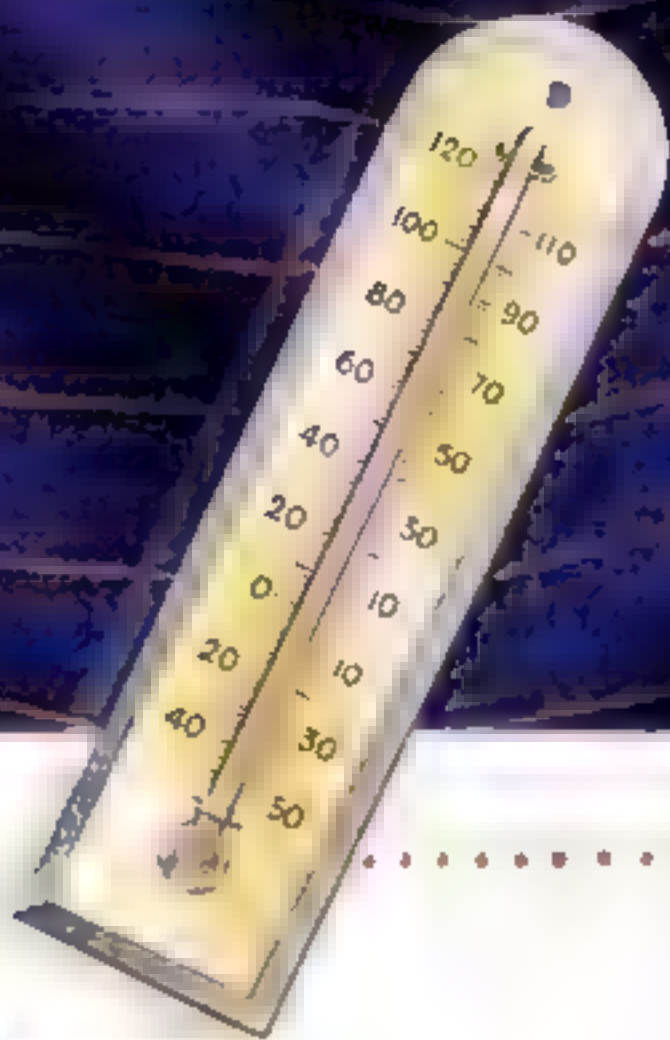


Your War Bonds help America's fighters

Pictured is a convoy of Studebaker Weasels rolling inland from a landing beach. Remember, wherever they are—on land, at sea, or in the air—our valiant fighting forces need the help that your War Bonds give.

Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN



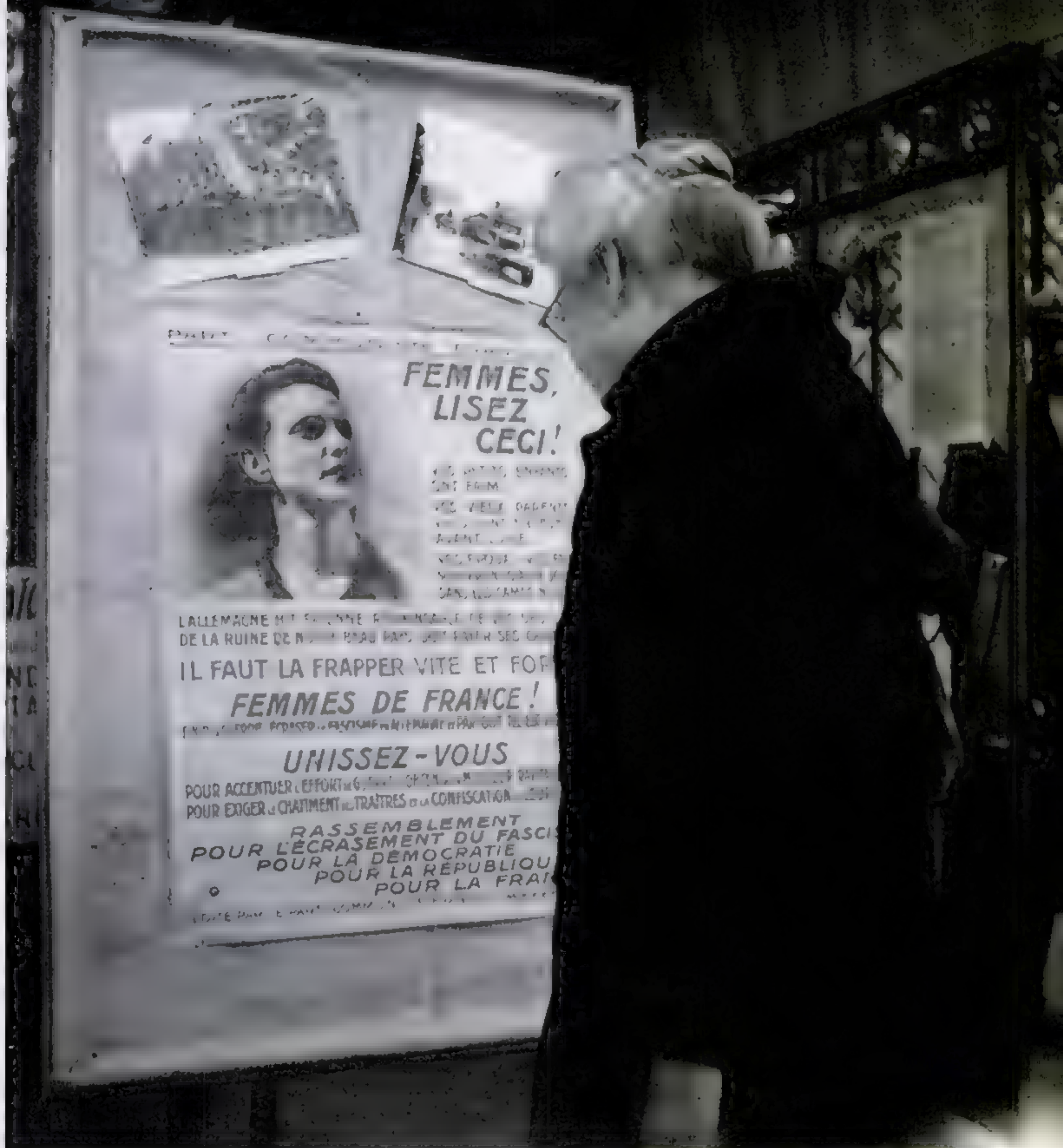
The shoe
of many holes
for those days
of much heat

*Roblee
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Roblees are priced
\$6⁰⁰ to \$8⁰⁰

Some special styles slightly higher





A PARISIENNE SCANS A POSTER OUTSIDE COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS IN THE PARIS 14TH ARRONDISSEMENT. POSTER COMES OUT STRONGLY AGAINST HUNGER

THE FRENCH VOTE

Free Europe's first elections show definite shift toward Left

The first elections anywhere in freed Europe, the first in France for six years, the first ever in France in which women had the vote, and the quietest elections in French history, were held in 30,000 French communities on April 29. The Communists predicted a Communist landslide. The men around de Gaulle predicted a swing to the Right, also hoped for results that would not impose a clear-cut mandate on de Gaulle. Only this last hope was granted. Voting shift

from 1935 was estimated at less than 10% but it was definitely toward the Left. In western France—Normandy, Brittany—the moderate parties triumphed. In Paris parties of the Left, mostly Communists, Socialists and Resistance, elected 47 municipal councilors against 43 moderates. Communists polled 25% of the total vote; many were those of disgruntled women. The total vote of nearly 20,000,000 excluded French war prisoners and slave laborers not yet home.



Le Socialisme cest la liberte la justice!
Le Socialisme cest Voter pour la Rep

Woman Socialist, Simone Amiel, tells a small meeting (called "réunion") of Parisians that women will vote Socialist. Many did vote Left because of food shortages.



Resistance vote was headed by the Mouvement Libération Nationale, a dominant sector of the Left but not Communist. Resistance forces had lost some influence.



Poster rationing, imposed by the paper shortage, is solved by Communist Candidate Léon Mauvais for 5th, 19th and 14th *arrondissements* of Paris by chalking streets.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Style IN A BELT

Style in belts—a Paris tradition—reaches new heights for Spring and Summer. Style is more than just appearance. Compare the unmatched excellence of Paris materials and craftsmanship—the distinction and dependability sought by exacting style conscious buyers. Buy a Paris belt to express your own individual good taste. The selection is large. Buy Paris

in company with thousands of discriminating men. Trust the trade marks that have stood the test of time. • Paris belt illustrated, MB446, \$1.50, 1 inch width, comfortable all elastic construction, fine Pigskin trim and leather covered buckle. Solid colors and smart stripes—new spring colors. Other styles \$1 to \$7. Available at all fine stores from coast to coast.

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PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS



CHIROPODISTS FIND ATHLETE'S FOOT IS AN "EPIDEMIC" DISEASE, THREAT TO EVERYONE

STUDY OF 40,000 PERSONS REVEALS BEST TREATMENT FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

YOU will probably have Athlete's Foot this summer—unless you guard against it, starting right now! Surveys show that 7 out of 10 adults (many children, too) have Athlete's Foot each year. And heat, perspiration, exposure of feet in public bathing places, etc. spread the disease and increase dangers of infection. Fortunately, science now reports remarkable results against Athlete's Foot with Quinsana powder, made by The Mennen Company. In a new study of 40,000 persons, the scientist in charge states, "Quinsana powder was found to be most effective in controlling Athlete's Foot!" You can buy Quinsana at your local druggist today—for use by the whole family to help prevent and relieve Athlete's Foot.



Amazing results of Quinsana treatment

74% infected before Quinsana treatment

← 6% infected after Quinsana treatment

ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all persons using Quinsana fungicidal powder—in records of thousands of examinations. In many of these cases, other treatment had failed. Most Chiropodists (specialists in care of the feet) recommend Quinsana for Athlete's Foot. Used today by all branches of the armed forces.



USE QUINSANA 2 WAYS: (1) On feet, (2) in shoes (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of re-infection from shoe linings). Be sure to use Quinsana daily in shoes, where fungi may thrive and cause Athlete's Foot to keep coming back. You'll find that Quinsana powder is pleasant and easy to use—not like messy salves and liquids.



Rules of Foot Care

1. Use Quinsana daily on feet and in shoes
2. Visit a Chiropodist regularly.

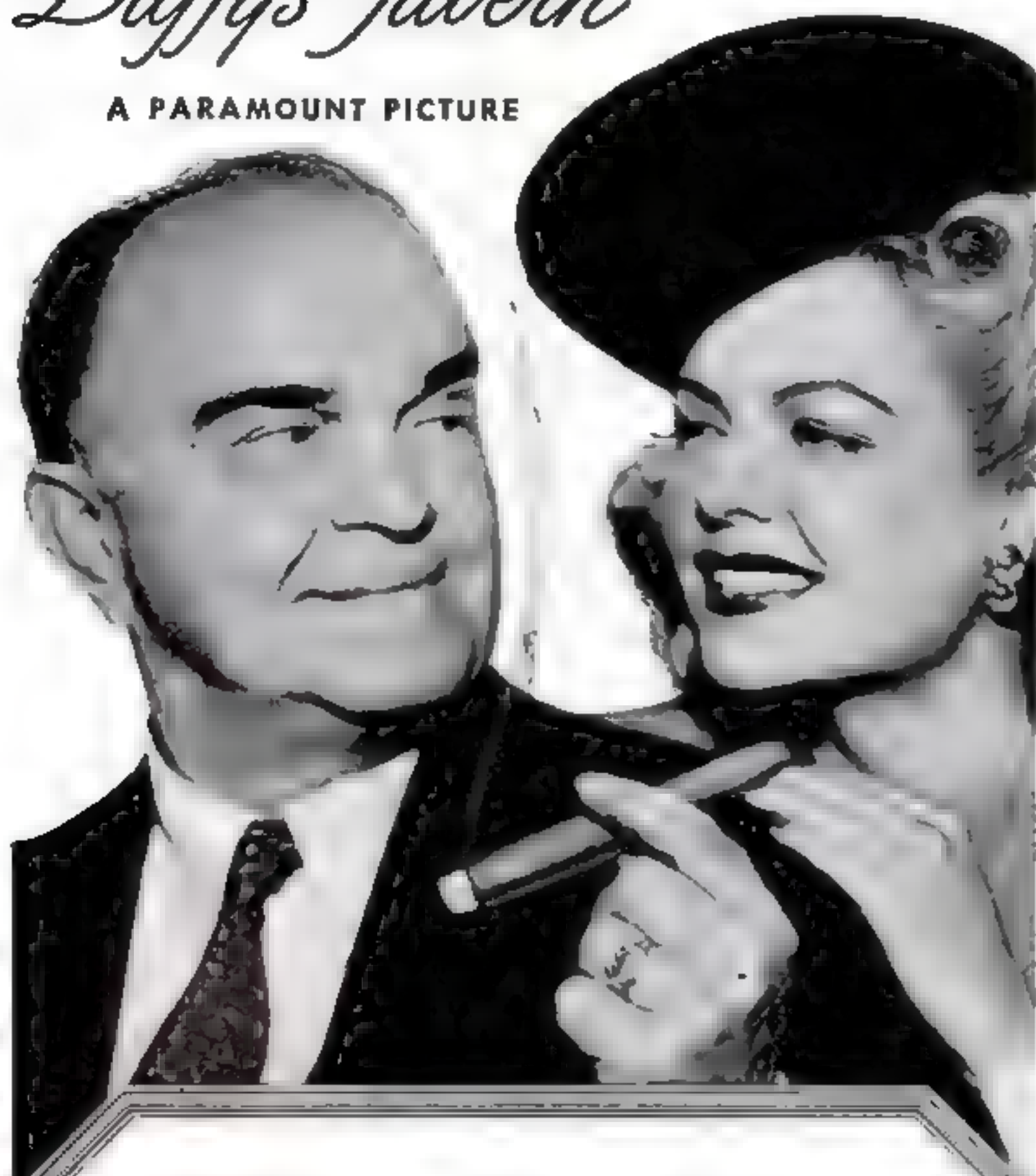
QUINSANA IS INEXPENSIVE, large package lasts months. Remember: the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot may exist almost everywhere; also, mild case may suddenly become serious. So be sure to use Quinsana daily for prevention and relief (it is especially important for diabetics to use Quinsana daily). **THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Victor Moore *and* Marjorie Reynolds

SEE THEM IN

"Duffy's Tavern"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



SHE: I'm still laughing. "Duffy's Tavern" was very funny! What did it remind you of?

HE: To light up a cigar! You know ... after visiting a tavern ... then a good smoke.

SHE: You men get a lot of pleasure out of cigars, don't you?

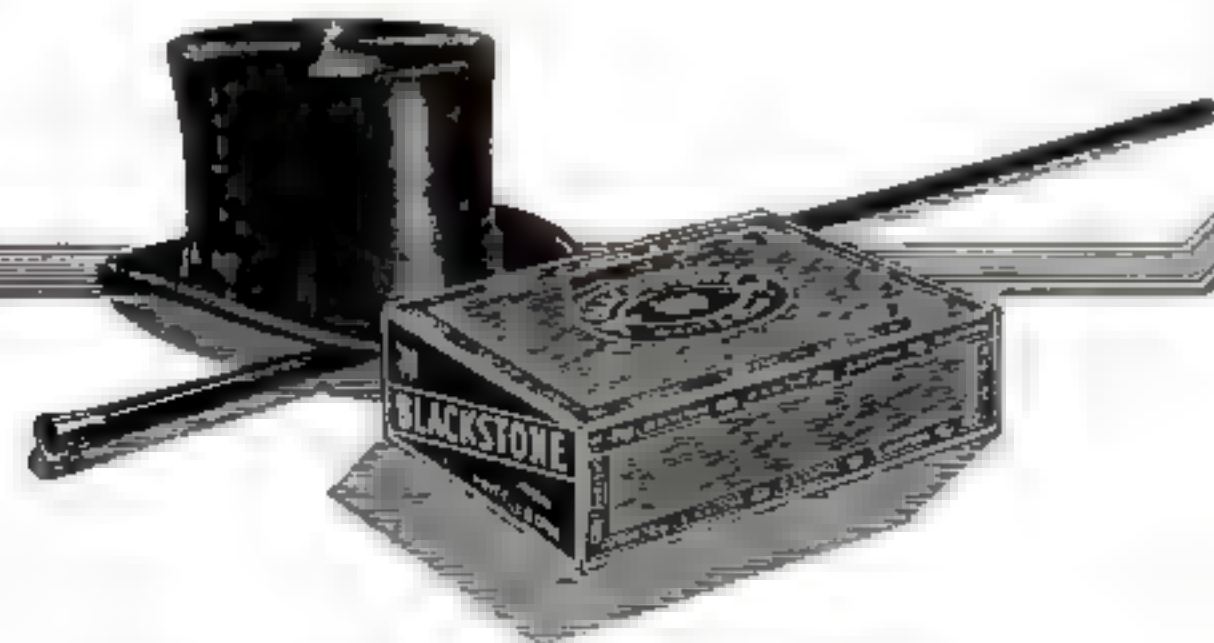
HE: Certainly do! Especially if it's Blackstone

SHE: Why Blackstone, especially?

HE: My dear girl, if you knew that *this* cigar is filled 100% with the finest and costliest Havana tobacco ... that it is full flavored and mellow, yet extremely mild ... that it's absolutely supreme for smoking enjoyment ... you wouldn't say, "Why Blackstone?"

SHE: That's putting it mildly ... meaning no pun!

Thousands of Blackstone Cigars are going to the armed forces. So your dealer may not always have your favorite size. Please be patient ... take another of the five popular Blackstone sizes. Wm. & Bond, Inc., Newark, N. J.



Blackstone Cigar

the choice of successful men

FIVE FAVORITE SIZES: PERFECTO EXTRA, CABINET EXTRA, KINGS, PANETELA DE LUXE BANTAM

The French Vote CONTINUED



Communist Party Secretary Maurice Thorez (*standing*) rouses Communists to wild enthusiasm in arrondissement of Léon Mauvais (*foreground*; also see bottom page 48).



Radical Socialists, France's No. 1 prewar party, hold steering-committee meeting. With Leader Edouard Herriot absent in Moscow, they lost heavily in the election.



Women voted for first time, outnumbered men. Here, in a village schoolroom in little Auteuil-le-Roi (notice biology lesson on blackboard), a lady votes for her candidates.

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You're seeing a picture of an entirely new and distinguished contribution to the beauty of your future automobile.

You're looking at one of thousands of color and pattern combinations *Velon* will make practical for both its seat upholstery and interior lining.

You're getting a glimpse of loveliness that will outlast the car itself—for in years of tests in public vehicles, no *Velon* has yet worn out.

You're admiring a freshness and sparkle that will never be permanently marred by soil of any ordinary kind. *Velon* won't absorb moisture. Grease gets no foothold. Dirt and dust can't cling.

In your car, as in your home, *Velon* will always come back clean and colorful as new, at a mere wipe with a damp cloth or cleaning fluid.

You'll be seeing *Velon* fabric not only in your car but on your very finest furniture, your handsomest

traveling cases, bags, purses, shoes and hats—even as exquisitely patterned, ever-immaculate table cloths that need never see the inside of a laundry.

You'll be seeing *Velon* film, in every required degree of thickness and pliability, as packaging for foods, as shower curtains, lamp shades—transparent or opaque, in any desired color.

And in still another form, it will give your windows new charm and colorfulness as permanent, non-rustable screening.

There will be no more versatile material in your immediate postwar world than *Velon*. Most of *Velon* now made, of course, goes to the armed forces. But buy more War Bonds, and keep them. Then you'll be ready for *Velon* when *Velon* is ready for you.



Here are three forms of *Velon* in just one corner of a single room! The chair upholstery and draperies are *Velon* fabric, of course. The window screen is *Velon*. And the lamp shade—and yes!—even the baby's pants are *Velon*.



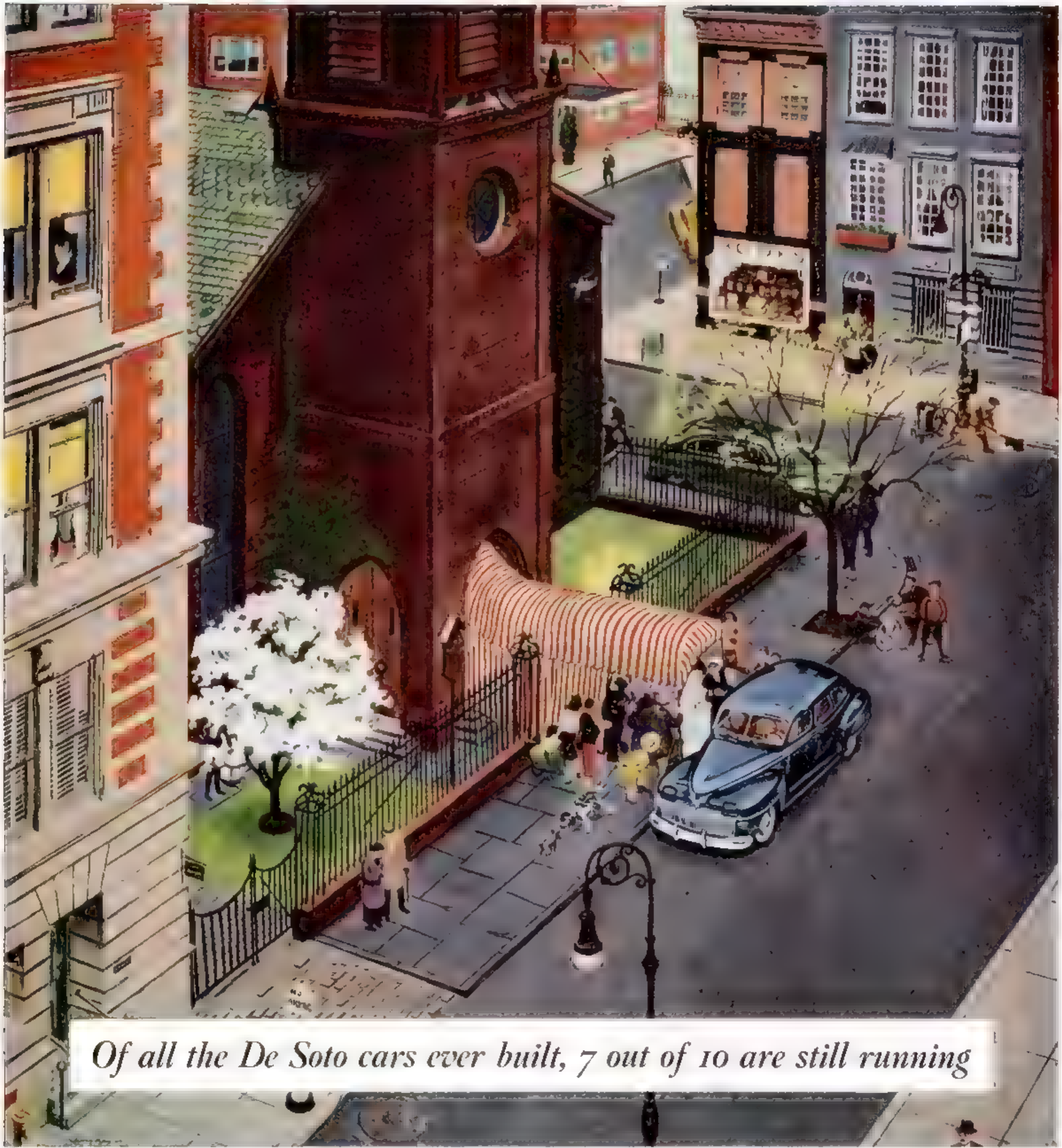
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Thousands upon thousands of motorists have been happily wedded to De Soto for years! Wedded to cars that are now rolling up 100,000 miles...200,000 miles...even more. You see, our engineers decided 17 years ago to make and keep making a better car. Which accounts for the many notable features they've given it... things

like floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts, safety-steel bodies. Today, De Soto manufacturing skill is going into bomber sections, airplane wings, guns. But look forward to the day when we'll again be making De Soto cars for you... cars designed to endure.

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DESIGNED TO ENDURE

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BACK THE ATTACK — BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE



POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON GUAM IS AN OLD CITY JAIL HALF DEMOLISHED BY U. S. SHELLS. TWO GUARDS ARE PART OF NATIVE POLICE CORPS OF 160 GUAMANIAN

THE AMERICAN MARIANAS

THEIR BATTLE SCARS SLOWLY HEALING, GUAM AND SAIPAN BECOME GREAT BASES ON THE TOKYO ROAD

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

When you climb down from the plane at Guam the first thing you see is the new passenger terminal at the airport, a rakish oblong of glowing white concrete. In the waiting room inside there are murals of bare Chamorritas against blue seascapes. Behind a counter there's a brand-new shining coffee urn and beside it, to the amazement of a group of soldiers and sailors who haven't seen anything like that since they left Pearl Harbor, wait two brand-new Red Cross girls. The boys are pinching themselves to see if they are dreaming.

We rumble in a command car across abandoned cornfields and come out on a broad new four-lane highway where streams of trucks and jeeps jostle through the coral dust. Where once was cultivated land the bulldozers and graders are leveling

off landing strips. On fresh cement foundations Seabees in blue pants are assembling Quonset huts. Their sweating backs shine red in the searing sunlight.

"The Seabees sure are takin' this island to pieces and puttin' it together different," said the boy from Texas who drove us up to the island command. "That officers' club is Nob Hill," he added, pointing out a palm-thatched building that topped the fringy thicker of a hill overlooking the bay. "So they're callin' where you fellers are goin' to be Snob Hill." He made a gesture with his head toward the crowd of new Quonsets on the summit of the highest hill beyond. The fresh red gash of a new road curved up the flank of it. "They shot four Japs back of that hill last night," he said and burst out laughing.

From the porch of the officers' club a little above, you can look out over the crowded roads that cut through the flattened ruins of the poor little old Spanish town along the bay toward the clouds of dust that rise from construction work on immense new airfields and the black smoke of the asphalt plant. The rumble and hum of motors rising from the plain mingle with the roar of Superfortresses coming in in formation overhead.

Back of the correspondents' tent where typewriters chirp like dry flies in a drought, stony-faced Japanese prisoners are cutting down the weeds under the direction of a Marine sergeant and managing to give a very good imitation of the slow motion of an old-fashioned WPA gang. Birds are singing in the thickets. In a lull in the roar of motors from the plain and the sky comes



High-school principal on Guam, Mrs. Agueda Johnston, summons pupils to class by ringing an old ship's bell dug up after shelling. School is compulsory between ages of 7 and 14.



Eleventh-grade pupils of Guam's George Washington High School study American history in what used to be the latrine of the ruined school building. Current magazines substitute for rare textbooks.

AMERICAN MARIANAS CONTINUED

the voice of a man who is contemplatively shaving in the shade of a light-green feathery tree at the edge of the cliff, "The flowers are in bloom all over the island. Just like spring on the mainland. Do you know that? Smell just like the old lilacs."

Down among the ruins on the waterfront it is sticky and hot. The sweat prickles on your back as you stumble across dusty rubble and mashed galvanized iron roofing. Here and there a piece of ancient Spanish stonework stands up with dreary dignity amid the burned-out buildings. Wherever half a house is standing or a few pieces of iron can be propped together to make a shelter from the rain, people have moved back into their homes. Round brown and yellow faces look out smiling at an American uniform when you pass. The odds and ends of clothing they have managed to salvage from the ruins are clean and freshly washed. They have nice teeth. There's a shy, smiling dignity about these Chamorros of Guam that contrasts strangely with their utter destitution.

Our Military Government people are set up in tents in the central plaza, across from the jaunty little tin bandstand that somehow escaped damage, where now a loudspeaker dins out dance music from the local radio station to cheer up the inhabitants. I find myself sitting on a bench talking to a lieutenant. He's a young man who talks in bursts. He's full of enthusiasm for his work. His job is to revive farming in Guam.

He's got his work cut out for him, he realizes that. Our military and naval installations are already taking up most of the good farming land on the island. Even before the war the Chamorros had preferred to work for the Navy rather than for themselves. The agriculture school had to shut down because all the boys wanted to go to the Navy mess attendants' school. They had the reputation of making the best stewards there. They were clean, polite, thoughtful. Admirals fought to get them. There must be about a thousand of them in the Navy right now. Serving in the Navy was considered work, of social distinction. The work on the military installations would also take a lot of hands. There only were 21,000 people on the island; that meant a working population of 6,000. The way people lived here before the war was that every family had a house in one of the towns and a little patch of land with a shack on it that they called their "loncho" where they grew their crops. There had been few rich people and no poor. It had been a pleasant well-balanced life in the old days.

We threaded our way between heaps of old Spanish masonry to find the parish priest. "We Chamorros are a happy people," said Father Calvo. "But of recent years we have had to have pa-

tience, the patience of Job." He smiled. He was a soft-spoken olive-skinned young man with a small subtle smile that only occupied the center of his mouth. We had found him sitting on an Army cot in his tiny room in the back of the chapel which the people, with the help of the Seabees, had built out of coconut matting to replace the ruined cathedral. "Our people have learned to be cheerful and humble under adversity," he said. "You must not forget that our people like to think of themselves as Americans. Before the war we sent a delegation to Congress to ask to be treated as American nationals. We are very loyal people. Many people tell me they are happy to have their houses destroyed if it means that the U. S. will come back. We are ruined but we are managing to buy War Bonds. I made a campaign all over the island."

A drive around Guam

It was Sunday when we drove around in a jeep to make a tour of the island. In a space back from the roaring road beyond the beaten-up cemetery a couple of miles out of town Father Calvo was saying mass in a tiny open chapel. People stood in a semicircle in the open field in front of it. There were soldiers and sailors and townspeople in odds and ends of GI clothing. The older women wore the puffed gauze sleeves in cream and chocolate and white of the old-fashioned Filipino costume.

Farther on was a great quarry of coral. Trucks were loading huge white hunks to dump at the end of the new breakwater. We drove past the old Pan-American terminal that looked tiny and forlorn amid the wide-spaced airy new buildings of the naval base, and out to the beach where our first landings had been. A few wrecks of tanks and amphibious craft rusted quietly in the shallow green water along the shore. To get a view along the coast we clambered up a rocky outcropping under a tuft of bushes that the Japanese had dug out to form a machine-gun nest. We found ourselves stepping on something that gave. It was a dried husk of a leg in a Japanese uniform and boot.

Our graveyard is on the slope of the hill back of the town. The rows of white crosses stand very neatly in the green meadow that lies in a hollow below the ridges where the heaviest fighting took place. On many of the crosses friends have tacked metal plaques made from a piece of shellcasing or the bottom of a mess kit. On them are engraved the last messages from the outfit. "In memory of a grand guy," "A good scout," "He served us well." Under a heart-shaped piece of Plexiglas is a clipping from a home-town paper with the picture of a smiling tanned young man in an overseas cap.

The fat sawed-off little sergeant who was an expert on local life and customs brought the news that there was a wedding going on. We set out in

the jeep again, slithering over the black mud of the back roads. We plowed around the edges of cornfields until at last we heard the sound of a band and headed for a little shack made of propped-together sheets of galvanized iron. Under a sort of porch behind a thorny hedge a long table was set with a white cloth ornamented with asparagus fern and hibiscus flowers. At the head of it sat Father Calvo smiling his little smile. At a rickety stand in the corner of the yard the bride and groom, both very young and very brown, both dressed in white, were carefully cutting slices out of an American-style wedding cake and wrapping them up in paper napkins.

We were all made to sit down at the head of the table while handsome elderly women, with broad hospitable grins on their faces, brought us each first a bottle of Coca-Cola, then a cup of chocolate, then liberal helpings of Spanish-style rice, barbecued suckling pig, spiced-up C rations and a magnificent American potato salad. Meanwhile a bottle of tuba, a white liquor distilled from the fermented sap of the coconut palm, was moving around the table. To cap it off everybody had to eat a piece of wedding cake.

With the help of a couple of GIs the small band whooped it up around a brand-new upright piano. Gradually the dusty little yard was filling up with khaki and battle green. With unwearied hospitality the Chamorro ladies kept on putting out the food and drink. The bride and groom were sleepily gracious. They had reason enough to look sleepy as this was the second day of the party and they hadn't been to bed all night. Still the groom's white linen suit and the bride's voluminous veil didn't have a wrinkle or a spot. By the time we left the party was fast being swamped by an infiltration of grinning bronzed marines. They had taken over the musical instruments. They were eating up the food and drinking up the tuba. They were dancing with all the best-looking girls. The Chamorros were outnumbered but they certainly weren't dispirited. "Now really the wedding is turning out to be a success," they seemed to say. When we left the band was playing *Roll out the Barrel* and the couples were dancing in the dusty grass and the old women were sitting in a row beaming on them and Father Calvo was leaning back in his chair at the end of the table smiling his small quiet smile.

The Japanese on Saipan

It's a breezy blue afternoon on Saipan. We are sitting under a large thatched shelter in the middle of a green plain full of growing crops. The people are coming in from the fields to have their produce weighed. On the roads carts with solid wheels, each drawn by a small slow carabao,



Starved baby, suffering from malnutrition like others born under the Jap occupation, is treated by a naval doctor, Lieut. William Ruocco, and native nurse in a Guam hospital

come creaking along. They are small stubby people with slow ungraceful movements. They have a beaten look that doesn't date from this year or last year. They came in through the sunny afternoon like people walking in their sleep.

First trudging on stubby bare feet comes a small boy with beans tied up in a piece of blue cloth, then stodgy little women with bundles of calabashes on their heads and men jiggling along with loads of onions slung on carrying poles. The vegetables are tied up meticulously in squares of cloth. Lined up in a row outside the shelter the people unwrap them with unsmiling care. They are tiny outlandish dusty people with wooden faces like gnomes in a fairy tale. There's an air of laborious routine about everything they do. The foreman weighs the produce in small parcels on a hand scale, noting down the weights in a book scrupulously as if his life depended on having every bean accounted for. "They are a race of statisticians," says the American lieutenant with an explanatory grin. He's a blond young man with a cosmopolitan manner who has been in the diplomatic service. He can't seem to get over his surprise at finding himself out here in the Marianas running a Japanese farm.

A start was made in getting the farms into operation about a month after we hit the beaches. The first idea was to make the Japanese population self-supporting so that we shouldn't have to feed them. The Japanese here, we mustn't forget, were Okinawans, people from the southern islands; they were considered more or less the Okies of Japan. They had been brought in by the Japanese sugar trust as indentured laborers. One of the old section foremen had been very useful in organizing the farming association through which the produce was sold to the people in the civilian camp. The first thing they'd done had been to cut up the land available for farming into one-hectare (2½-acre) plots. Each hectare was handed over to a head of a family. The families averaged about eight, counting men, women and children. They walked out every morning to their fields and returned to the compound every evening. Now, about six months later, the farms were producing 20,000 pounds of vegetables a day. The surplus, after civilian needs had been met, was sold to Army and Navy messes. They grew beans, cantaloupe, watermelons, squash, tomatoes, bunching onions, greens, sweet potatoes, Chinese cabbage and a number of local vegetables. Now we were beginning to get in fertilizer to take the place of the night soil they'd been accustomed to using. That night soil, so dear to oriental farmers, had been one of the causes of the high incidence of dysentery on the island. It had been the worst place in the Pacific for flies until our planes had started spraying the place with DDT. Now it's a "health resort!"

We walked around the edges of some neatly tilled fields. At a corner of a hedgerow a smashed tank half sunk in the earth was rusting quietly in the sun. Two fat doves flew up from it. This was Hell's Corner, the scene of a great tank battle a few days after our landing. There were still plenty of Japs hiding out in caves in the hills. A few of the civilians gave themselves up every day. At night the soldiers crept down the great wooded valley in back of the farms to steal vegetables. Our boys laid traps for them along the paths. Every night they shot one or two. Had the Japanese civilians given us any trouble? The lieutenant shook his head. They were the most docile people in the world. "They are as scared of the Jap soldiers as anybody."

"What's that?" I asked as we were walking back to the jeep. A tiny shrill piping came from a thatched shelter beyond some trees. "That's the small children singing. We run a school for the children

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Here's real masculine ruggedness! Buxton grain finish pigskin has special resistance to wear and weather! Buxton smooth finish—extra lustre to help it look young longer! And the patented stitchless ONE-PIECE construction insures this fine leather will mellow in use, won't give way at the folds...

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THE STITCHLESS BUXTON IS GUARANTEED TO LAST
IN NORMAL USE AS LONG AS THE LEATHER ITSELF

AMERICAN MARIANAS CONTINUED

too small to work in the fields. We haven't managed to get many Jap schoolbooks yet so they have to spend a lot of time singing."

We drove down through abandoned cane fields to the compound where 13,000 Japanese live in shelters built largely out of materials salvaged from the wreckage of Garapan. The shelters are raised on stilts off the ground. The floors on which people squat and spend their lives are scrubbed clean and some of them are covered with matting. In the middle of every group of houses there is a kitchen. We stuck our heads into one to watch them getting ready the evening meal. In one room a group of women were emptying cans of what looked and smelt like first quality Japanese crab meat into a big kettle. In another they were chopping vegetables.

"We are feeding them on the stocks of food we captured here," said the lieutenant. "They grow their vegetables as you've seen. They are eating their own rice and canned goods so they are no drain on our supply."

Garapan main street

In the central part of the compound a row of stalls has been partitioned off in a long low corrugated-iron shed. There's a repair shop to service the numerous Japanese bicycles. There are a great many bicycles. Their bicycles were about the only piece of property these people seem to have been able to save. A tiny gray-faced mechanic in blue dungarees is tinkering away with deadly earnestness on a broken chain.

Next door there's a cabinet maker's. In another stall there's a pile of clay and an old-fashioned potter's wheel. There's a set of boilers where they make soap out of coconut oil and wood ashes. Outside the candy factory a crowd of women and children are jostling for position in line. Inside, behind the counter, Japanese women are mixing sugar into a paste of mashed navy beans and laying it out to harden on trays like fudge. There's a general store where the storekeeper adds up the prices with quick fingers on the abacus. At a small forge heated by charcoal he keeps red hot with a paper fan stands the village blacksmith. He's an old man with a stiff white straight-sprouting chin beard and sprouting eyebrows. His face wears the fierce hieratic expression of the Japanese actors' masks people in America used to hang on the walls of their dens in the last years of the last century. He stands with his feet well apart and his knees bent and his flexed arms well out from his sides. It is the attitude of a man who is carrying out unquestioningly the ritual of his craft as he learned it from his father and as his father learned it from his father and so on back to the swordmakers of the Samurai. He doesn't look at us as we walk past. He is as far out of our world as a plaster image of a Hottentot in a glass case in a museum of natural history.

The Military Government officer who was taking me through the compound had been a police captain in Cincinnati, Ohio. "They don't do so badly," he was saying. "They were in pretty bad shape at first from malnutrition diseases. Our doctors have just about stopped yaws and dysentery and cleared up the worms. There is a good deal of tuberculosis we haven't been able to do much about, but the people are already eating slightly better than they did during the last days of Jap occupation. Already the Japanese officials are complaining that we are spoiling the natives. Undernourished children got a card that entitled them to milk. At first the parents used to drink it themselves. It is hard getting them interested in sanitation. At first they used to let the flies out of the flytraps! Couldn't imagine life without flies, I guess. They haven't our kind of notions about taking care of women and children. They won't do anything for other people's children. A small child fell in a latrine a few days ago and nobody thought to pull it out. Just let it drown there."

We were walking across a large dusty open space when we met a red-faced young American officer sweating so as he walked along that his suntans stuck to his back and knees. He was followed, walking solemn-eyed two by two, by about 40 toddling Japanese children. "I'm taking them down to the beach for a swim," he said in an embarrassed kind of way when he was introduced. "We have to do something to keep them busy."

Last thing we went to see the lepers. Two elderly lepers had turned up among the other problems of our Military Government. Temporarily they were housed in two little shacks in an enclosure. One of them had a wife to take care of him. He was a pleasant-faced man with a white mustache. At the doctor's request he unrolled the bandage off his red and ravaged arm while his wife hovered over it protectingly. She helped him roll the bandage back up. Then he stood up straight, looking right at us with untroubled eyes and knelt and touched his forehead to the ground in a deep prostration.

Down among the ruins of Garapan we found the man who was running the fishing fleet. He was Lieut. Stauffenbiel, a large cheerful young man who had been sales manager in a Milwaukee brewery before the war. "Beer to fish—seems a long way," he said bubbling over with laughter, "but I'm sold on this 100%. In my eyes this is the best thing being done for the island." The Japanese had run 11 boats before the war and had produced an immense amount of dried tuna as well as enough fresh fish to fill the island's needs. With modern refrigeration we could do much better. Already we were catching enough fish to supply the civilian population and this was the off season. Gradually we are raising the sampans that had been sunk in the invasion and putting them back in service. I mustn't forget if I wrote about this to say that the man who really got the fishing fleet afloat and put the industry back on its feet was Lieut. George Taggart. He was home on leave now. He'd had his own schooner in the old days and knew the Pacific thoroughly. "All I've done is follow through. But it's been great fun," said Lieut. Stauffenbiel, grinning.

We climbed over the fishing boats that were drawn up on the shore. Japanese ship carpenters were at work on the wooden hulls. From the decks we could look over the desolation of the town which, except for a few walls of reinforced concrete, had been stamped as flat by our naval gunfire as if a steamroller had run over it. We went back to the office, in a building of fresh-smelling new wood piled high with nets and buoys and fishing gear. There we talked through an interpreter to the Japanese foreman of the enterprise. He was a serious-looking little man in new dungarees. He had been an independent boat owner before the war. He had evidently done rather well because he had just built himself a new house that had cost 11,000 yen. Now he was making 50¢ a day.

To make conversation I asked the interpreter to ask the Japanese where his 11,000-yen house was. Without a change in the grave obsequiousness of his manner the man pointed along the beach at the worn-down corner of a cement foundation about 18 inches high. Beyond there was not even a pile of rubble in the gray marl. That was where the house he had worked all his life to save up 11,000 yen to build had stood. We didn't ask him any more questions.

A night on the border strip

We were late getting out to the airstrip. We chose the wrong road and found ourselves in an immense quarry of white coral where, in a storm of dust white as steam, huge mechanical shovels were loading trucks with crushed stone. From the quarry a four-lane highway roaring with two lines of trucks going in each direction led through a glare of floodlights across the smoothly sloping valley to the airstrip. "They used to load a truck every 40 seconds, now it's a truck every 20 seconds," said the man who was driving. "I don't believe it," said the nurse, who was riding with us. "Neither do I," said the man who was driving, "but it's a fact."

We backed up and circled around again through the darkness and came out past a new airdrome where bulldozers were spreading out the freshly dumped coral. Scrapers, graders, machines we didn't know the names of moved evenly behind them. The glistening bodies of the men, dark from the tanning sun, were highlighted with streaks of white dust.

In the brightly lit arch of the dispensary, beyond the immense empty airstrips, the doctor was waiting for us. Outside the ambulance and the crash truck stood ready. While we were waiting for the great bombers to start coming back from their mission over Japan, the doctor showed us his emergency operating room. Methods were improving, he said. Now two men on every plane were given the course of training of a hospital corpsman. Immediate action was



WHAT? WITH HIS BIG SALARY?



1. This man makes lots of money.

Yet, he wears a shirt that has seen better days, and which is still alive only through the courtesy of his wife's skill with a needle.



2. Making every shirt last is a fine idea in these days of conservation. So why not give the shirts in your drawer a beauty treatment and wear them till there's nary a breath of life left in 'em.



3. When you find you must buy a shirt—absolutely must!—visit your Arrow dealer's.

For only an Arrow Shirt can give you: the Mitoga figure-fit, the Sanforized label, the perfect-fitting Arrow Collar, and anchored buttons.



4. If your dealer can't satisfy you the first time, remember—much of Arrow's shirt production is going to Uncle Sam... but, come what may, your Arrow dealer will do his darndest to keep you happy. So try him again, won't you?

ARROW SHIRTS

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"WHAT GOES ON WOULD AMAZE YOU!"

MAUREEN CANNON, enchanting star of "Up in Central Park" makes a cleansing discovery.



"Every night, on go layers of the heaviest kind of make-up—thick, sticky stuff! Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever get out from under! But there's no make-up made—the theatrical kind or the finest, clinging street variety—that doesn't come off in record time with ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM."



"If you're choosy about cleansing creams (and you should be) you'll like Albolene. It's so mild—cleans so gently. My sensitive skin feels grand after 'Albolening'—soft smooth—not the least bit dry."



You can save! Ounce for ounce Albolene costs less than half as much as any one of the three largest-selling creams, using the largest, most economical sizes for fair comparison.

NOW... Scented or Unscented ALBOLENE!



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For "professional" users, for hospitals and for those who ask only for efficiency, purity and the finest ingredients, Albolene also comes "Unscented."

Both kinds are priced economically. The huge pound jar costs only \$1—brings the cost down to 6¼ cents an ounce. Smaller sizes, too, at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Try Albolene today! McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM
"AND MCKESSON MAKES IT"

AMERICAN MARIANAS CONTINUED

saving a good many lives. At first there had been some trouble in administering blood plasma in a plane. So little room to move around. The veins tended to collapse in shock. They had worked out a method of administering plasma through the sternum.

"No, not there. The sternum's your breastbone." The doctor burst out laughing. They had a special needle just long enough to reach the hollow in the breastbone. All you needed to do was lay the patient on his back and punch in the needle. The plasma was absorbed readily into the bloodstream.

The Superfortresses return

While we were talking the Superfortresses began to come in. Everybody grew tense. The doctor slapped on his helmet and drove fast along the edge of the strip to the hangar where more ambulances were parked. There he sat wearing earphones in a car that had a two-way radio. Voices began quacking and squawking over it.

A moon had risen lighting up the clouds and glimmering smoothly on the immense expanses of the airfield. Far overhead the sky was filling with circling navigation lights. The bombers came in in pairs. Red and green lights hovered a while above the dark shape of the island beyond the straits. Then the landing lights flashed on and the great planes roared up the runways, churning clouds of dust into the steady breeze. Our ears were numb from the roar of motors, cut by the sharp twang of radio voices. Driving white dust shot through with the glare of floodlights obscured the moon.

We drove out to a ship that had been hit. The kids were all laughing as they climbed out. Waist gunner had been hit in the chest but the piece of jagged metal had stuck in his flak vest. Never touched him. Cabin perforated but nobody hurt.

Meanwhile above our heads the great planes slithered smoothly in. Their long bodies, slender as the bodies of dragonflies, glittered with light. Every couple of minutes they roared in and vanished in the swirl of dust raised by the planes already arrived that were taxiing to their dispersal strips.

Seventy-nine planes had already landed when we went down to the mess hall. After the clamor of radio voices and the dinning of motors and the hurry of jeeps and ambulances, the mess hall seemed very quiet. The crews who had just come from their interrogation were sitting along the tables eating fried chicken. A few were drinking the spiritus frumenti the flight surgeon had brought out, but most of them were drinking Coca-Cola. Nobody had much to say. A routine operation. Weather might have been worse. Visibility fair. They were still tense. They were sleepy and a little grumpy. They sat gnawing glumly on their chicken bones until word began to go around that 80 ships were in. Only one unaccounted for. "Eighty-one," said the major and slapped down the telephone. His cautious smile kindled smiles along the table. Men's faces relaxed while you looked at them. Men leaned back in their chairs and stretched drowsily. "Well, this has been a lucky day," somebody dared say at last. "One man hit in the hand, well enough to walk to the dispensary, one man picked a souvenir out of his flak vest—a wonderful souvenir." "Of course," said the major, "we can't tell what we did till we see the photographs in the morning. Never talk till you see the photographs."



Representatives of eight communities confer with Marine Colonel Charles Murry (center), Guam civil affairs chief. Meetings give the natives a voice in the government.



Modess is proud to be a leader in reducing napkin prices

WE TAKE special pride in the fact that constant improvement has accompanied constantly lower prices on Modess.

Today—at only 22¢ a box—Modess puts the luxury of a finer-than-ever sanitary napkin within the reach of every woman in America.

Today, Modess is even softer and safer than when first introduced.

And now Modess brings women the most significant advance in sanitary napkins since they were invented—a triple-proved deodorant sealed in every napkin to guard daintiness.

Only Modess contains this deodorant with triple-proved effectiveness: proved by Modess chemists; by impartial laboratories; by women, who have tried the napkin—and prefer it.

From the moment you try this new Modess you'll bless the daintiness, the added peace of mind it brings.

Modess, by the way, has a special free-of-charge offer to mothers of growing girls—a booklet, "Growing Up and Liking It!" which explains the why and how of menstruation. To get a copy, write to Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 335-H, Milltown, N. J.

MODESS WITH THE PROVED DEODORANT



Historical Maps

FIRST NEWS OF AMERICA

was brought to Europe in crude charts

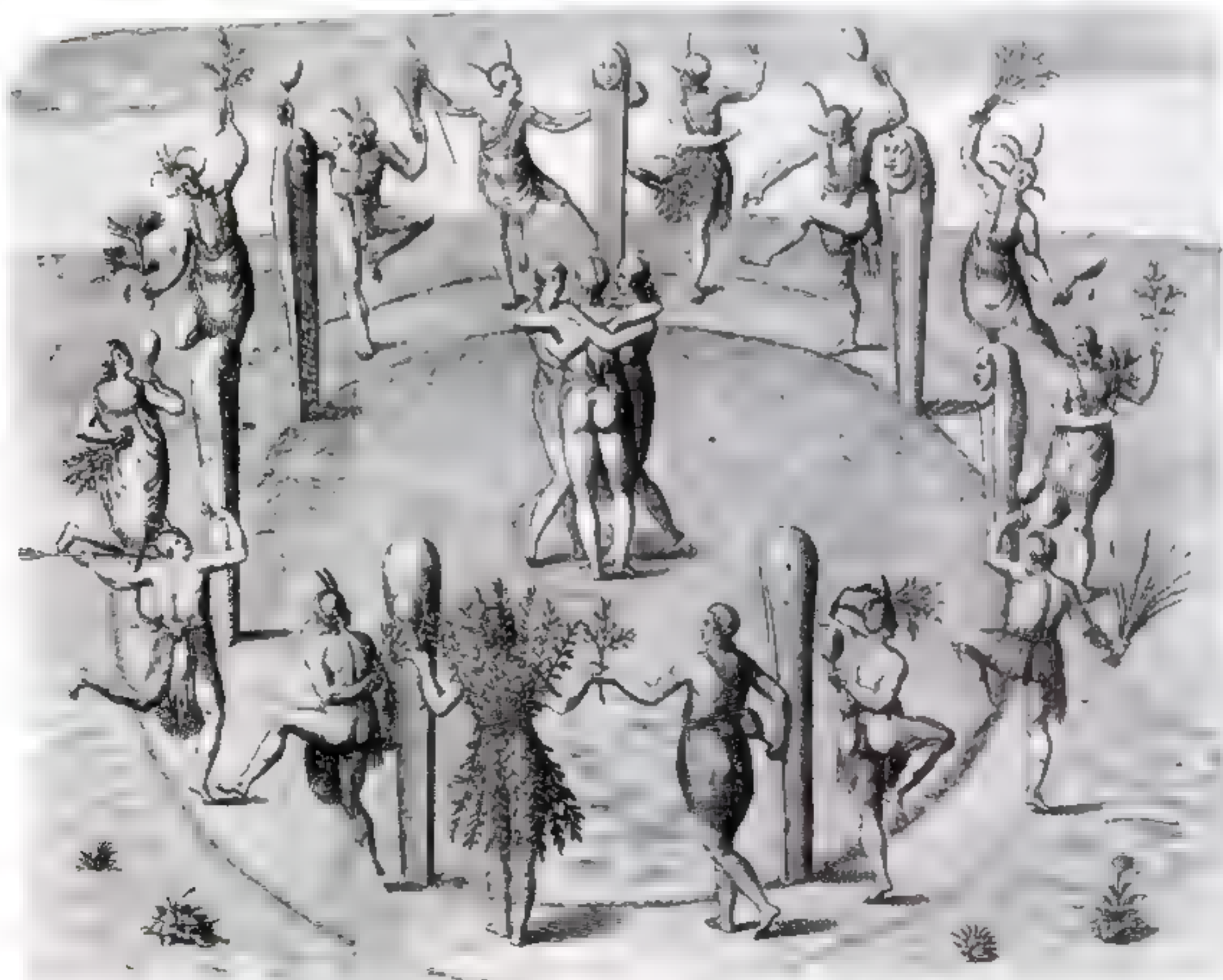


People look at maps but they rarely look for the name of the map maker. Yet America was named because an Alsatian cartographer, Martin Waldseemüller (wood-lake-miller), elected to label the New World with that name after an Italian navigator he admired, Amerigo Vespucci, who had crossed the Atlantic a few years after Columbus. The discovery of America had as much as anything to do with the revival of map making between the 16th and 18th Centuries, for Europeans wanted to know more about their great new possessions. The growth of the early knowledge about America was demonstrated last year in an exhibition of old maps and books by the Free Library of Philadelphia covering "Three Centuries of American History, 1493-1793." Some examples from the exhibition are reproduced here.

These early maps, coming after the long night of ignorance that began when north Europe lost the maps of the ancient Greeks,

are filled with quaint error. North America was often shown connected with Asia and Greenland and a large sea was often placed in what is now Canada. Many an error was continued even after everybody knew better, because it was so expensive to redraw hand-engraved copper plates. But, in fact, the early mappers of America were surprisingly accurate with limited data. They used meridians and parallels, operated on the assumption (from the Greek, Eratosthenes) that the circumference of the earth was 28,000 miles (it is 24,902).

Sailors had been drawing coastlines with great accuracy since the 12th Century because they could not afford to make mistakes. The great maps of the Renaissance are those of the ocean-going discoverers, who drew them with a navigator's need for precision. The most useful of early navigational projections was Mercator's (see page 65), which showed true directions although it distorted the size of land masses.



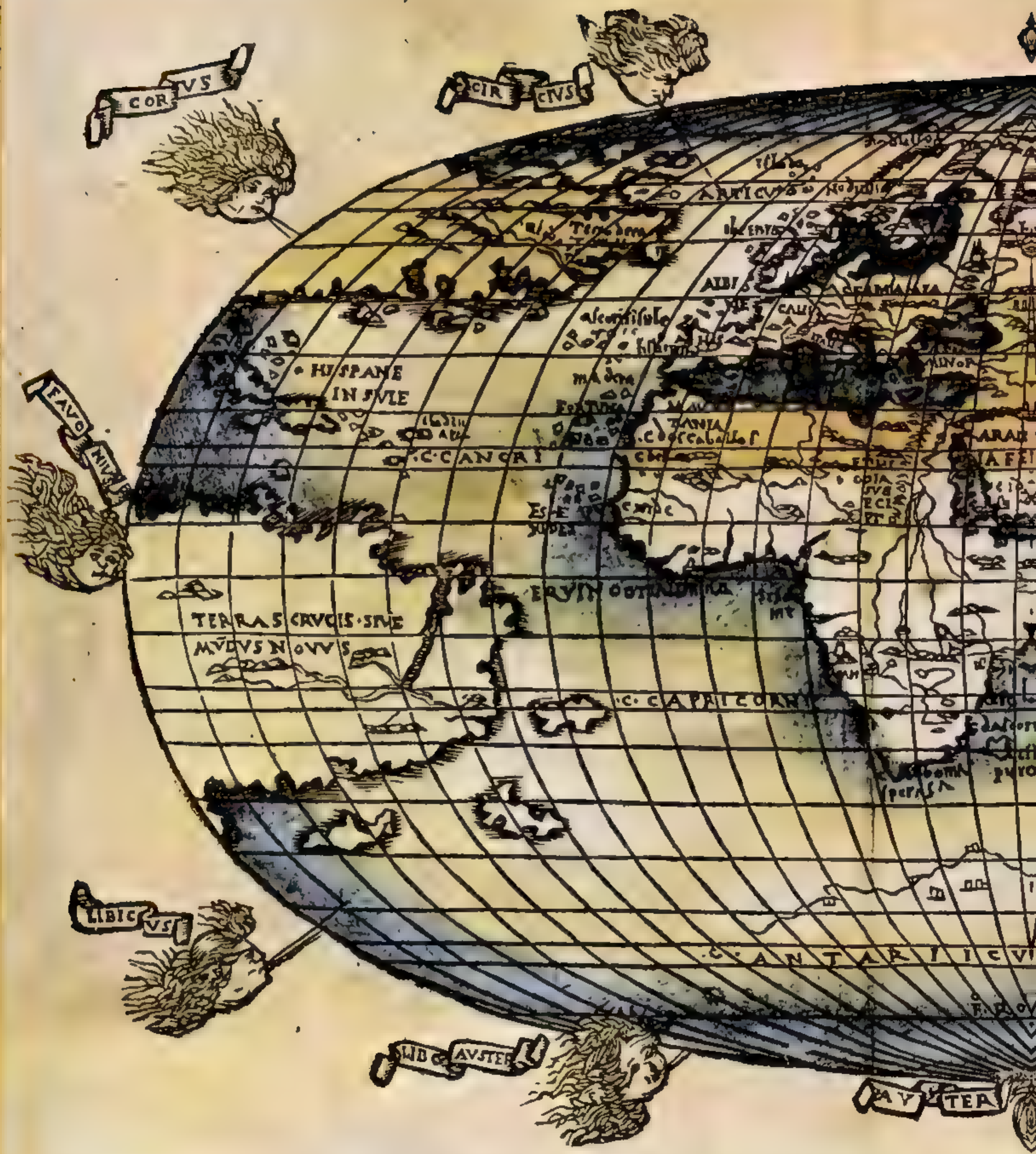
STRANGE INHABITANTS OF VIRGINIA ARE DRAWN BY WHITE FOR DE BRY'S "VOYAGES"



MAP OF ATLANTIC, after Columbus, was made in 1493 by Waldseemüller. It includes Cuba (Isabella) and Hispaniola. Having coined name "America" on a previous map, he reverted to "Terra Incognita" here.

POLAR MAP by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1582 tried to prove an open sea passage led across top of America (left) to China or Cathaya (top). Gilbert founded first English colony in New World, drowned there.





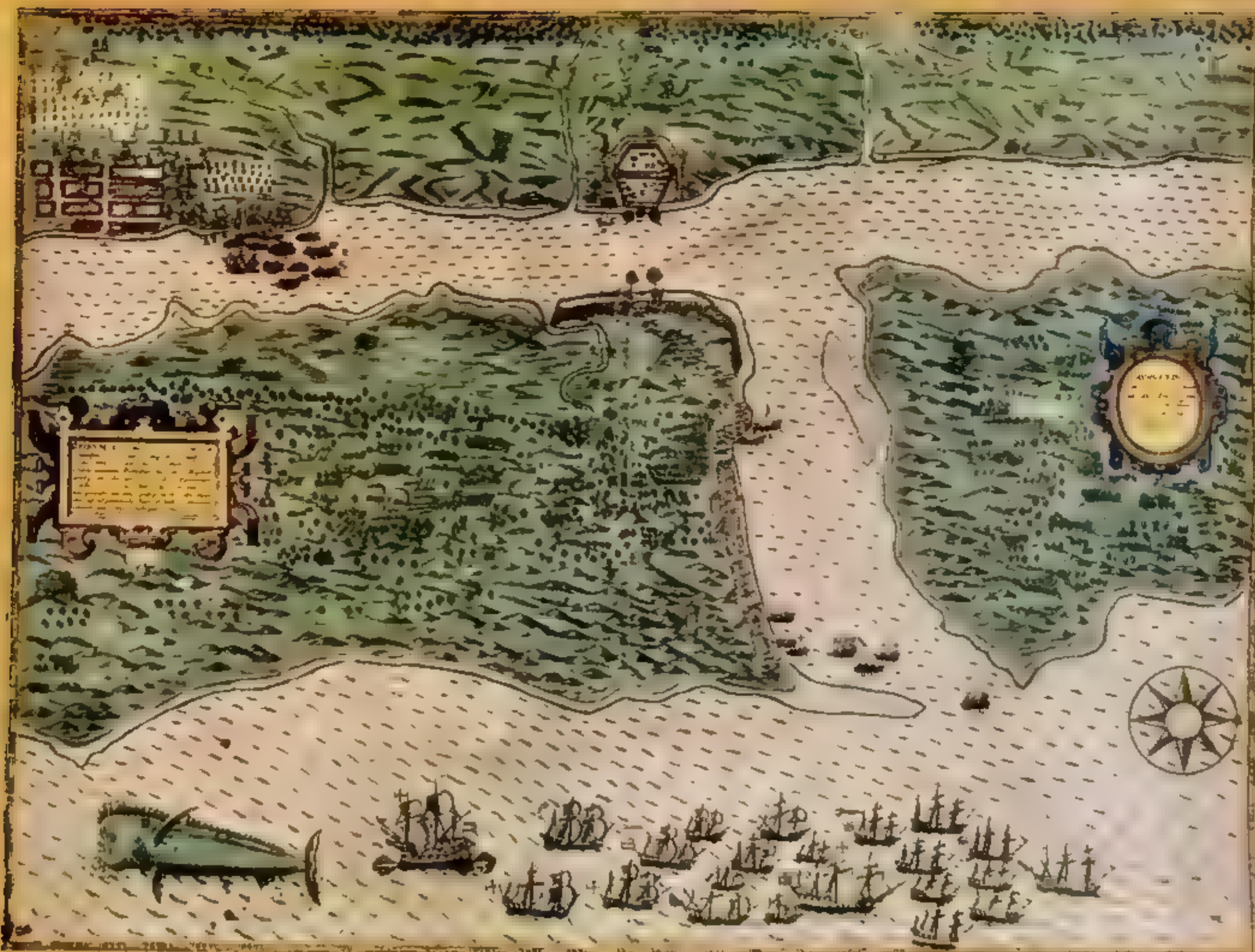
A FAIRLY ACCURATE WORLD MAP was produced by the Florentino, F. Rosello, in about the year 1532. Script on South America (*left*) says in Latin, "Land of the Holy Cross or New World." Rosello shows 36 meridians, making

no allowance for the undiscovered parts of the New World. He connects Asia with North America. But his over-all proportions for Europe, Africa and Asia are relatively correct. The river next to the script is evidently the Amazon. B-



this time it had been accepted that the earth is round, a belief proscribed by the Church for a thousand years as "heretical and unscriptural." Church map makers centered their maps on Jerusalem and put Paradise at the top, which

was east. They surrounded their maps with the 12 winds, still used by Rosel-
lo (above). The return to accurate maps was the result of the translation of the long forgotten *Geography* of Ptolemy from Greek to Arabic to Latin about 1410.



FIRST CITY MAP of what is now the U.S. is Saint Augustine, Fla., as brought back by Sir Frances Drake, who burned the fort. He has included his fleet, a battle (top) and dead Spaniards along island wall.

DRAKE'S VOYAGE of 1585 shows more accuracy. England's cross marks Virginia, France's fleur-de-lis Quebec, Habsburg banner Venezuela. Notice at left "The Ocean commonly called the South Sea."





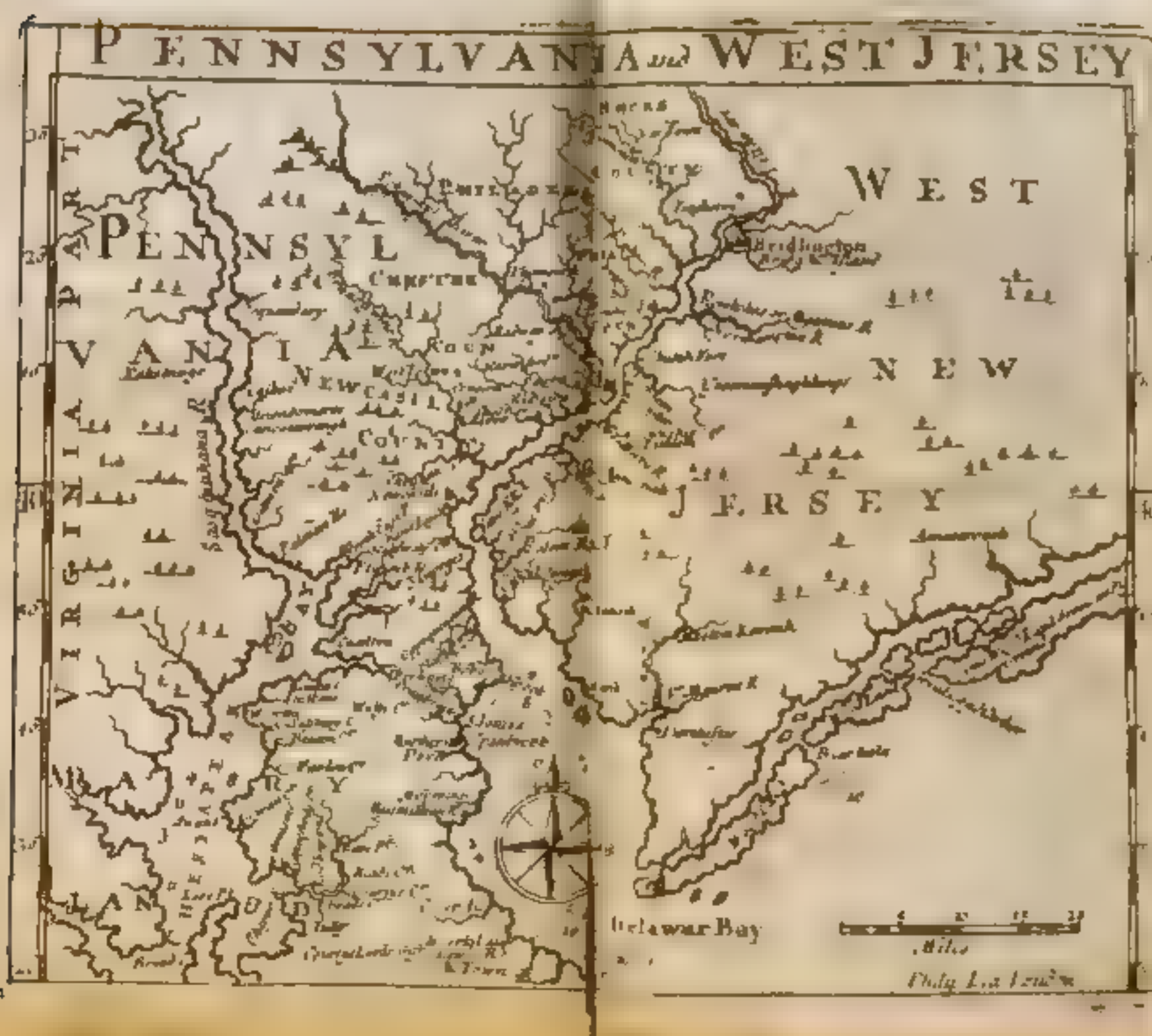
MAP MADE IN 1784 ILLUSTRATED "THE ADVENTURES OF COL. DANIEL BOON"

LAND MAPS

They finally catch up to navigators' charts

The great map makers in the 17th Century were the Dutch, but an Englishman, Edward Wright, popularized the projection of the Flemish Mercator, as seen in the map on the preceding page. Navigational maps such as this had long been far superior to land maps, since men's lives at sea depended on the accuracy of their maps. However, by the 18th Century improved methods of surveying had raised the level of land maps, too, and Boone's Kentucky at left is recognizable as a map of Kentucky today. Here the author has quoted Boone's notes on "Abundance of Iron Ore" and "excellent Graze and Herbage" (lower left), "Natural Meadow," "Fine Cane" and other inducements to settlers. Dotted lines are roads.

Louis XV of France started the first national map survey in the mid-18th Century. Other European nations followed this lead, but the U.S. did not begin accurate mapping until the 1860s. At first each country used its own capital to fix the prime meridian, but finally the British use of the Greenwich meridian won out.



HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA, written in 1698, was illustrated by this map. Notice "Chesapeake" Bay and "Sasquahana" River. The book was designed to encourage Englishmen to emigrate to America where,

it said, "Jealousie among Men is here very rare, and Barrenness among Women hardly to be heard of, nor are old Maids to be met with." In the text at right writer quotes an early belief as to the origin of the Indians.

THE HISTORY OF Pennsylvania, &c.

Pennsylvania lies between the Latitude of Forty and Forty five Degrees: West-Jersey on the East, Virginia on the West, Maryland South, and Canada on the North. In Length three hundred, and in Breadth one hundred and eighty Miles.

The Natives, or first Inhabitants of this Country in their Original, are supposed by most People to have been of the Ten Scattered Tribes, for they resemble the Jews very much in the Make

B of

Five years ago, we said—

"Get the car that gives you most!"

GET THE CAR THAT GIVES YOU MOST!

See the facts before you buy! Only Plymouth gives you a 137-hp. engine, 40 m.p.h. in 10th gear, a big, floating power steering wheel, and a big, floating power window. See the 1940 Quality Chart showing that only Plymouth is rated as the most reliable car in the world. See the 1940 Quality Chart showing that only Plymouth is rated as the most reliable car in the world. See the 1940 Quality Chart showing that only Plymouth is rated as the most reliable car in the world.



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Read what Lewis Cooper of Sharon, Pa., has to say about that today:

"When our wholesale grocery firm first added Plymouths to our fleet, it was something like an athletic elimination contest. Our cars were on the road every day . . . over good roads and bad. Our salesmen had no time to play favorites or baby the cars. But Plymouth topped all the others and we switched to your great car exclusively. We had 21 before Pearl Harbor and they're all on the road today. Brakes, clutches, transmissions, rear axles . . . they're all been trouble-free!"

Plymouths give you most . . . under tough driving conditions . . . because they were engineered and built to do just that. Never has there been such a challenge for cars to prove their greatness as in this war. And Plymouths have met it with a mass demonstration of good going that sets new standards for performance.

With Plymouth factories building war weapons, Plymouth cars are building reputation among three million loyal owners and their friends. And Plymouth dealers pitch in to help with sound service and factory-engineered parts.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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TRUE YESTERDAY —
PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS
IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW

★ LET'S ALL BUY MORE BONDS IN THE SEVENTH WAR LOAN



"BRIDE'S BOUQUET" IS WALTER FLORELL'S NAME FOR THIS HAT MADE OF THREE LAYERS OF WHITE HORSEHAIR SCATTERED WITH SPRAYS OF SPRING FLOWERS

PICTURE HATS

Big veiled-and-flowered headgear is the newest dining-out fashion

Not since its great vogue in the 1910s, when women adorned themselves with feather boas, has the big, beflowered and veiled "picture hat" been of any importance. This spring the picture hat, perched on the head like a basket of posies, has come back spectacularly and made itself the most conspicuous part of a lady's outfit. This revival is explained in many ways. Hattie Carnegie attributes it to the desire of U.S. women to look as dressed-up as the French women their men have been seeing overseas. Sally

Victor thinks it is because picture hats are a flattering frame for the face. John-Frederick says the decorated big hat is the perfect complement to pencil-slim clothes. Lilly Dache believes that many women have at last realized how silly they look in tiny hats. But the most practical explanation has come from restaurant owners who hold food situation responsible. Restaurants, they point out, have always been show places for big, dressy hats. Today women are eating out more than ever and want big hats to show off.

* **B.V.D.** *Invented Comfort*



And B.V.D.

**combines comfort with
beauty in *Feather Broadcloth Pajamas***

B.V.D. started the comfort-first idea in men's wear . . . without ever forgetting that men want comfortable garments to look *handsome* too! B.V.D. now carries on with a whole group of style-setting men's apparel.

FEATHER BROADCLOTH PAJAMAS

are generously cut from c-o-o-l light broadcloth in colorful Paisley patterns, with a shawl collar for cooler sleeping. 3500 commercial laundries guarantee them washable!

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Shortsweat • Pajamas • Swim Trunks • Underwear

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Picture Hats CONTINUED



At the Colony Restaurant, New York City, every Tuesday Lilly Dache plants models at a luncheon table to display the newest hat styles. Each model wears an extra hat.



The hats are changed by the models in picture at top. Evelyn Allen (left) wears a pink straw hat covered with swirls of candy-striped ribbon, three pink roses and one



changes it in mid-meal. Two weeks ago they wore the hats shown here. At the left is a croquet with golden satin bows, at the right a yellow marine sailor with pink roses.



yellow one and black veil. Betty Jardine wears a cartwheel sailor of fine gray straw trimmed with stiff gray satin roses and leaves. These Dache hats cost from \$50 to \$85.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Marvelous *Wear-Resisters

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat — due to smoking — cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal.



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

Picture Hats CONTINUED



Dusty-pink flowers, many layers of dusty-pink veiling are wreathed around a beige straw sailor by Mme. Ida to make this hat worn at the Colony by Mrs. F. Gorrissen.



Like spun candy is this hat by Helene Garnell worn by Mrs. L. Vorsanger lunching at the Madison. Made of 18 yards of maline, it weighs only half an ounce, costs \$85.



José Iturbi

BRINGS YOU THE FIERCE, EXCITING GYPSY PASSION OF DE FALLA'S *Ritual Fire Dance*

Leaping flame lights the wild midnight dance—the fire ritual of the Spanish gypsies! A beautiful gypsy girl chants weird incantations... a spell to drive off the evil spirits. Throbbing, sensuous rhythms urge the whirling dancers to a frenzy of excitement. With flashing eyes and hoarse shouts, the dance reaches a climax of barbaric abandon!

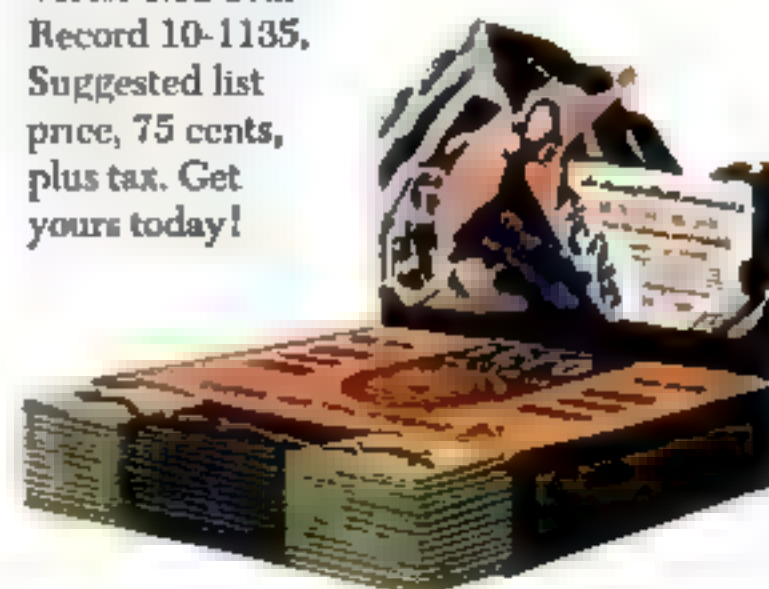
This is the blood-tingling *Ritual Fire Dance* from De Falla's ballet, "Love the Magician." Victor offers it

now in a thrilling recording by the great pianist, José Iturbi. His flying fingers bring you all its hot-blooded passion, its authentic Spanish color.

On the reverse side of the record, Iturbi plays *The Dance of Terror* from the same ballet. In this scene, the ghostly lover actually appears—an eerie, breath-catching musical picture!

Listen to *The Music America Loves Best* every Sunday at 4:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC. Buy More War Bonds

Victor Red Seal Record 10-1135. Suggested list price, 75 cents, plus tax. Get yours today!



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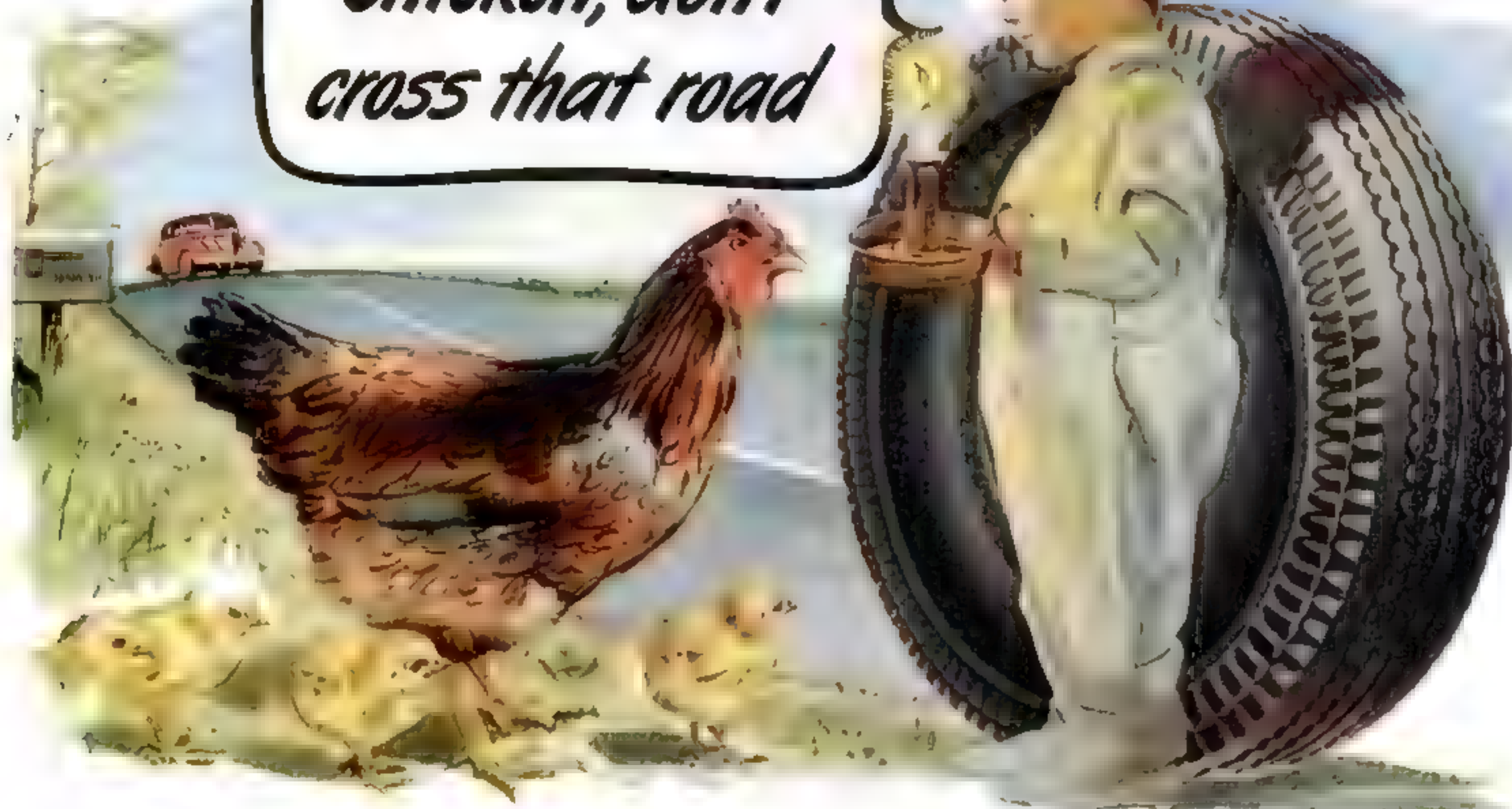
VICTOR

RED SEAL RECORDS

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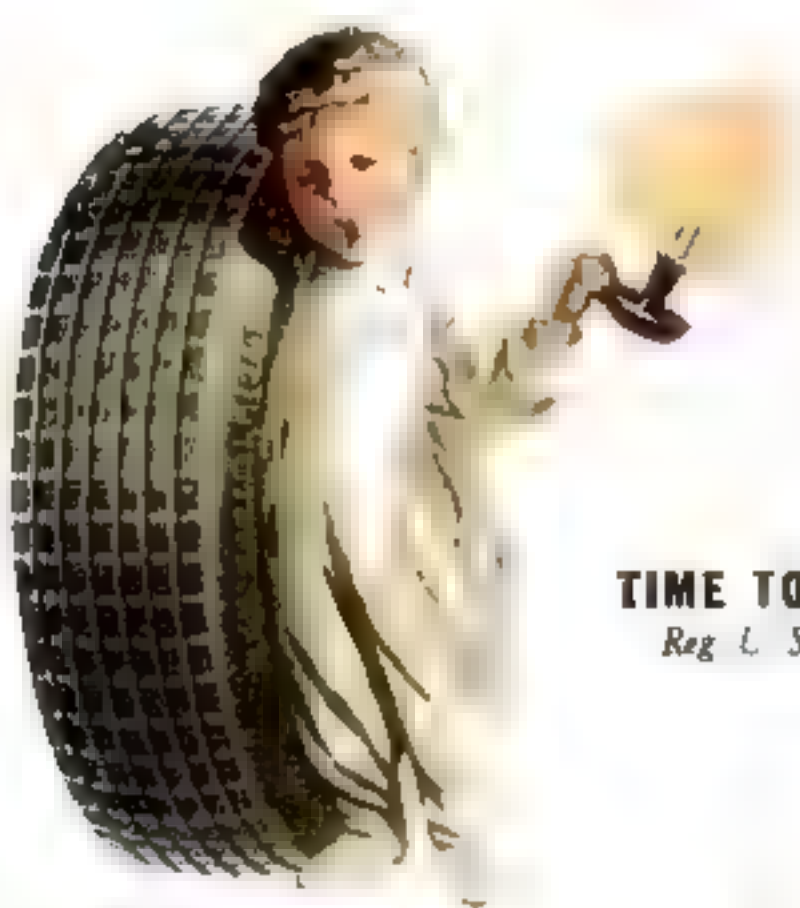
HOWARD
SCOTT

*Chicken, don't
cross that road*



HE MAY NOT BE RIDING ON FISK!

In these days of tire shortages many a car owner is having to put off the day when he can ride on new, quick stopping, long mileage Fisk Tires. Until the needs of our fighting forces are fully met every tire must be made to deliver its last safe mile. ☆ By helping car owners get more safe miles the Fisk Boy is making friends by the thousands. Fisk dealers who display his sign are equipped and ready and anxious to help you get the most from your present tires, regardless of make. ☆ See your nearby Fisk Tire Dealer regularly. Then when it's your Time to Re-Tire—Buy Fisk and ride on quality.

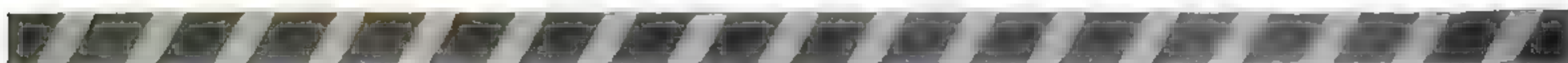


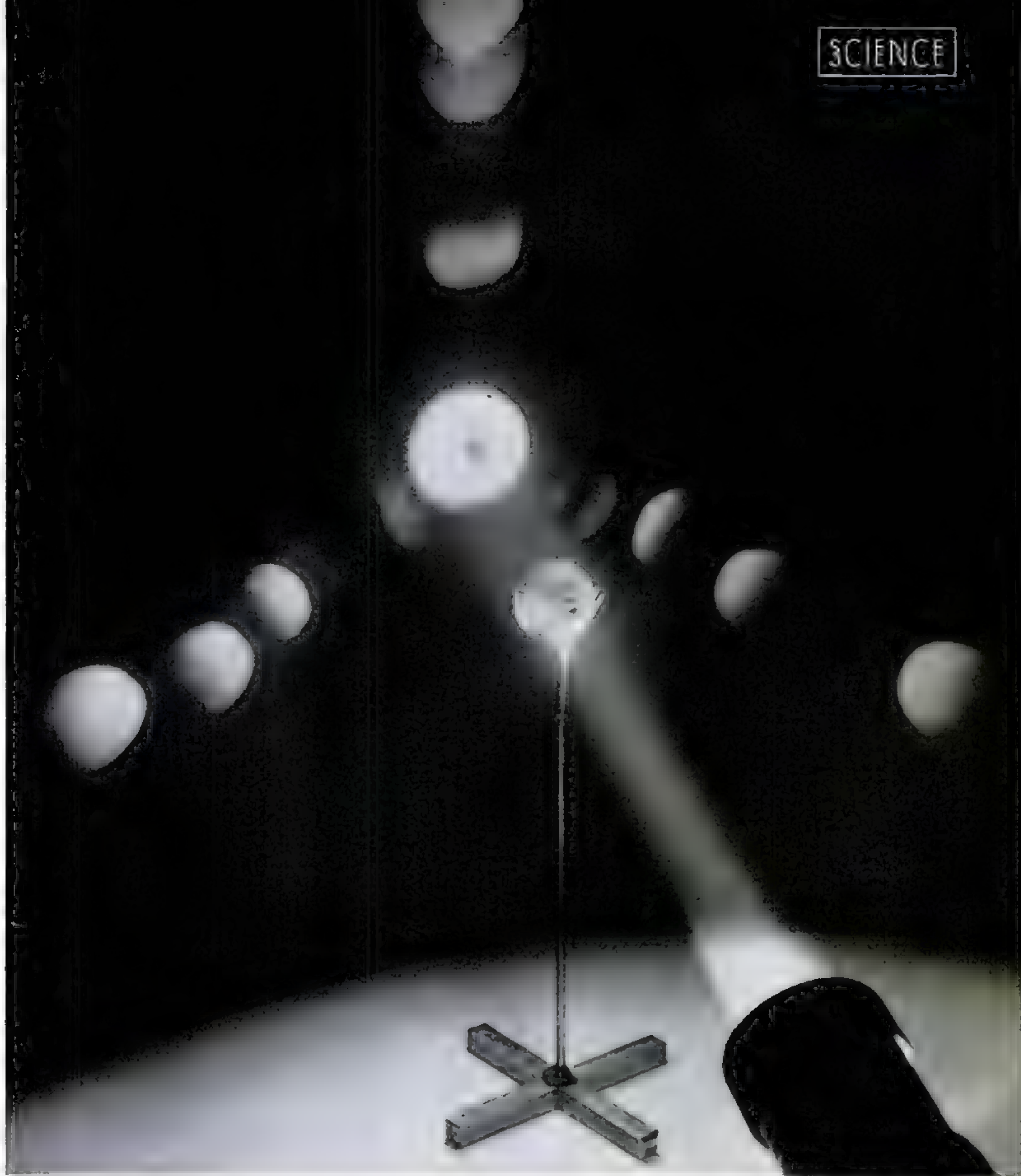
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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS SAFETY-STRIPE TREAD

FISK TIRE COMPANY, DIVISION OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY





LIGHT STRIKING GLASS MODEL CASTS DIFFRACTED-LIGHT PATTERN. THIS SIMULATES EFFECT OF INVISIBLE X-RAY BEAMED THROUGH CRYSTALLINE OBJECT

X-RAY DIFFRACTION

Scientists study patterns of light to find the secrets inside metals

When a chemist or engineer wants to learn the inner secrets of a piece of metal he bombards the object with a stream of penetrating X-rays. By doing this he finds out about structural faults, hardness, elasticity. As the rays pass through the metal they are bent or diffracted by the crystalline arrangement of atoms and molecules. The bent rays emerging from the metal strike a sensitized film which records a pattern of light. From an analysis of the pattern's characteristics an expert gets a clinical chart of the metal's

character, history and its suitability for various uses.

The odd light pattern above demonstrates visually what happens when X-ray beam is sent through an object. An actual light beam was used because X-rays are invisible. Every material makes a different pattern, representative of its structure. Used primarily to test metals, the method is also used in analyzing paint, rubber, glass, textiles. Pictures on the following pages, taken at the Bendix Aviation Corporation, Brooklyn, N.Y., show examples of patterns.

BAR-H
Genuinely Western!



Hickok Bar-H...is chosen by more and more men each year! You'll appreciate these rugged saddle leather Belts...Braces...Wallets...Jewelry. Tooled in authentic cowboy designs, they have the spirit of the Old West.

Hickok Bar-H Belt, horseshoe buckle, \$2.00... Bar H Belt, Western buckle, \$2.50... Bar-H Braces, \$1.50... Sterling Steerhead Tie Bar, \$2.50... Bucking Bronco Tie Chain, \$1.50... Bar-H Wallets, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00... other Bar-H items, \$1.50 up. (Prices plus Federal Tax)

HICKOK

X-Ray Diffraction CONTINUED



FIRM REGULAR PATTERN IS MADE BY AN X-RAY OF HARD COPPER



AFTER COPPER SOFTENS, PATTERN IS "WEAK" AND SPREAD OUT



WITH COPPER REHARDENED, PATTERN RETURNS TO SOLID FORM

Diffraction patterns show metal in both hard and soft conditions. When hard (*top*), it makes a compact pattern. Softened by heat (*middle*), metal shows diffused pattern caused by finer grain structure. Rehardened (*bottom*), it returns to compact pattern.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



It takes less power with magnesium

If magnesium were used wherever possible in an automobile, one-fourth, perhaps even one-third of its weight might be saved. Magnesium, the strong, ultra-light metal, weighs less than one-fourth as much as steel.

A lighter car could mean a cheaper car to run, a smaller engine, less oil and gas consumption, less wear and tear on brakes, clutch, gears, as well as easier driving, more comfortable riding. Or, magnesium's lightness could make possible a larger, roomier car weighing no more than a smaller one. Some of the saving, again, could be utilized to compensate for the weight of air conditioning apparatus. To an automobile, magnesium offers many possible combinations of advantages.

Your post-war car should make liberal use of this most modern of metals. To be sure that it does, tell your dealer your preference; the news will fly to his factory.

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

FOUNDED BY PAUL REVERE IN 1807

FABRICATORS OF COPPER, BRASS, MAGNESIUM, ALUMINUM, BRONZE AND STEEL

Revere, oldest of American metal workers, makes no finished products of magnesium. We are operating today one of the world's largest magnesium mills, producing plate, sheet, bar, rod, tube, forgings and extrusions, to be used in automobiles, home appliances and equipment, machinery, anything that must move or be moved by muscular or mechanical power.

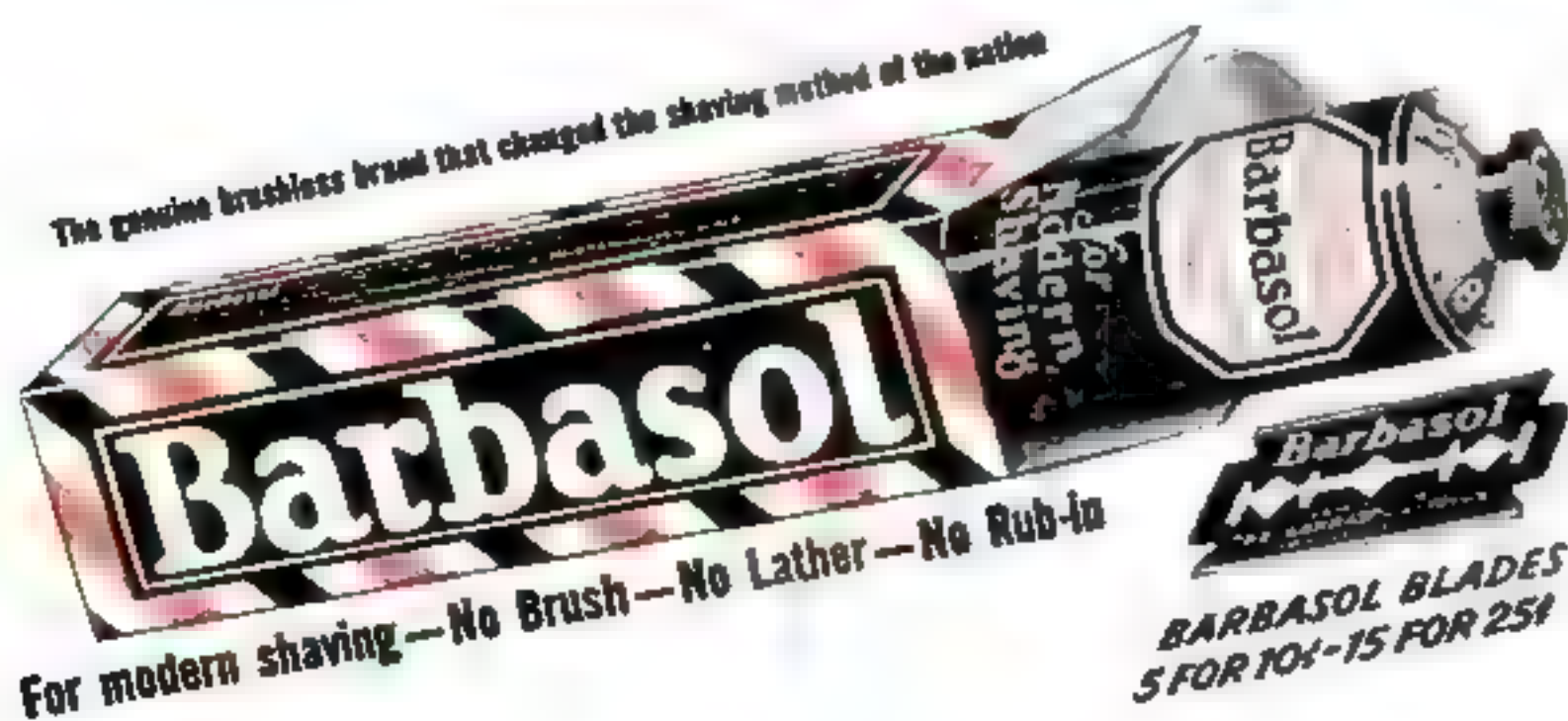
To cut the waste of dead weight, Revere magnesium is available *now*, subject always to the prior claims of the war. To learn of the complete safety, easy workability, and full adaptability of magnesium, write for complimentary copy of new booklet: "Magnesium, the Light-Weight

Metal for a Multitude of Uses."

Write Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Executive Offices, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.



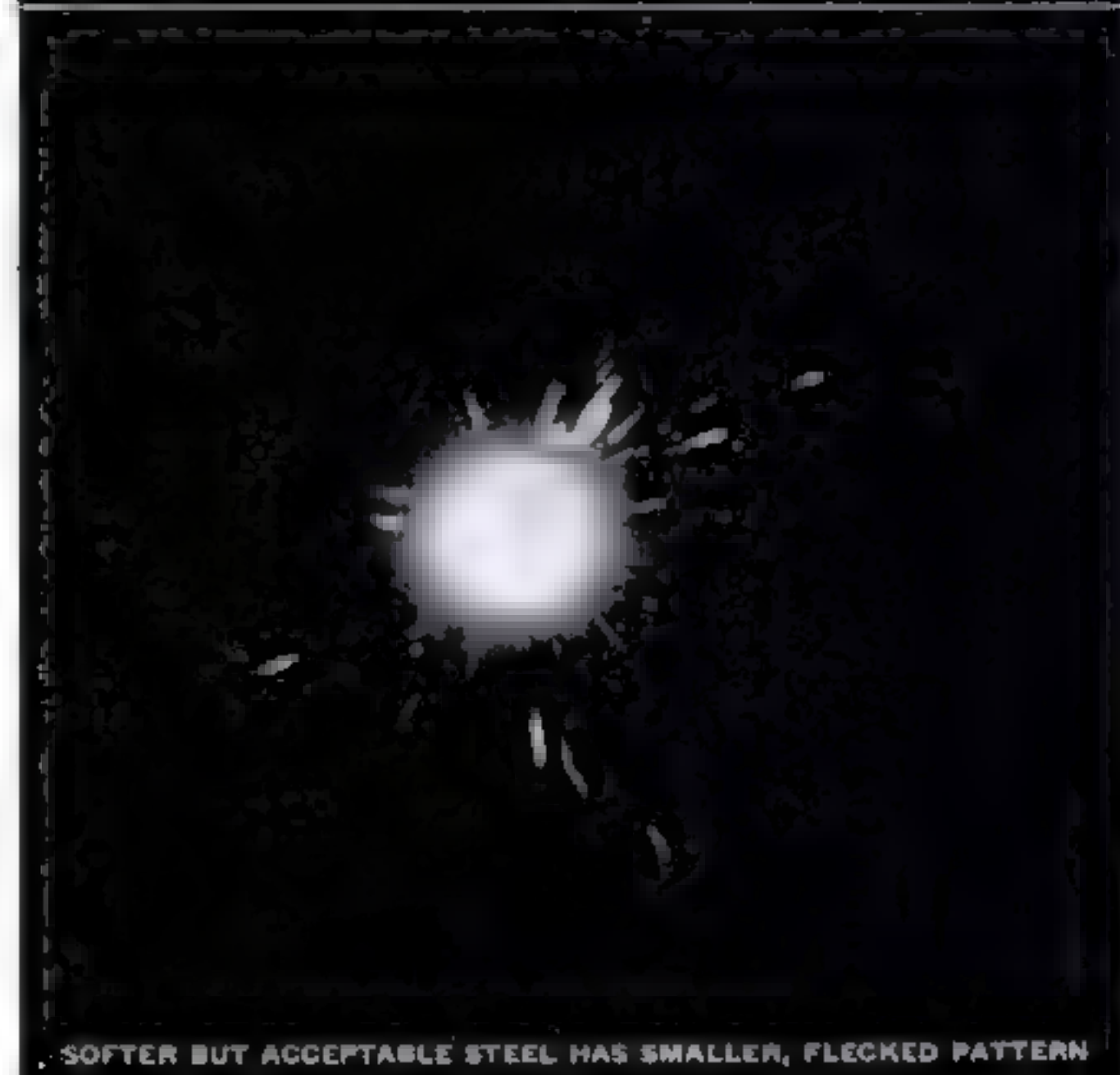
Yes, indeed, **LADIES LOVE** to look at a cleaner, smoother **BARBASOL FACE**—the fresh-looking kind of face you find a **PLEASURE** to get when you shave with **MODERN** Barbasol. Made with **SUPER-FINE** ingredients, Barbasol actually **LUBRICATES** your shave—lubrication that **PREVENTS FRICTION** between your skin and razor. Do you wonder why more men shave with Barbasol than any other brand—the brand that **CHANGED** the shaving method of the nation? Try Barbasol and see how entirely superior it is for **BETTER SHAVING**. Tubes or jars. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family size, 75¢.



X-Ray Diffraction CONTINUED



TOUGH SILICON STEEL REVEALS A COMPACT STRUCTURE OF ATOMS



SOFTER BUT ACCEPTABLE STEEL HAS SMALLER, FLECKED PATTERN



UNACCEPTABLE STEEL PRODUCES DIFFUSED DIFFRACTION PATTERN

Steel analysis is made to determine its fitness for use. The top two patterns show steel is hard and free from strain, can be used. The arrangement of bottom picture, caused by stressed molecular structure, indicates that steel is poor quality and unfit

Time Makes *AND* Things Better



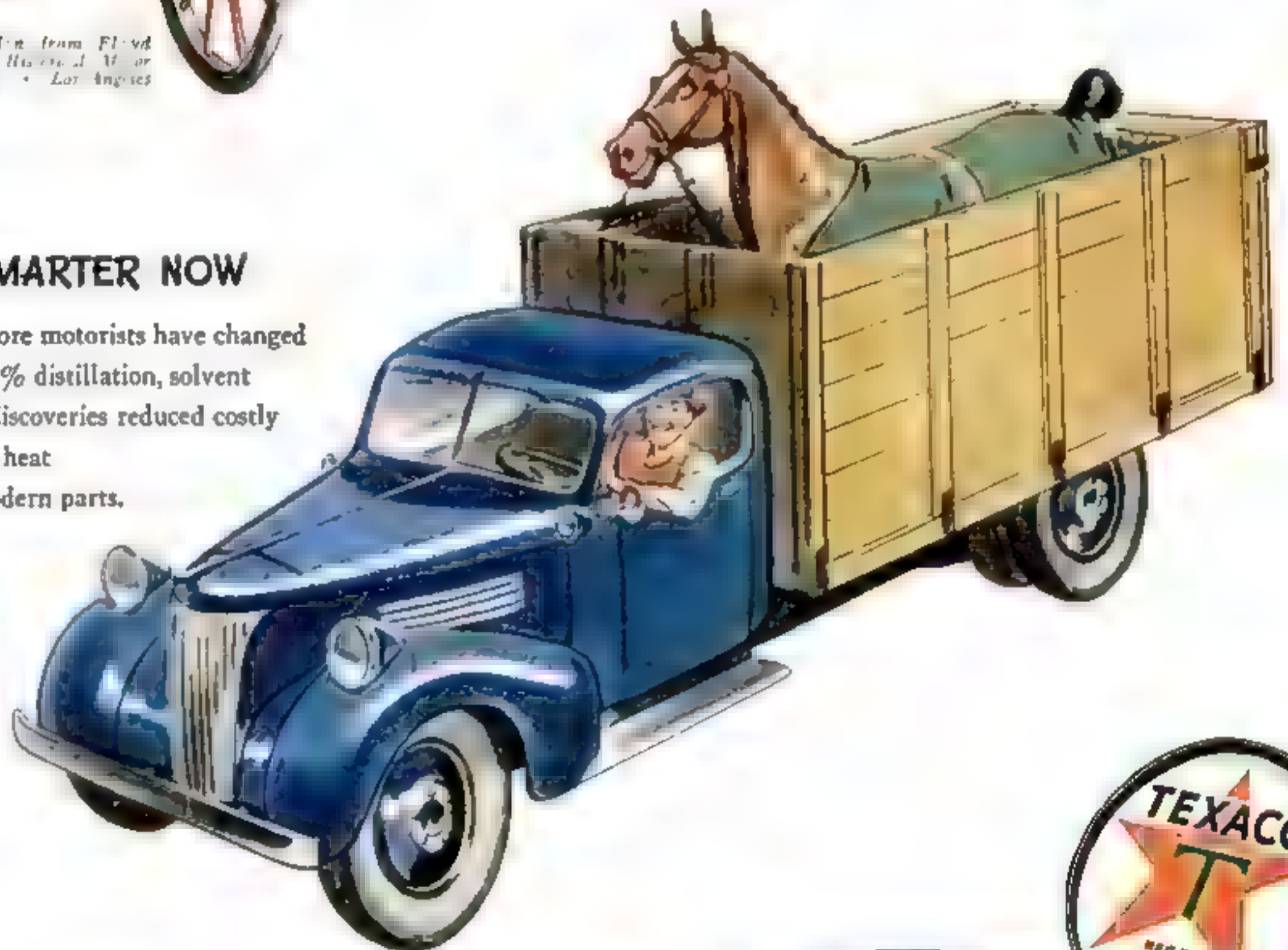
Illustration from Flood
Country Historical Museum
Scraperbook • Los Angeles

IN 1895 THE IDEA WAS TO FOOL HORSES

Men thought horses were frightened by the auto, but maybe they were just demonstrating against a machine that threatened their job. Anyway, this early jalopy got a horse laugh. The automobile got better and better—and in 1904, its progress was speeded up immeasurably by the introduction of a great motor oil, Havoline.

BUT HORSES ARE SMARTER NOW

Men, too. For 41 years, more and more motorists have changed to Havoline, as Havoline's 100% distillation, solvent de-waxing, and other great lubrication discoveries reduced costly oxidation of oil, resisted extreme heat and cold, and protected high-speed modern parts.



41 Years of Constant Improvement Make HAVOLINE Your Best Bet Today

For more gas mileage, more power, more battery life, easier starting and a cleaner motor—use Insulated Havoline Motor Oil. You can depend on Havoline for the best

protection motor oil can give. Remember that properly lubricated parts *can't wear out*. So keep your motor ship-shape with today's Havoline—at your Texaco Dealer.

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**



Don't miss the TEXACO STAR THEATRE on Sunday nights with JAMES MELTON and famous guest stars. See your newspaper for time and station.



THE TEXAS COMPANY



Joan Fontaine, starring in "The Affairs of Susan," a Hal Wallis production for Paramount release.

"You bet I'm chasing rainbows"...

says Joan Fontaine

"What girl isn't these days? I'm dreaming of peaceful times and happiness and a whole homeful of beautiful things. Hand-picked furniture. Linens in flower colors. China thin as tissue. And my own gleaming silverware that I so especially love!"

MAYBE YOUR RAINBOW is all wound 'round a home, too... one that's filled with beauty, just for you.

At 1847 Rogers Bros., we're hoping we can help you find that rainbow, some day soon. Now, though, we've a bigger job... keeping our fighting men supplied with vital war materials.

But after victory, we'll make "America's finest silverplate" again.

Then you can own "Adoration," the graceful, flowing pattern shown here, or the other lovely 1847 Rogers Bros. designs.

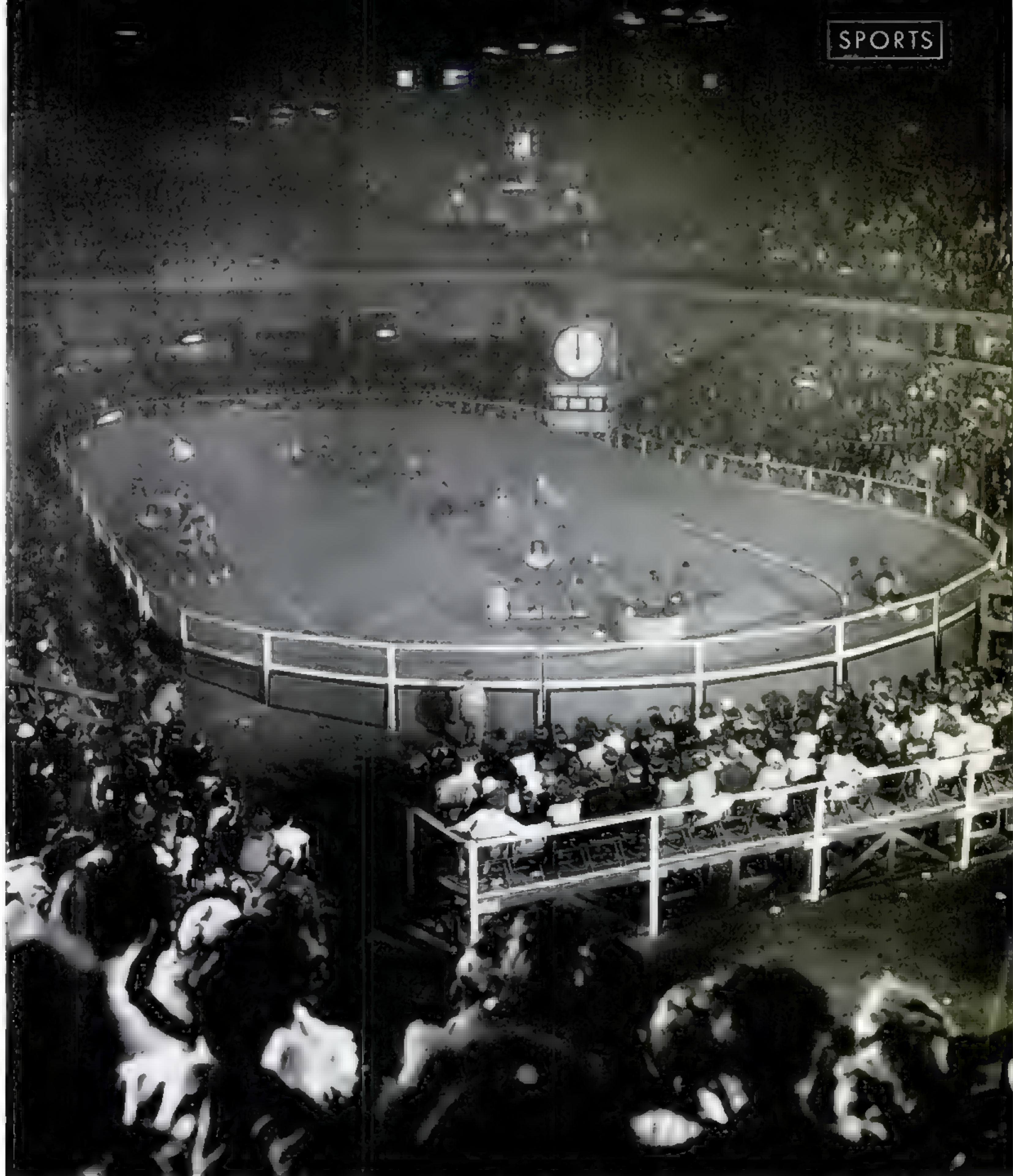
And remember, they're all ornamented *higher and deeper*... to give the look of exclusive sterling craftsmanship. To give you a silver service you'll be proud of... for years and years! *International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.

*America's
Finest
Silverplate*



Adoration



COLISEUM AUDIENCE WATCHES DURING A "JAM" IN THE WOMEN'S RACES ON THE LAST NIGHT. PORTABLE SKATING OVAL IS $\frac{1}{4}$ MILE LONG, HAS A MASONITE TRACK

ROLLER DERBY

Speed skaters in Chicago put on a rough-and-tumble racing show

Every night last month the Chicago Coliseum fairly whirled with roller skates. The occasion was the tenth annual Roller Derby, a one-ring skating circus which is a well-mixed hodgepodge of speed skating, histrionics and attempted homicide. Chicagoans love it. During this season's 32 successive performances more than 160,000 people paid to get in.

The Roller Derby is no derby. Points are scored not by finishing first but rather by passing another

skater. This is called "jamming", is not so easy as it sounds. A derby skater will do almost anything to avoid being passed. There are definite rules against tripping, gouging, biting and fighting, but the referees never seem to see very well. Individual jamming scores make up the team total. All this is a purely commercial business perpetrated by Promoter Leo Seltzer, who invented it because he considered an earlier venture of his, the "Walkathon," too vulgar.



VERA MINENKO, ONE OF NEW YORK TEAM'S BEST SKATERS, TAKES A FAST TURN



HOLDING: EVALYN KARRAN GRABS "MA" BOGASH'S ARM AS SHE TRIES TO PASS



BLOCKING: GERRY MURRAY THROWS A SHOULDER INTO SKATER BEHIND HER



CRACK-THE-WHIP: TEAMMATES GIVE GIRL ON RAIL AN EXTRA BURST OF SPEED



KICKING: MIDGE BRASHUN MAKES A ROUGH PASS AT SKATER IN FRONT OF HER



FIGHTING: REFEREES SEPARATE PAIR WHO STOPPED SKATING TO HAVE IT OUT

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

A scintillating story
of the Gay Nineties...amazingly
recreated to thrill you with the
adventures of its fabulous
John L. Sullivan...his time,
his life...*his Loves!*

BING CROSBY PRODUCTIONS *presents*

"THE GREAT JOHN L."

starring

LINDA DARNELL

BARBARA BRITTON

and introducing

GREG MCCLURE *as John L.*

OTTO KRUGER • WALLACE FORD

GEORGE MATHEWS • ROBERT BARRAT

LEE SULLIVAN *as "Mickey"*

Original Screen Play by James Edward Grant

Produced by Frank R. MASTROLY and

James Edward GRANT

Directed by

Frank TUTTLE



Released thru
United Artists

Hear the Hit Songs

"A Friend of Yours"

"He Was A Perfect Gentleman"

"When You Were Sweet Sixteen"



Photographer by Accident Max Coplan Has the Globe As His "Waterfront"

"Take pictures for fun," he advises

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN, freelance lensman whose book of circus pictures "Pink Lemonade" is being published by Whittlesey House, was an artist who turned photographer by accident.

THE ACCIDENT HAPPENS

As artist, Coplan got an assignment to do some circus paintings with only a couple of hours to do a padful of sketches. To save time, Max borrowed a friend's Graflex. The friend set the shutter at F8, 1/50 sec., and

told Max to snap the shutter whenever the sun was out. With that sketchy training, he and the Graflex got the pictures! And when the art director saw them, he bought the photographs instead of the paintings.

Scenting a new career, Coplan bought a Graflex identical to his friend's. He used it at the same F8, 1/50 sec. setting, until finally, by the trial and error method, he found out about varying light conditions, apertures and speeds.

"ESQUIRE'S" FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER

First job was with *Esquire*, as the only staff photographer. Next a double assignment with *Spur* and *Sportsman Pilot*. On *Sportsman Pilot* he shot his plane pictures from under the wing or nose of a second plane, thus framing his photographs. This Coplan technique was widely copied.

Pan American World Airways have sent Coplan all over Latin America, and Africa and Egypt. You've seen his pictures in the current Canadian Club advertisements.

ENJOYS PICTURE TAKING

"Get skill and technical knowledge. Then do pictures you get the most fun out of, and your individual treatment will reflect your enthusiasm. Don't copy others," advises Max Coplan. "My art training has helped me get good pictures, particularly in effective composition." Max Coplan has a 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 Series "D" Graflex, a 4 x 5 Graflex and a 4 x 5 Anniversary Model Speed Graphic—a battery of Graflex "Prize Winning Cameras!" There's a camera tip!

THE FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP.
Rochester 8, New York

First in the Fashion Picture



Life-Bra
BY
Formfit

LIFTS • MOLDS
CORRECTS • HOLDS
\$1.25 to \$3.50

AT ALL THE
BETTER STORES

LISTEN TO Dick Brown EVERY SUNDAY 6:45 P.M. E.W.T.
5:45 P.M. C.W.T.
4:45 P.M. M.W.T.
3:45 P.M. P.W.T. MUTUAL NETWORK

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Roller Derby CONTINUED



Jack Wilson crowds his opponent to rail while passing him. Because jams, collisions and fights were continuous, men and women skated together only once an evening.



Claiming foul by Chicago, New York protests. Despite team names most skaters are Chicagoans. In Buffalo next week teams will be called Buffalo and Indianapolis.



ARTUR RODZINSKI

Columbia's first recording of the great Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under its famed Conductor, Artur Rodzinski . . . Tchaikovsky's magnificent Symphony No. 6, the "Pathétique."

● This new, brilliantly recorded Columbia Masterworks is a notable album . . . a notable first joint recording of the titanic Artur Rodzinski and the great Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York; a notable end to two years of recording silence, by this renowned artist and this equally famous orchestra . . . notable, too, because it brings to lovers of fine music the tragic Tchaikovsky's greatest symphony, his brilliant *Symphony No. 6 in B Minor, Opus 74* . . . the inspired, introspective "Pathétique."

As interpreted by Rodzinski and the Philharmonic, this latest of Columbia Masterworks Recordings is a deeply moving human document of profound pathos . . . a masterpiece that "belongs" in the library of every lover of great music.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, conducted by Artur Rodzinski, dramatically accents the great and growing list of renowned artists who now record exclusively on Columbia Masterworks Records.

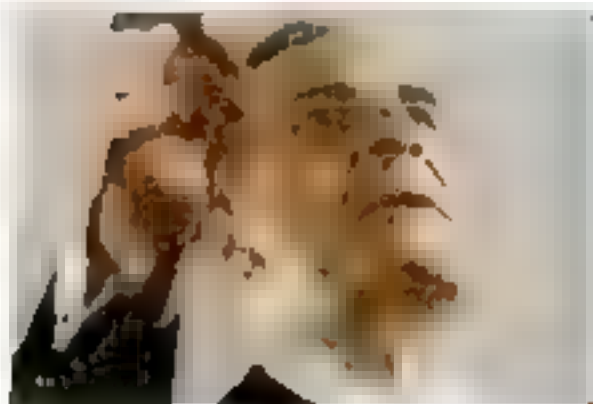
These records, engineered to the highest standards of acoustical science, are laminated . . . pressed in layers . . . with surfaces of highly sensitized material. It is this Sensitone-Surface, exclusive with Columbia, that makes possible far richer tone, greater freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records, *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours.*

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Columbia Recording Corporation A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.



Bruno Walter cond. the Philharmonic-Symphony Orch. of N. Y., in Mozart's *Symphony No. 41 in C Major (K. 551)* ("Jupiter"). Set M-MM-565 . . . \$4.50
Beethoven's *Symphony No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 67*. Set M-MM-498 . . . \$4.50



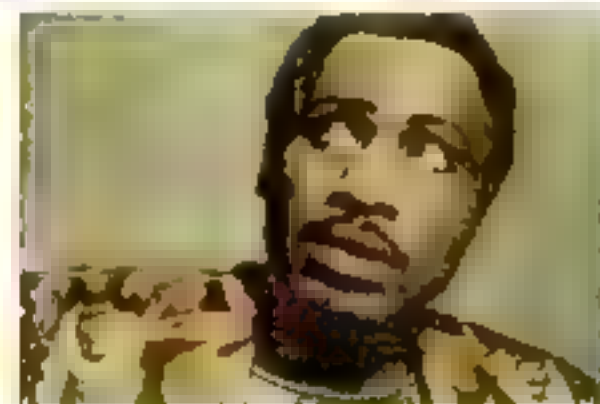
Risë Stevens (Mezzo-Soprano) in *Songs of Jerome Kern*, with orch. cond. by Sylvan Shulman. Set M-568. \$4.50
Excerpts, O. Strauss' *The Chocolate Soldier*, with Nelson Eddy; orch. cond. by Robt. Ambrosius. Set M-482 . . . \$2.75



Gregor Piatigorsky ("Cello") Shostakovich's *Sonata for Cello and Piano, Op. 40*, with Valentin Pavlovsky (Piano). Set M-MM-551 . . . \$3.50
Strauss' *Don Quixote*; Reiner and Pittsburgh Sym. Orch. Set M-MM-506. \$5.50



Irma Petina (Mezzo-Soprano) *Song of Norway* (excerpts from the operetta based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg), with Robert Weede, baritone, and orchestra conducted by Sylvan Shulman. Set M-562 . . . \$3.50



Paul Robeson; Shakespeare's *Othello*, with José Ferrer, Uta Hagen, and a distinguished cast. (3 vols., seventeen 12" records.) Set M-MM-554 . . . \$18.90
Songs of Free Men from Russia, Spain, America, Germany. Set M-534 . . . \$3.50



this way!

- *this way to the water, to the sun, to big-time summer fun!*

When it comes to swim suits, Jantzen, as always, gives you the best set-up for looking wonderful, for feeling gay and young and sure of yourself... thrilling eye-filling lines, marvelous knitted fabrics, in-and-out-of-water glamour, beautiful, cooling colors. For girls 5.95 to 12.95... for men 2.95 to 5.95... (quantity limited, we're sorry to say).

Jantzen swim suits



with JAN...Jantzen's new sun-cream lotion for a smooth soft skin.



A CLEAN, READY SMILE, WITH TEETH WHICH SHOW THE RESULT OF PLENTY OF MILK AND ORANGE JUICE AND OF BRACES WHEN YOUNG, IS THE BADGE OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN LOOK?

THE GIRLS OF THE U. S. HAVE AN AIR ALL THEIR OWN

In this most immense of wars Americans have involuntarily absorbed such a knowledge of people and races as would never have come their way in peacetime years. Naturally the GIs' interest in racial strains involves girls. They have seen and evaluated the relative endowments of English girls, French girls, Australian girls, Polynesian girls. They have found some to be beautiful, some pretty, some exotic. But none of them look like American girls and the GI has come to appreciate and miss, with a deep

and genuine poignancy, the look that sets American girls apart from those of all other lands.

Although the U. S. has not, perhaps, evolved girls of more surpassing beauty, it appears to roving GIs that quantitatively there are more attractive women on their home shores than anywhere else on earth. For all the racial streams of America, its girls have somehow acquired an unmistakable American look that has become as much a part of the national scene as the corner drugstore or the Mississippi River.

What precisely is the "American Look?" In a current campaign to promote American fashions Dorothy Shaver, first vice president of Lord & Taylor, New York department store, has tried to answer this question. The American Look involves many things—a natural manner, freshness and enthusiasm, a friendly smile, an easy, confident stride with head held high, an unaffected elegance in make-up and dress. On the pages that follow LIFE Photographer Nina Leen translates these qualities into pictures.



DOROTHY SHAVER (STANDING) DISCUSSES WITH ARTIST DOROTHY HOOD AND ART DIRECTOR RODMAN VIRTUES AND FLAWS OF GIRLS APPLYING AS AMERICAN LOOK MODELS

IT IS MADE OF MANY THINGS

The American Look is a mosaic of diverse features united in a coherent pattern. When Dorothy Shaver first attempted to analyze it for her staff of writers and artists last winter, she explained not only what makes up The American Look but also what brought it into being. A friendly, luminous smile, she pointed out, is a cardinal element of The American Look because American girls have the finest teeth in the world, an asset that derives from the balanced diet and good dental care that are the heritage of most American children.

No. 1 component of The American Look, according to Miss Shaver, is "that certain kind of American figure—long-legged, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted, high-bosomed." Yet many an American girl, unblessed with these lines, nevertheless achieves The American Look by virtue of carriage, stride, manner, choice of clothes.

The American Look, of course, is nourished by the economic riches of the country—a country which mass-produces good-looking clothes, which teems with low-priced beauty parlors, which sells good cosmetics in every dime store, which boasts \$1,000,000 bathtubs. It is also a land of milk, green vegetables and orange juice. It is a land where schoolgirls are encouraged to participate in competitive sports and where free medical clinics and physical examinations are familiar features of academic routine. From these things have evolved the straight limbs and glow of health that distinguish the American girl.

The American girl knows just how she wants to look. The American Look, therefore, is by no means an unconscious thing. The U.S. is a nation of moviegoers, and its growing girls are confronted weekly with high

standards of elegance and beauty set by Hollywood stars. It is a nation where radio and press reiterate the desirability of smooth skin, bright lips and a lustrous coiffure.

Beside its economic base, The American Look rests on psychological factors from which come less tangible attributes—poise, freshness, friendliness and animation. These are born of the democracy of the American school and home. Most American girls lead happy unregimented lives during their school years. They associate self-confidently with boys and are free to form friendships and make dates as they choose. They learn the techniques of social competition and they profit by lessons of social success and failure. The American Look is, therefore, an authentic national characteristic, a creation of the American way of life.



GOOD GROOMING

Good grooming shows in the American girl's big, competent, well-cared-for hands. She has at least one manicure a week, constantly freshens nail polish and uses much hand lotion.



SIMPLICITY

When she wears a hat she likes a simple felt or straw one which manages to look right no matter how she puts it on. It can be carried easily, either in the hand or in a suitcase.



WELL-BRUSHED

Her hair, whether she wears it to the shoulder in a long bob or gathered up on top of her head with curls, glows with the natural sheen that comes from frequent shampooing, brushing.



NATURALNESS

Her "natural" look is a carefully contrived one. It means an evenly powdered, slightly rouged face, a mouth firmly and deeply outlined in bright lipstick. She uses mascara and eye

shadow sparingly and makes no attempt to hide her freckles under a heavy make-up base. Her eyebrows are neat and brushed. They are carefully shaped but never look plucked.



WELL-SHOD

Her feet are long, mostly size 6½ to 8, and narrow. Her shoes, measured to ¼th of an inch, fit her, are good for walking and never run down at the heels. Her stocking seams are straight.



GLAMOUR

American women wear glasses more than any other women but have turned this fault into a virtue by giving them glamour, making frames colorful, odd-shaped, interesting-looking.



CLEANLINESS

The American woman looks as if she takes more baths than any other woman in the world, which she does. She is a lavish user of soap and water not only on her body but in her daily routine of washing out her stockings and underthings. It all makes for a clean, scrubbed look.



CONFIDENCE

She walks erect, holds her head high, and she is not nonplussed by the admiring glances or whistles that follow her. Whether short or tall she does not mince as she walks but steps forward with graceful athletic stride she acquired as a roller-skating, ball-chasing tomboy.



AGELESSNESS

She keeps young in spirit and appearance well past the age when other women would consider themselves middle-aged and does it by minding her diet, her figure and her clothes. No matter what age, her favorite costume for street wear is a good, not too mannish suit and blouse.



DOMESTICITY

She has pride in her home and her children and the way she looks when she is doing her housework. She likes gay-colored aprons and wash frocks and simple, easy-to-get-into dresses, most of which she buys because usually they are better-looking than any she herself could make.



THEIR LEGS ARE LONG

The American girl is growing taller and most of the additional length seems to go to her legs. She is about twice as long from waist to toes as from waist to the top of her head. Even the daughters of the small "average" 5-ft. 4-in. woman are getting to look more like the ideal Powers or Conover models.

Average 1945 height of Powers' 12 leading models is 5 ft. 7 in., of Conover's models, 5 ft. 6 in. This is two inches taller than ten years ago. Their feet are getting longer—size 7 shoe vs. 6½ ten years ago—but as compensation, that has the effect of making their ankles appear proportionately slimmer.



BLenheim PALACE in Oxfordshire, England, was Winston Churchill's birthplace in 1874. It was begun in 1705, the year after his most renowned ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough,

won the battle of Blenheim against the French. Though the Prime Minister lays great store by his American inheritance, it is plain to see that Britain gave him no Huck-eberry from start to life.



CHARTWELL (above), Churchill's private home in the rolling country of Kent, was bought in the 1920s with money earned from his prolific writings, notably the *Straight Story* from *The War at Sea*.

He said he was retiring there "for the duration" of his life. Currently, he spends his weekends close to London at Chequers (below), the official country residence of British Prime Ministers.



The Lives of Winston Churchill

The first part of a close-up of Britain's Prime Minister. . . . His youth at Blenheim Palace. . . . Adventures in Africa and the Sudan. . . . The young radical. . . . Lotus years. . . . He sees the villain. . . . Return to power

by CHARLES J. V. MURPHY and JOHN DAVENPORT

The German war, for which Winston Churchill rallied civilization, is over, and now this Englishman stands forth as the last truly great man of the Western world. Among his contemporaries no one else has understood so well or expounded so eloquently or defended so fiercely the conception of a "decent, tolerant, compassionate, flexible, and infinitely varied society" which is the free state. He was among the first to see the holocaust making up and the only statesman with the courage to tell the unpopular truth that the "stakes . . . are mortal." With all Europe lost he held on until Russia was adventitiously drawn into the struggle and until the New World slowly swung "to the rescue and the liberation of the Old."

Now comes the transition. Not so long ago Churchill himself said, "Those who can win the victory cannot make the peace; those who make the peace would never have won the victory." But at 70 he seems to be disregarding his own advice. He is fighting to hold the war coalition of English parties together. However, if either Labor or his own Conservative Party wants a general election he will go back to his people for a mandate. This would mean the first general election in ten years. However much political freedom has been lost elsewhere in Europe, constitutional processes as we Americans know them go on. As he himself recently told a White House emissary, "Only the people can judge my policies."

To a man who first took to the hustings in 1899 in a two-horse landau and has fought 15 elections in 46 years, the business of campaigning would hold no terrors. A self-avowed politician ("And what is there to be ashamed of in that?"), he loves the rowdy crowds and long ago decided that a candidate must meet "green-eyed opponents, their jaws twitching with fury" and answer "every kind of nasty question carefully thought out and sent up to the Chair by vehement-looking, pasty youths or young short-haired women of bulldog appearance." He discovered at the outset of his career that British politics was no ivory tower for tender minds. Even then he was meticulous about his speeches, though as he was to confess ruefully, "Just as you were reaching the most moving part of your peroration or the most intricate point in your argument, when things were going well and the audience was gripped, a high-pitched voice would ring out, 'What about the women?' 'When are you going to give the women the vote?'"

Today the man of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain is confronted with different and far more slippery questions: full employment, social security,

schools, housing, foreign trade—all the head-splitting problems of the peace from which Mr. Roosevelt was perhaps mercifully spared. England no longer needs his V sign to signal the common purpose. What concerns England now is the size of the refrigerator in the postwar house. No doubt Churchill will survive. After the debate in the House of Commons on the Yalta meeting, he could announce with obvious pleasure, "When I became Prime Minister nearly five years ago . . . I received from the House of Commons a vote of confidence of 397 to 0. . . . The other day after this long period of terrible events . . . the figure of Parliament's confidence rose to 413 to 0."

But the question is not just one of votes. Only yesterday it was taken for granted that his sense of the dramatic called for an exit while the symphony of war was at crescendo. There were rumors that \$1,000,000 had been offered for his memoirs, which were to be written in the quiet of his country house of Chartwell, in Kent, and would unfold a tale of men and events such as never had been told before. And in addition there was the monumental *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, which the war had interrupted in mid-flight. All

this is being put aside, perhaps thrown away. And the audience which was waiting to see a great actor stalk off the boards in classical Shakespearean style finds that he has returned for what may turn out to be a spurious sixth act.

Why does he do it? One of his own ministers has remarked, "Winston is no Cincinnatus eager to return to the plow." Power such as this man has wielded is not lightly put down. But Churchill is not just hanging onto power. He has some old scores to pay off against Japan—lost colonies to recover, above all Singapore ("What kind of a people do they think we are?"). In summing up the causes that he has served he once rested on this, "the maintenance of the enduring greatness of Britain and her Empire and the historical continuity of our Island life." With Germany defeated he sees that greatness threatened from within and from without. He fears a drift of his own people from the self-imposed discipline of war to the laxness and purposelessness that overtook England after the last Armistice. At the very time when the cry is for more homes and comforts the ledgers of No. 10 Downing St. show a scary depletion of resources—shipping sunk, investments scattered, a million men dead and wounded, the new colossus of Russia risen over Europe and world leadership passing to a U. S. that hesitates to grasp it. In this situation Churchill has the idea that only old men with memories of two holocausts and the lotus years between will



LAST GREAT MAN of Western world, Winston Churchill leaves St. Paul's after memorial service for President Roosevelt, whose death ended a "cherished friendship."



ANCESTOR John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, was one of England's most famous soldiers and won Queen Anne's wars.



MOTHER Jennie Jerome was a famous American beauty whom Winston's father courted, won in three days at yacht regatta.



BOY Winston entered Harrow School in 1886, flunked classics and mathematics, was then sent to Sandhurst, Britain's West Point.



HUSSAR Churchill as a young lieutenant saw fighting in India and the Sudan, loved the life but not the pay.



EXCHEQUER job (1925-29) was not happy one. With daughter Diana and secretary, he goes to Commons to present the budget.



POLO PLAYER Churchill, as a subaltern in India, divided time between sport and reading Gibbon. Here at 30 he leads the young Prince of Wales through a fast chukker.



BRICKLAYER Churchill, out of power during the decade of the '30s, took to masonry as an outlet for the energy which his writing alone could not exhaust. The grounds of Chartwell were rapidly filled with his brickwork.

CHURCHILL CONTINUED

care enough and be wise enough to prevent another war. When President Roosevelt asked for a name for this war Churchill's choice was the "Unnecessary War." The phrase, "We threw it all away last time," is much on his lips.

So a final paradox is in the making for a life already filled with paradox. Most statesmen strain to possess the future; Churchill reminds men not to forget the past. He is a Tory, but he brought the Socialist Beveridge into the British government 37 years ago. He is an imperialist but an imperialist who reawakened his own countrymen to the grandeur of the British Commonwealth of free nations. He is one of the fabled drinkers of a hard-drinking empire, yet he has turned out two to three million words of prose and his capacity for sheer drudging work appalls a younger generation. He is the man whom England shunted off into political limbo—"brilliant but unreliable." But the bad penny turned up to rally decent men to their duty. "Arm yourselves and be ye men of valor."

The truth is that Winston Churchill is not one man but many—journalist, novelist, historian, biographer, soldier, painter, bricklayer, aviator, polo player, boulevardier and, of course, statesman. He is the 20th Century's finest counterpart of the whole man of the Renaissance, the multisided Whig aristocrats of 18th Century England, men at home in a complex world, wonderful animals with a bottomless appetite for life.

Winston of Blenheim Palace

The lives of Winston Churchill are endless. They began at Blenheim Palace, England, Nov. 30, 1874. Victoria was on the throne; the British navy ruled the seas; the industrial revolution had raised England to a position of wealth and power that she had never known before and would never know again. Yet seemingly undisturbed by the smoking chimneys of Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield, the life of the great country houses, with their close-cropped spreading lawns, their warm hospitality, their endless political talk, went on, all the while molding when they did not produce the men who govern England.

Blenheim Palace was such a house—and how. If not the most stately mansion, it was in its heyday an example of conspicuous wealth such as no Rockefeller or Vanderbilt could ever match. Twenty-one thousand acres—lakes and gardens on the scale of Versailles—were the setting for an immense pile of stone and masonry containing scores of rooms, two wine cellars (one

just for champagne) and an establishment that required 90 servants not counting the hunting staff, beaters and technicians of one kind or another. Blenheim was the gift of Queen Anne to the great Duke of Marlborough in 1705 for winning her wars against Spain and France. Today it is owned by the tenth Duke, Churchill's cousin once removed, whose wife and daughters worked as welders and on the conveyor belts of British factories during this war. When Winston was born the family fortune was already in decline. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, being a third son, owned nothing in his own right but made his home in the palace.

Randolph was a witty, clever, fashionable young man who, against great opposition, became a rising star in British politics. As his son later wrote of him, "Like Disraeli he had to fight for every mile in all his marches." They led him to the second highest position in England, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then, quite suddenly, the star was consumed. In a petulant moment he quit his job on a trifling issue and it gradually dawned on his supporters that "Happy Randy" was a political Peter Pan, not quite of the world. When Winston was still in school his father flitted off to the Transvaal Gold Rush. A few months of speculation netted him £7,000 but completed the ruin of his health. For want of anything better to do, he started around the world, collapsed in India, was brought back to London half unconscious and died soon afterward.

The mother, Jennie Jerome, as is well known, was of a different sort—an American, one of the famous Jerome sisters of New York City, all great beauties of their day. Their father, Leonard Jerome, was a plunger who went through at least three fortunes. At one stage of his career he edited and partly owned the *New York Times* and with August Belmont he qualified for the expensive title of "Father of the American Turf." The Jerome girls knew the world—the only world, that is, that mattered in that golden, prosperous age—New York, Paris, London, Newport, the Riviera, Cowes. Indeed, it was at a ball at Cowes, in 1873, that young Lord Randolph first met the dark and tempestuous Jennie Jerome and, three nights later, proposed marriage.

In his celebrated speech to the U.S. Congress in December 1941, Churchill said with his usual felicity of phrase, "I cannot help reflecting that if my father had been American and my mother British . . . I might have got here on my own." But it is of interest that he has poured his historian's genius into furbishing up his Marlborough connection. On the other hand his younger brother, Major "Jack" Churchill, who has always had a hard time making ends meet, is inclined to think that many problems would have been solved if the American grandfather had been a little more prudent. "It would have been a fine thing," he wistfully remarked, "if Grandfather Jerome had held



WAR CORRESPONDENT Churchill made fame in Boer War. Hat is now favored by the Australian Anzacs.



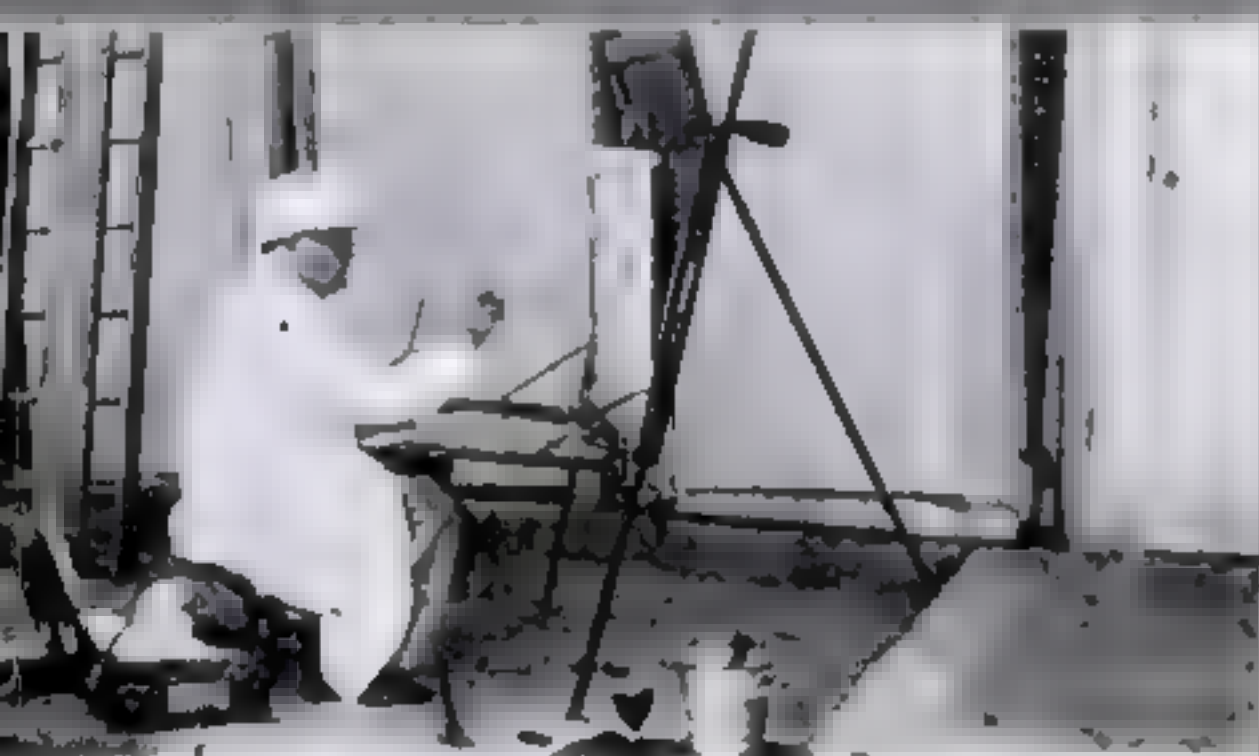
POLITICIAN Churchill was elected to Parliament in 1900 as a Tory, became talk of London when he switched over to Liberals



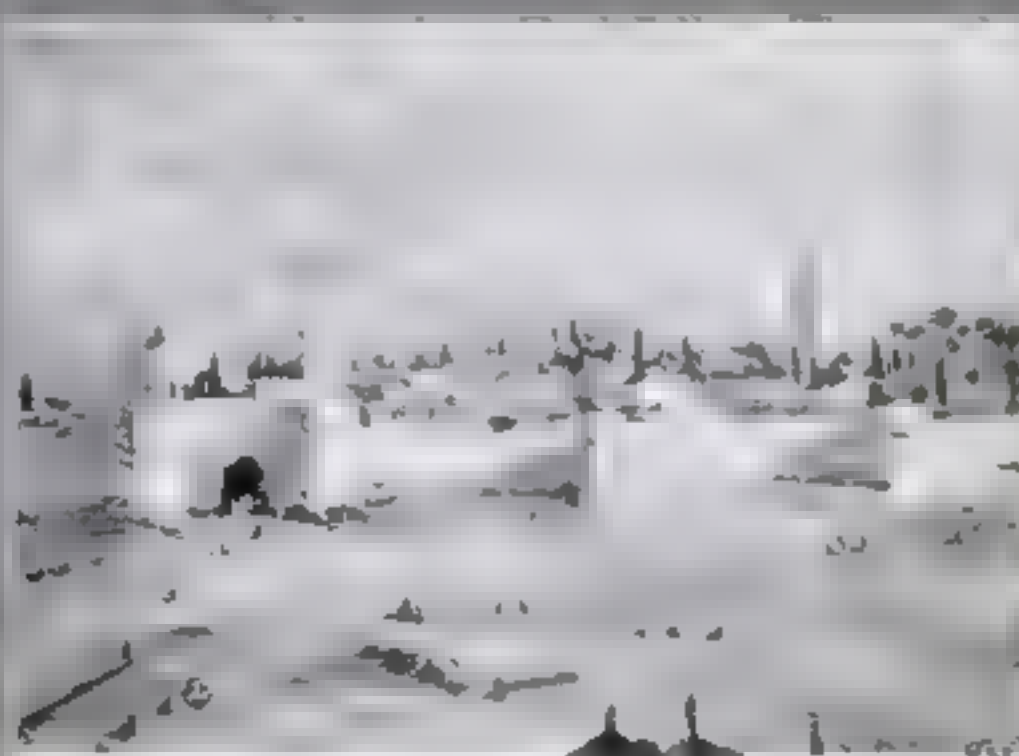
AVIATOR Churchill learned to fly in 1912 while he was First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1919 he became Britain's third Air Minister



MUNITIONS MINISTER Churchill, appointed by Lloyd George in 1917, here whoops up armament production at a factory rally.



PAINTER Churchill took to this favorite hobby on the French Riviera, signed pictures Charles Marin so that they would not detract from his standing as a writer. Almost as essential as the easel is the champagne



SOUVENIR LOVER Churchill painted his most historic landscape at Marrakech, Morocco, which he and Roosevelt visited in 1943. The picture now hangs in the national archives.



COURTIER Churchill, resplendent in full court dress, here gallantly escorts his wife and daughter Sarah to Their Majesties' Courts.

on to at least one of his fortunes." Yet if the Jeromes failed to refresh the declining bank balances of the Marlborough clan, they did inject something else. Jennie Jerome was more than a famous beauty whose impressionable son could remember her in one mood as the "Evening Star" and in another as a dashing horsewoman attired "in a riding habit fitting like a skin." She was a mother with a fierce love for her first son; and when Lord Randolph's career blew up she took young Winston in hand and bridled the disconcerting, un-English pushing nature which she herself helped to pass on.

No mother ever had to deal with a more explosive package. The dancing mistress at Brighton was later to confess she regarded him as a naughty boy—"I used to think him the naughtiest small boy in the world." He was red-headed, shy on first acquaintance, yet was usually judged a "forward little brat" on closer connection. In his room 1,500 lead soldiers deployed and maneuvered, a real model steam engine hissed and rumbled. He was 12 when he entered the famous public school of Harrow, where he was put in the army class because of his father's doubts that he would ever make a lawyer.

"A gay and lordly life"

Winston started in the lowest form (*i.e.*, bottom) and, as he later admitted, stayed there three times as long as anyone else. On his first day at Harrow, Winston startled his housemaster by asking that exalted personage his views on the most complex and controversial political issue of the day. Yet he flubbed the two cornerstones of British education—the classics and mathematics. But in accordance with his habit of taking the long view of a temporary setback, he was later to attribute his command of English to this very failure. "By being so long in the lowest form I gained an immense advantage over the cleverer boys. They all went on to learn Latin and Greek and splendid things like that. But I was taught English. . . . Thus I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing." His own experiences supplied the basis for a sweeping theory of pedagogy, that the only thing he would really punish boys for was not knowing English—"I would whip them hard for that."

From Harrow Winston went to Sandhurst, where young English gentlemen prepared for the army and where he led his class in tactics and fortifications, the two most important subjects. At 20 he was gazetted a sublieutenant in the 4th (the Queen's Own) Hussars, a fashionable cavalry regiment. The regimental wardrobe was as resplendent as any in the British army—striped pantaloons, frogged tunic, pillbox hat. So began the military career of which no one has written with more zest and care for posterity than Churchill himself,

who had grieved over being born too late ever to see a war: the Cuban insurrection where he was a military observer ("So at any rate I had been 'under fire.' That was something."); Kipling's India and polo ("A gay and lordly life"); the Northwest Frontier and the Pathan tribesmen ("There were bullets everywhere. I got to the first knoll. Hurrah, there were the Sikhs . . ."); Kitchener and the Sudan ("Talk of fun!"); and the Boer War ("Keep cool, men. This will be interesting for my paper.")—all followed, if not as a matter of course, at least as an hors d'oeuvres for bigger military operations to come.

To be sure, much of this martial apprenticeship was played out in the role of war correspondent, a role Churchill took on in 1897. But, unlike the present-day reporter, Churchill never took the distinction between sword and pen too seriously. Today's war correspondent carries no weapons and under the Geneva Convention enjoys a noncombatant status roughly analogous to that of a Red Cross worker. Young Winston not only wrote about the last spectacular cavalry charge at Omdurman on the Nile against the Dervishes; he himself rode knee to knee with the 21st Lancers, firing a Mauser pistol as he charged. In the pursuit of his imperial branch of journalism, the highest-paid man of his trade at the age of 24, he seems personally to have accounted for at least five of his country's enemies, one Pathan, four Dervishes.

This phase of Churchill's career has been a veritable gold mine for Churchill's critics on the left. They exploit its innocent ardor for polo and Empire as savagely as an American ward politician will utilize an opponent's youthful embezzlements. Yet Churchill's India was not all "polo and pigsticking." During the interminable stifling afternoons at Bangalore, while his brother officers enjoyed the siesta, the ambitious hussar read and stored away in a phenomenal memory the great literature that he had missed at Harrow and Sandhurst—Plato, Aristotle, Darwin and Macaulay, who was first commended to him by a retired jailkeeper, the brother-in-law of his childhood nurse. Besides reading all of his father's speeches and learning many by heart, he steeped himself in the *Decline and Fall*. And here no doubt, in Gibbon's prose, was the model for the sweep and resonance of the Churchillian prose style.

But Churchill came to the conclusion that his hand-picked "five-foot shelf" could not make up for a classical education. While home on leave after the Battle of Omdurman he sought to enter Oxford, only to be turned down for not knowing Greek and Latin. The army suddenly bored him. For one thing, he had expensive tastes which a subaltern's pay and a £500-a-year remittance from his mother could not begin to supply. Moreover, his blunt newspaper

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CHURCHILL CONTINUED

criticism of various British field commanders had not sat well with his superiors. He decided to follow his father into politics.

In 1899 the workmen of Oldham would not have Winston Churchill. But a year later, when he returned from the war in South Africa in a blaze of glory after a fabulous escape from a Boer prison camp, they welcomed him with banners proclaiming him "England's Noblest Hero." Old "Joe" Chamberlain, the powerhouse of the Tory Cabinet, came down from London to plump for him. He won by a hair. At 26, when his rolling stone finally came to rest in Edward VII's first Parliament, it had made a hash of the old adage. He had participated in three wars, put aside a \$50,000 nest egg through his writing and lecturing, started a new career and finished four books—three about his war experiences, all a little on the Frank Merriwell style but containing stretches of wonderful prose, and a novel called *Savrola*, long out of print, a pretty awful Graustarkian excursion he was never inspired to retrace.

"Cleverest of all the young men"

Politics could not faze the impudent young subaltern who had not hesitated to tell the formidable Lord Kitchener how to fight a desert war. One of his mother's friends exclaimed in distress, "I have never cared for your politics, Winston, but my distaste is nothing compared to my feelings about that dreadful mustache." The gallant Winston replied stiffly, "I see no earthly reason, Ma'am, why you should come in contact with either."

If the lady was spared, not so England. The prissy Arthur Balfour, about to succeed Lord Salisbury as head of the Conservatives, had considered him a "young man of promise," now referred to him as a "young man of promises." He infuriated his Tory colleagues by opposing a big increase in the army and advocating a soft peace with the Boers. When his leader scuttled the historic Free Trade principles in favor of Birmingham protection, he quipped, "Mr. Chamberlain loves the working man, he loves to see him work," an epigram that established him in the smoking room of the Commons as a wit and in the Tory councils as a man not to be trusted. Finally, in 1904 his discontent drove him into one of the most dramatic acts of his career: entering the Commons chamber, bowing stiffly as was the custom to the bewigged speaker, he wheeled dramatically about and walked not to the Conservative side but to an empty place on the

BRITISH CARICATURISTS

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH in the Commons recalled to *Punch* the splendid memory of his father.

AS MILITARY EXPERT in 1906 he felt competent to advise Kaiser on how to run maneuvers.

"CONFOUND THAT BOY" complained Tory Balfour. "He's always doing something weird!"

HAT changes reflect his many changes of office. He finds Colonial hat "on the small side as usual."

© PUNCH

opposition side, beside young David Lloyd George, the rising Welsh radical.

No tears were shed on the Tory side. Arthur Balfour was too well-bred to show his unconcern. But at least one Tory politico knew a blunder had been made. Said Joe Chamberlain to Margot Asquith, "Winston is the cleverest of all the young men and the mistake Arthur made was to let him go."

The Liberal landslide of 1906 that ushered in the British equivalent of the New Deal swept Churchill along with it. He became the protégé of some of the most intelligent and polished politicians in English history, the philosopher Haldane, the historian Morley, Asquith, the learned Sir Edward Grey, Lord Rosebery, man of letters. With other Liberals he turned almost pacifist, decried all expenditures for the British fleet or army and called for a rapprochement with Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany. As the junior partner in the team of Herbert Asquith and Lloyd George, he helped to whip a series of historic reforms through the Tory opposition—improved working conditions in the factories and mines, old-age pensions, labor exchanges. They whooped up the income tax and broke the power of the House of Lords.

So far did the cadet of the house of Marlborough stray down the garden path of radicalism. Yet an innate conservatism pulled him back to political orthodoxy. Ramsay MacDonald's dreary Marxian cry for government ownership of the means of production was more than he could stand, and while intellectually he had no quarrel with many of the socialistic ideas of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, he considered them unutterable bores. In fact, when Asquith proffered what was to become the Ministry of Health he turned it down, snorting, "I refuse to be shut up in a soup kitchen with Mrs. Sidney Webb."

All the while the much older, fastidious Liberal intellectuals were providing the political tutelage, the young Tory hell-raisers were seeing to it that he had plenty of fun. His bosom companion was one of the famous rounders of modern England, F. E. ("Galloper") Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, brilliant trial lawyer, hero of countless epic drinking bouts, the wit who said, "Mr. Churchill is easily satisfied with the best." Another of his gay-night tutors was a Canadian-born entrepreneur, witty, puckish, bubbling Max Aitken, the present Lord Beaverbrook, a young man on the make with a talent for making money equaled only by his gift for making

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SKETCH CHURCHILL'S LIVES



ALWAYS A TRADITIONALIST, Churchill as Minister of War more than two decades ago was all for getting the British army uniform back to where it was before the war—or better, back to finery of Marlborough's time.



"THE PEN is mightier than the sword," Winston Churchill wields weapon in best Blenheim manner.



ENGLAND AND AMERICA merge in the person of Churchill, "half American but all British."



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Has a cold dried and roughened your lips? What you need is Lypsyl for quick relief!



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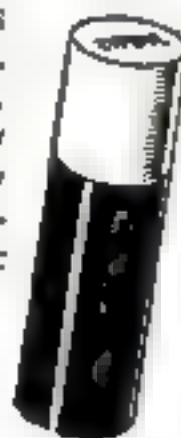
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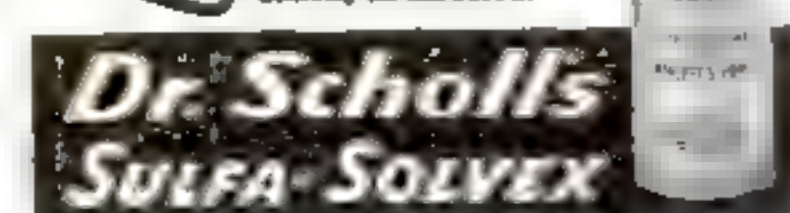


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• Also for Athlete's Foot—Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX Liquid or Ointment, 50¢

CHURCHILL CONTINUED

enemies, who said of the young Churchill, "I'd gladly pay £5 an hour just to listen to him talk."

It was Churchill's destiny to sow his pacifist's wild oats early. In 1911 when Asquith proffered the post of First Lord of the Admiralty it was like home to the prodigal. From the slippery, contentious issues of soup kitchens and unemployment, he turned to the hard, dramatic facts of gun calibers and seapower. A naval race was on with England's life at stake. The Germans were feverishly building up their High Seas Fleet to challenge British supremacy.

Education of a war man

Here was the beginning of the Churchill of the popular myth. Had it not been for him, the British navy might well have had a Pearl Harbor of its own in 1914. He fired aged sea lords and admirals, promoted young men to command, raised the seamen's pay, brought along the Queen Elizabeth class of 15-inch-gun battleships, nurtured naval aviation, shifted the fleet from coal to oil and prudently covered its future sources of supply by buying into the rich Iran oil fields. And thanks to his energy, when Germany invaded Belgium the British fleet was found to be already at battle stations.

To be sure, many of these moves reflected the sage advice of England's greatest seaman since Nelson, the irascible and volcanic John Arbuthnot Lord Fisher, who came out of retirement to become First Sea Lord and help a landlubber scarcely half his age. From their fierce, discordant partnership came the odd working hours that even today are the bane of Churchill's young assistants. Fisher in his old age did his best work between 3 a.m. and 3 p.m., and so Churchill got into the habit of working into the night and doing his sleeping when Fisher was at the peak of his powers. In that way one or the other was always on watch, except for a graveyard interval between 2 o'clock and 3 o'clock after the First Lord had gone to bed and before the First Sea Lord appeared.

This "port and starboard lights" combination, in Fisher's affectionate phrase, was wrecked on the rocks of Gallipoli in May 1915. That enterprise was intended to force the Dardanelles, knock Turkey out of the war and prepare the way for a flanking stroke through the Balkans that would end the bloody stalemate on the Western Front. Fisher was against the idea and broke midway with his "Beloved Winston." His resignation forced the reorganization of the Cabinet under Asquith with Churchill thrown out. Ruin overtook the expedition—252,000 men killed and wounded. Churchill's star, so bright in 1915, fell like Lucifer's.

The word Gallipoli haunted Churchill's political career for years. It became a heckler's cry no less infuriating than some of those which pursue him today. Few of his countrymen ever got it through their heads that a thoroughgoing investigation absolved him of blame. But Englishmen of the succeeding generation could reflect that it was their good fortune that the mob did not turn on him until five years in the Admiralty and the War Cabinet had made him master of the strategic combinations and permutations of sea and land power that decide the wars of industrial states.

For he fought in the army, too. Scorning a plushy sinecure ("Four thousand pounds a year for doing nothing? In the midst of the war?"), he turned up in France as a major of the Grenadier Guards, was seven months in the trenches, had a number of close shaves and might indeed have been killed had not Lloyd George become Prime Minister and recalled him to be Minister of Munitions. There he learned about war production and completed his education as a war man.

Today when voices around him cry for a happier, safer England he is reminded of the first Armistice night in London. As Big Ben tolled the hour in Westminster, the 44-year-old Minister looked down upon the milling crowds of already discontented soldiers and wondered what would become of their lives, now that the unifying purpose of the war was gone, "leaving a void behind."

The void of Winston Churchill

It was some time before Winston Churchill became aware there would also be a void for him. "The war of the giants," as he called it, was over. The peacemakers and the planners flocked to Versailles to wrangle over the bones of Germany and Austria-Hungary—the "quarrels of the pygmies" had begun. Churchill rarely visited Paris and, as Lord Keynes has noted, seemed little interested in the Wilsonian debate, holding that frontiers are the only long-period realities. Indeed, as agent for the Allied powers he was fully occupied with managing a good-sized undeclared war on Bolshevik Russia.

In the end the decision was to leave Russia alone. Winston busied

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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A timely message from J. H. McNabb, President, Bell & Howell Company

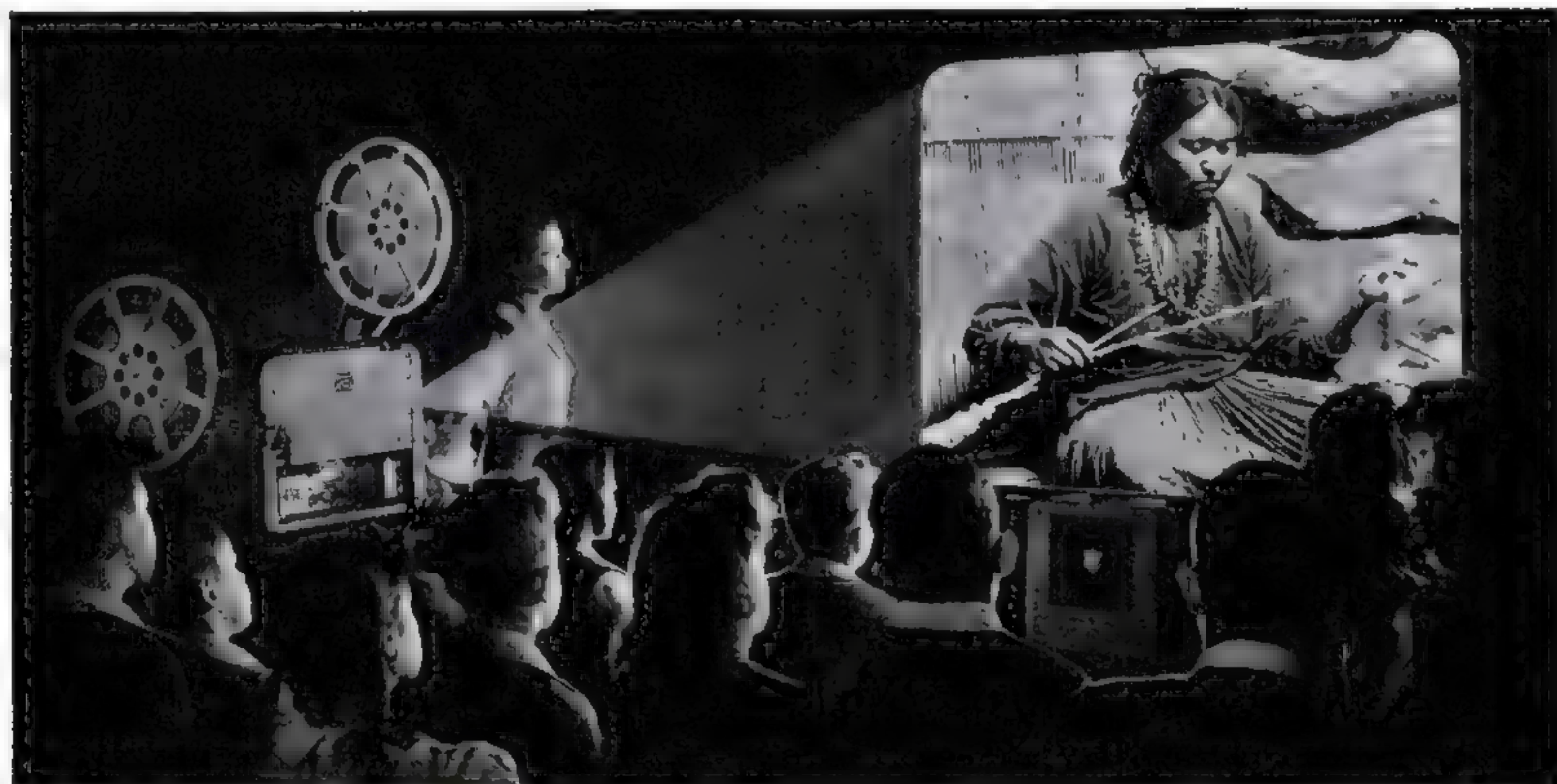
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CHURCHILL CONTINUED

himself with tinkering up the strong points of Empire. In a new role of Secretary for the Colonies, he turned up in Cairo to reshuffle the pieces of the Ottoman Empire, create the new state of Iraq, draft the title deeds for the Palestine mandate and pioneer the use of airpower in defense of the imperial lifelines by importing RAF bomber squadrons to put down marauding desert tribes at the very time that Bonar Law, the next Prime Minister, was crying that England could not be "policeman of the world."

Meanwhile Bolshevism remained an obsession with him. Not because he was a Tory but rather because Lenin, whom the crafty Ludendorff passed across Europe in the famous sealed car, had taken Russia out of the war, releasing many German divisions which were transferred to the Western Front where they nearly brought England and France to ruin. Today Churchill hedges with the Bear That Walks Like a Man, but a quarter of a century ago he wrote, "Russia, self-outcast, sharpens her bayonets in her Arctic night, and mechanically proclaims through self-starved lips her philosophy of hatred and death."

Whatever survived of Winston's youthful philanderings with socialism went up in the smoke of the Russian Revolution. When he returned to his Dundee constituency in the General Election of 1922 it was to crusade against communism. "There is no difference between socialism and communism; I stand as a Liberal and Free Trader." But the old phrases didn't seem to pull. Weak from an appendicitis operation and carried into a campaign hall in an invalid chair, he was "struck by the looks of passionate hatred on the faces of some of the younger men and women." While he was turning to the right, Dundee's unemployed were turning to the left. They not only discarded him by 12,000 votes; they added insult to injury by giving his seat to the prohibitionist Scrimgeour, whom he had beaten five times running.

Worse blows were to fall. The disintegrating Liberal Party, desperate for votes, flopped leftward to Labor which cannibalized it. Churchill presented himself as a Constitutionalist, a phrase of his own devising to denote a centrist position. He philosophized to a young candidate, "I have no party but I do have the people." But not enough. Twice more he went down to defeat and was all but on the political junk pile when some of his old friends in the Conservative Party persuaded the Tory wheelhorses to forgive the original heresy and take him back into the fold. In 1924 he was given the safe seat of Epping. Then Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, who had pulled the props out from the Lloyd George coalition, named him Chancellor of the Exchequer, the No. 2 post in the government.

The lotus years

American politics offer no exact parallel to this "Return of the Native," nor was it to prove particularly happy. Between 1923 and 1929 he finished the five-volume *World Crisis*, that wonderful narrative of World War I which Lord Balfour acidly described as "Winston's brilliant autobiography, disguised as a history of the universe." But the cold hearthstones of conservatism offered no comfort from the malaise of the times. He had no use for Baldwin ("decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift"). And in the new post he was something less than the "intrepid Winston" of the Admiralty. The truth was that, like his unfortunate father, he had no flair for the treasury's business—"the damn little dots." His debates on the Budget filled the galleries, but he was something of a John Barrymore miming and ad-libbing his way through a second-rate play. In the end, on the fateful issue of the gold standard, he took the advice of the City, and put England back on gold at the old Victorian rate. Like the charge of the Light Brigade, it was a gallant but costly gesture. It was also the last big-policy decision he made for 15 years. For in 1929 he went out of office when Ramsay MacDonald (the "Boneless Wonder") took over the government.

The void was upon him. Came then that wasted interlude in which England had no use for its great man and Europe discovered some angry little ones. Though he kept his seat in Parliament, he became a lonely figure slumped on the bench below the gangway on the government side. "I'd quit politics entirely," he told a friend, "were it not for the faint chance I shall one day be Prime Minister."

What troubled him was the almost pathological inability of governments to cope with depression. As a young politician he had had the time of his life berating a going system. Now in the 1930s the system itself was breaking up, raising in the process complex issues with which the people could not cope. The Western world was veering away from the wonderful liberal ideals of Locke, John Stuart Mill and Adam Smith which had been the very breath of life to him. Everywhere the state was intervening in matters which free men rigorously excluded. He told the young men of Oxford, "It

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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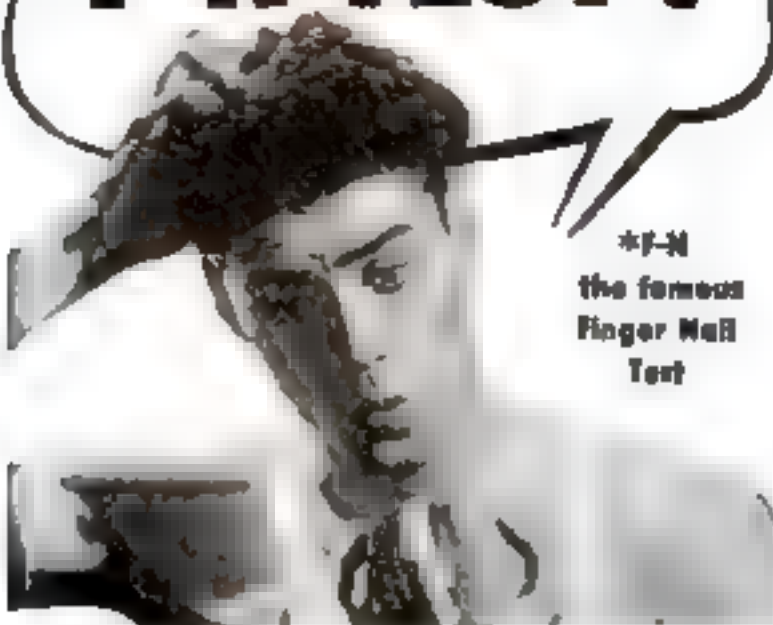
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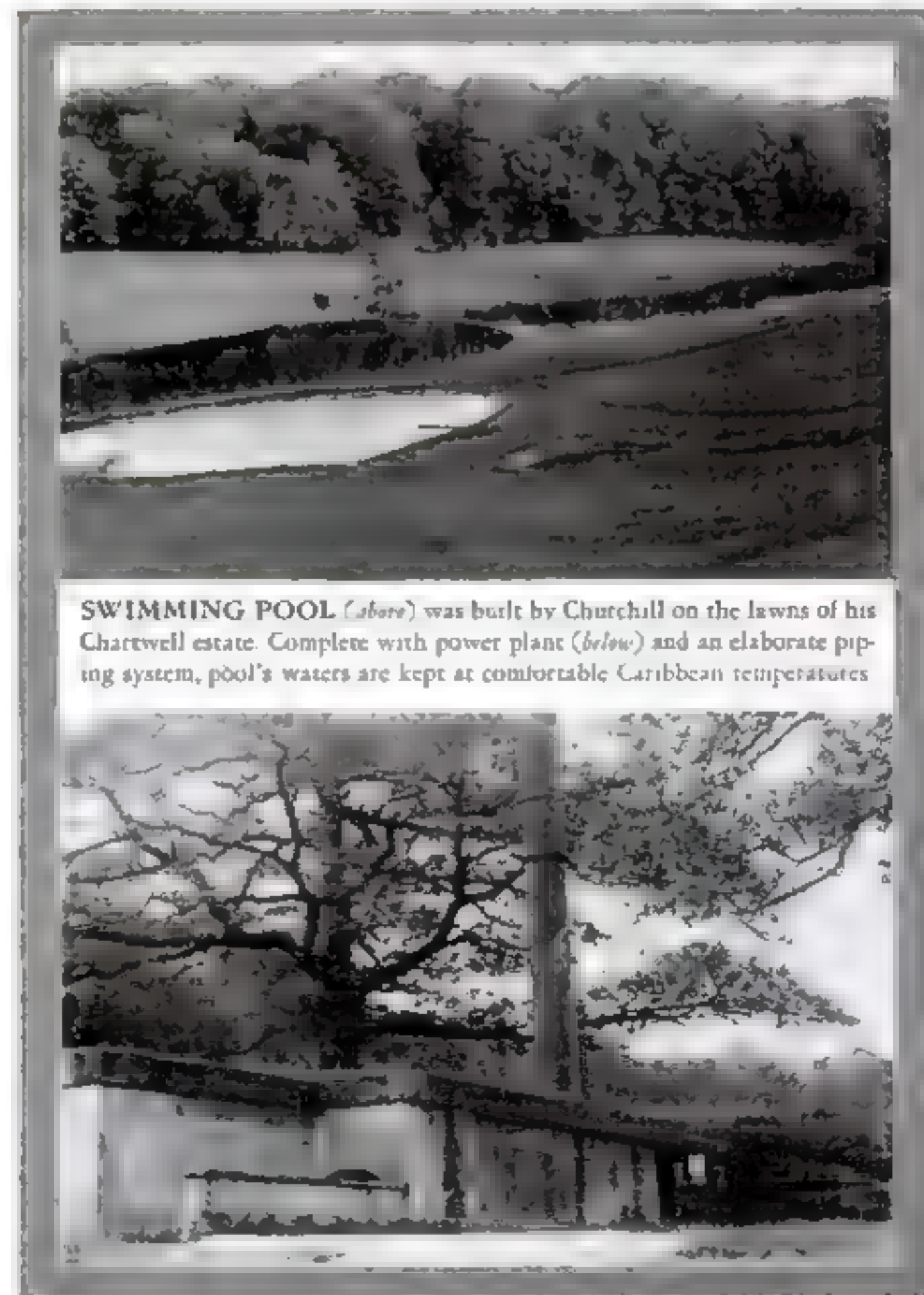
would probably be safe to say, that nothing that is popular and likely to gather a large number of votes will do what is wanted and win the prize which all desire." Beyond all this he sensed a general decline in the British position. "We see our race doubtful of its mission and no longer confident about its principles, infirm of purpose, drifting to and fro with the tides on a deeply disturbed ocean."

He was speaking of England, it might have been of himself. Before long he was locked in another shattering quarrel with his Tory confederates, this time over the question of self-government for India. He reared up in abusive and often irrational opposition. Baldwin ("that epileptic corpse") was again Prime Minister and Churchill's game, manifestly, was to try to bring him down on a popular issue, but he chose the wrong one. It was he who was branded the Tory imperialist, the man who wanted to turn back the clock. Nor was his reputation enhanced when in 1936 an outmoded sense of gallantry caused him to defend King Edward's affair with Mrs. Simpson. He rose in Parliament to describe how, more than a quarter of a century before, "It was my duty . . . to stand beside His Majesty and proclaim his style and titles at his investiture as Prince of Wales amid the sunlit battlements of Caernarvon Castle." But middle-class England would not have a Queen who had been twice divorced. And Churchill, who was suspected of playing an unfathomable game with the Empire-pushing Beaverbrook, was howled down. His explanation for taking such a risk was characteristic: "When I see a man—a friend of mine—down, I defend him at any cost."

During the 1930s he wrote trifles for newspapers and magazines, gambled furiously at Monte Carlo, played the stock market, receiving, but all too often disregarding, the tips of his American friend, Bernie Baruch, who urged him to stick to his pen. His paintings are the record of an aimless wandering—the landscapes of the Riviera, the Dutch canals, the Norwegian fjords and plantation scenes of Baruch's estate on the Waccamaw River. His friends agree that his finest piece of work in this period is a still-life of two glasses alongside a bottle of brandy and a bottle of Scotch.

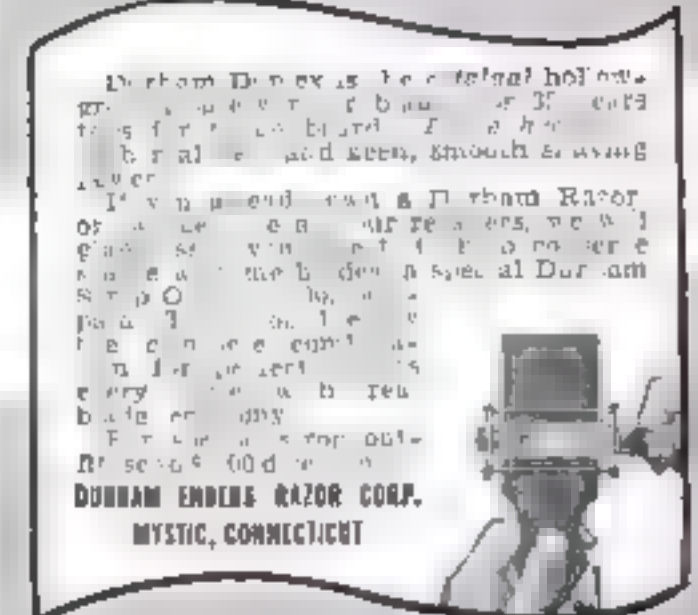
These have been called the wilderness years, but Churchill going downhill was equal to most men at the peak of their careers. For his pot boilers he got the highest rates; no other writer in England, except Shaw, surpassed his earnings of \$100,000 a year. He even capitalized on personal misfortune. Run down by a taxicab driver while in New York on a lecture tour in 1931, he made front-page news by gallantly exonerating the driver. While this was still the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



SWIMMING POOL (above) was built by Churchill on the lawns of his Chartwell estate. Complete with power plant (below) and an elaborate piping system, pool's waters are kept at comfortable Caribbean temperatures

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to the last whisker



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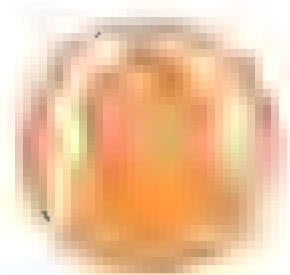
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Boston "Pops" Concert . . . painted by Lucille Corcos

What is this America of ours? It's a rollicking square dance in Nebraska . . . a melodious springtime concert of the Boston "Pops" . . . the excitement of a southern 'possum hunt. Yes, all these are the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

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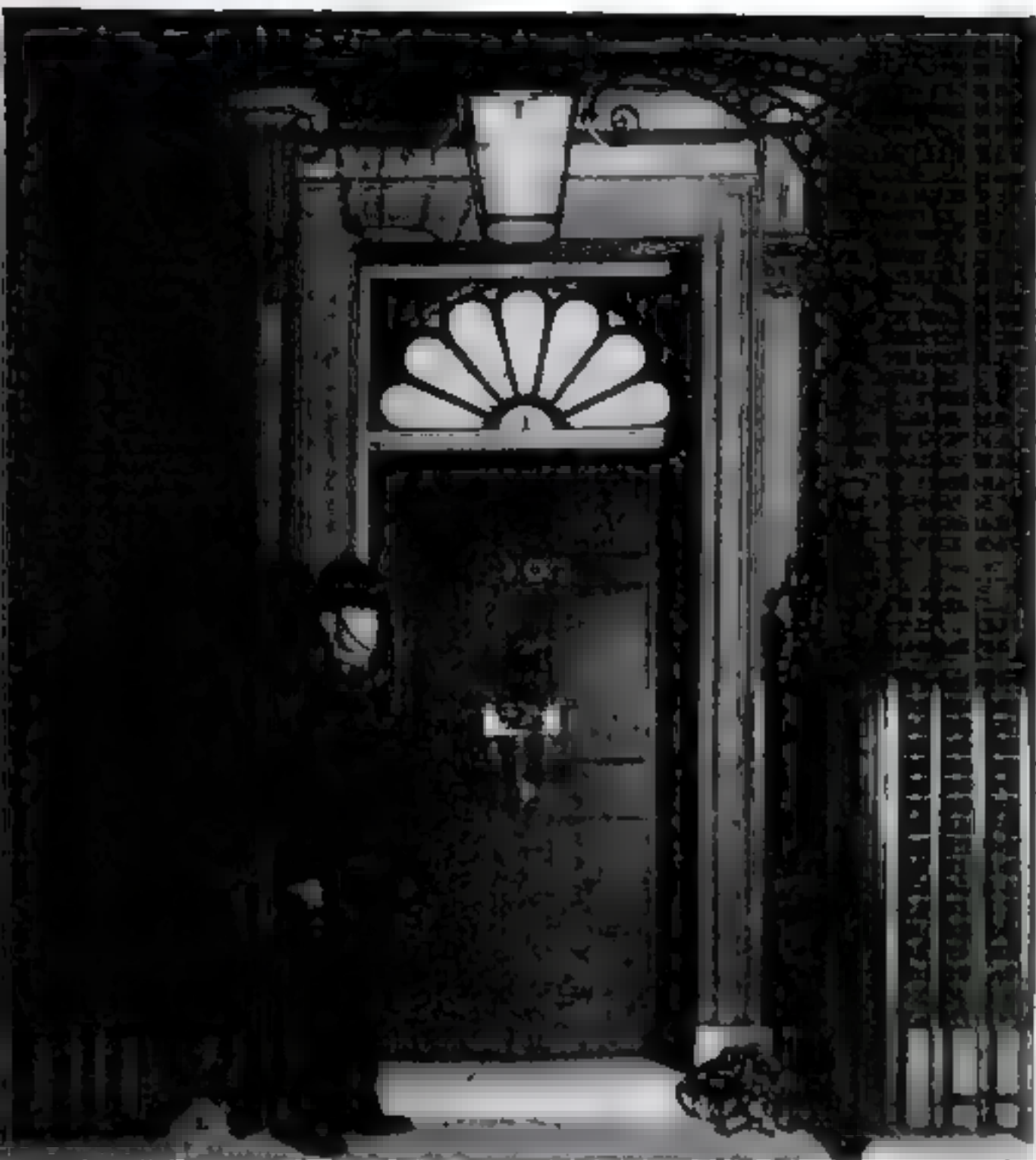


AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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"THERE'S A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS"
MAIL
 MAIL THAT LETS YOU SAY





DOOR TO AN EMPIRE is at No. 10 Downing St., long the official residence of British prime ministers. This has been Churchill's London home for past five years.

CHURCHILL CONTINUED

talk of the nation he dashed off from his bed of pain a lurid description of the episode, called "My New York Misadventure," for which he received \$2,500. Recuperating in the Bahamas, he fell in love with the soft blue waters of the Caribbean, and on return to Chartwell immediately set about relandscaping the entire place with his own hands. As an accomplished bricklayer, holding a union card, he adorned the grounds with brick walls, terraces and swimming pool, its water brought to Caribbean temperatures through an immense boiler room and piping system which, to the discomfiture of his guests, sometimes blew up.

During the "lotus years" he completed the four-volume *Life of Marlborough*. Always a bug on efficiency, he designed a special workshop in the attic of his country home. Here he placed a tilted table that ran along one side of the room on which he could deploy, face out, his sources and references. When his night-owl habits began to make nervous wrecks of the best secretarial staff in England, he made one fatal experiment with mechanization, buying a dictaphone equipped with a long cord which allowed him to compose as he paced. One morning, haggard from a night of labor, he turned over to his staff the records which he jubilantly announced contained "an entire chapter." They yielded only an agonizing silence since the author had not hooked up the machine. It was never used again.

Yet the life he breathed into the reputation of his long dead ancestor seemed to be at the expense of his own. He turned flatulent and became a conspicuous landmark of the French Riviera. He was the despair of hostesses. There were still flashes of the fine talk that had made a thousand dinner parties famous. But often he sat silent and glowering while the champagne simmered in his stomach. His drinking bouts were the talk of the Empire—a two-bottle man. A friend who expressed concern was told, "When I can't answer my critics in Parliament, you will have reason to worry." Yet sometimes he seemed without life, "an unlit lamp."

"Do you want war?"

Others in America discerned the creeping ruin. In the mid-1930s Churchill turned up one day in the Senate dining room as a guest of the late Senator "Joe" Robinson. He had just spent three weeks traipsing over the ground that Stonewall Jackson had fought over. Through lunch he held half a dozen Senators enthralled with his tales of the Confederate general, whom he called "the world's greatest master of retreat." Walking back to the chamber with Senator Vandenburg, the late Senator William E. Borah observed gloomily, "There is a lost soul. He will die thinking like Cicero that he might have been a great soldier."

General Booth of the Salvation Army measuring a younger

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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CHURCHILL CONTINUED

Churchill, had said that he was in need of "conversion." Conversion, when it came, ran true to form. Behind the clashing verbalisms of Right and Left which were bemusing statesmen and intellectuals, there was a flesh-and-blood villain. And Churchill, wandering in the wilderness, saw him. It was Hitler. The effect was not quite as electric as was the vision of Saul on his way to Damascus. But as early as 1932, before Hitler became Chancellor, he was urging his government not to be misled by the German cry for equal status in Europe—"all these bands of sturdy Teutonic youths, marching through streets and roads of Germany, with the light of desire in their eyes to suffer for their Fatherland, are not looking for status. They are looking for weapons." And to a British proposal that the French be made to reduce their armaments he shouted, "Germany and France on equal terms in fighting? Do you want war?"

England seemed indifferent. The young men of Oxford resolved not to "fight for King and country." Labor sneered at his outdated "warmongering." Churchill's own party had no program but appeasement. At one of his infrequent appearances at a party caucus, he delivered a furious tirade against knuckling down to Hitler, concluding, "Is it for this you propose to fling away the ancient heritage bequeathed to us by the architects of our magnitude and renown?" Harold Nicolson, who was present, followed him out of the room, congratulated him and, as a writing man, asked if he had improvised the final phrase on his feet. "Improvised be damned," Churchill snapped, "I thought of it this morning in my bath and I wish now I hadn't wasted it on this crowd."

But it was not all fine phrases. The power of the celebrated philippics to the Commons derives from the extraordinary interplay of fact and phrase. As to the facts of German rearmament he drew heavily on his cronies. The late Sir Henry Strakosch, the wealthy South African banker, fed him those telling figures of German aircraft production derived from his intimate connection with the German metallurgical industry. An Oxford professor of experimental philosophy, Frederick A. Lindemann, now Baron Cherwell, poring over the bare figures of German carloadings, budgetary expenditures, taxation and national income, divined the hidden diversion to re-armament. Across the Channel, General Georges and other old friends of the French army signaled him on the growth of the German army. Nor had Churchill, who to this day likes to pour over secret-service reports, ever lost touch with his own fighting services.

Thus the case grew—a case almost without precedent in history.

The philippics

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it now!!!" wrote Churchill in the spring of 1936; and that year the old Red-baiter again called for a grand alliance based on the League of Nations and including Russia. At dinner parties he spluttered over the "betrayal" of England: "If you knew what I know." Early in 1937 Baldwin gave way to Neville Chamberlain and, watching as Baldwin passed in the smoking room, Churchill growled: "Well, the light is at last out of that old turnip." Gradually he collected a following in the Commons—Anthony Eden, who resigned as Foreign Secretary in protest over Neville Chamberlain's failure to invoke sanctions against Italy; the elegant and haughty Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty; Archibald Sinclair, a Liberal M. P.

In 1938 the philippics rose to their climax: "I have watched this famous island descending incontinently, fecklessly, the stairway which leads to a dark gulf. It is a fine broad stairway at the beginning, but after a bit the carpet ends. A little farther on there are only flag-stones, and a little farther on still these break beneath your feet. . . ." When the Chamberlain government gave back to Ireland the treaty ports, Churchill (though for a long time a home ruler) thundered that England was giving away "the sentinel towers of the western approaches." Came Munich and the son of Joe Chamberlain landed at Croydon waving a piece of paper. Churchill made answer in Commons: "I will, therefore, begin by saying the most unpopular and most unwelcome thing . . . that we have sustained a total and unmitigated defeat."

One year later when Britain declared war, Chamberlain had no choice but to bring back into the government the man whom he had once described as "impossible to work with." Logically, he went into the Admiralty. "Good old Winnie!"—on battle stations all over the world British officers rejoiced. The effect on Churchill was equally electric. The unfit lamp blazed. Preceded on some accounts by two bottles of Scotch and one of seltzer, he took up the same offices that he had occupied in World War I. They overlooked the Horse Guards Parade where he had himself pushed around the first experimental tanks which he had sponsored in the hope of breaking

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



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Do Wear... by **KAYSER**... her hands feel!



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CHURCHILL CONTINUED

the stalemate on the Western Front. He called for his old octagonal desk which he liked because "eight or ten men could sit around it facing each other." Back came the same map on which he had plotted the position of the King's ships 25 years before.

In Oxford a left-wing intellectual sighed, "Fifteen cigars and a bottle of whisky a day—too late." But clerks grown old in the Admiralty marveled how the man of 65 could pick up with the fire of the man of 40. In and out of his office stumped the First Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound, on his stiff leg. In and out flew the reports and the pre-emptory orders, sometimes a bit too pre-emptory. One morning, working on into the dawn in the old port-and-starboard-light tradition, he sent an officer to rouse little Sir Tom Phillips, who was later to go down with the *Prince of Wales*. "Will the Vice Chief of Naval Staff come at once to see the First Lord on a matter of importance." Sir Tom growled, "Go back and tell the First Lord that the Vice Chief of Naval Staff says he can bloody well dispose of the matter himself."

"If you're afraid of granny Chamberlain"

Even so, sometimes leading, sometimes prodded by Phillips, Churchill in his brief spell at the Admiralty put in some tremendous licks. In his old habit of settling things on the spot, Churchill began those conscientious tours of the arsenals, the shipyards, the graving docks, the fitting basins which are not to be visualized by sitting in Whitehall but can only be known by going to the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Tees. For these darting forays, which interrupted his afternoon resting habits, Churchill developed his own technique. An admiral who accompanied him on a long grueling inspection by motor car recalls how, when the business was done, they started back for London in the late afternoon. The First Lord threw away his cigar, reached in his pocket and produced one of those 10¢ black eye masks sold by any drug store for those who have to sleep in the light. Fitting this device over his eyes, he murmured, "I bring the night to me."

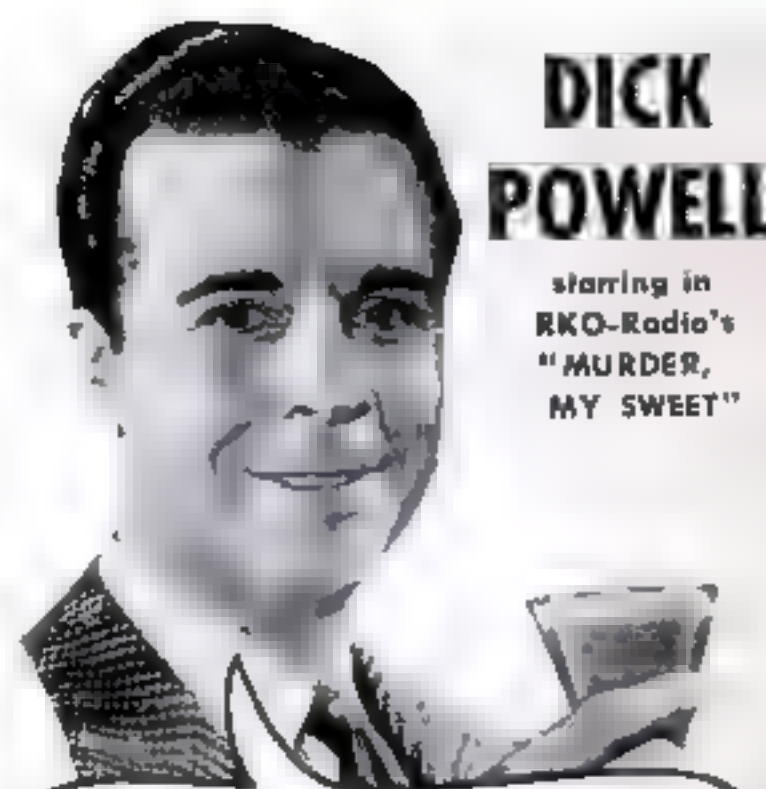
In the excitement of the German leap into Norway, Churchill rashly blurted out that this was "as great a strategic and political error as that which was committed by Napoleon in 1807, when he invaded Spain." But his miscalculation was buried in the even greater shock of the German invasion of Belgium and Holland. The Chamberlain sands ran out. A coalition was the only answer. Labor refused to serve under any Conservative except Lord Halifax, former Foreign Minister, or Churchill. Halifax wisely declined, saying the task called for a commoner. Churchill on his side hesitated fearing that he couldn't carry the Conservatives. He turned to his old mentor, Lloyd George, who snorted, "If you're afraid of granny Chamberlain, you'll never beat Hitler."

Part II of

The Lives of Winston Churchill
will be published next week



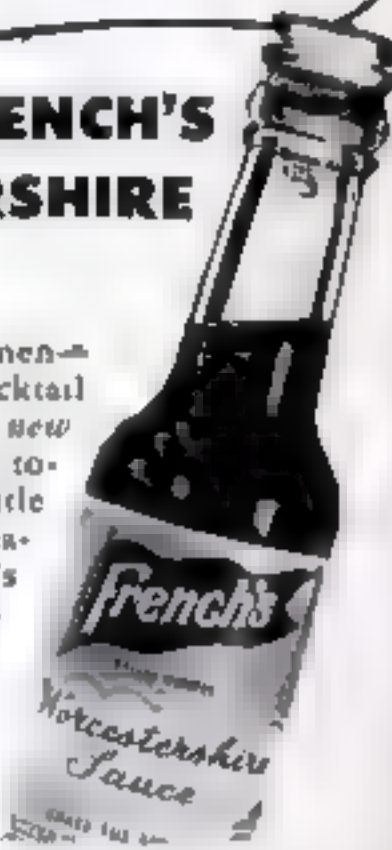
ORATOR CHURCHILL addressed Conservative Conference, March 25, 1945, in which he indicated that he will lead England into the peace—if he is asked to do so



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FAN NOW THAT I'VE
TASTED A **WOW!**

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SAGA OF SALOME

She dances almost everywhere in a lavish, implausible extravaganza

Salome, *Where She Danced* is one of the silliest pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time. It is so silly that its lavish floods of Technicolor, death-defying heroes, improbable situations and corny melodrama end up by being first-rate entertainment. It combines the features of a Habsburg period piece, a Civil War melodrama and a horse opera—all for the price of one. Its characters include General Lee, Chancellor von Bismarck, a gun-toting Western outlaw, a fabulous Russian nabob, a Chinese sage who

spouts Confucian epigrams with a thick Scottish burr.

Salome, *Where She Danced* is an actual town (pop. 100) in Arizona, named after a local celebrity. The hard-pressed heroine of the movie *Salome, Where She Danced* is a Viennese dancer who wanders over half the world causing wars, duels, fist fights, abductions and holdups wherever she goes. As its heroine sultry, dark-haired Yvonne De Carlo proves a fair-to-middling dancer. But, in the solemn words of one of its gallant heroes, she is "above all a woman."

"PERSONNALLY Speaking" by BERT LAHR



Starring in the Broadway hit,
THE SEVEN LIVELY ARTS

1—Ong! Ong! I'm workin' all day over a hot footlight, and a jerk sex to me, "Bert, how can you be a glamour-puss when yer kisser's so rough?"



2—I run faster'n' Count Fleet with a hot foot to my nearest pharmaceutical emporium. "Give me Personna blades!" I yell. Sure enough...



3—I got the closest, smoothest shave a mug ever had!... Lookit me now—a smoothie Personna-fied! Take it from me, guys: Personna has the edge!

HERE'S WHY Personna has the edge—it's made from finest premium steel... diamond-tested for extra hardness... hollow-ground for longer-lasting keenness. Also available in Canada. Personna, 599 Madison Avenue, New York City, 22, N. Y.



PERSONNA

Precision Blades

10 FOR \$1

Paper is now more than ever a critical war material shortage. For the Pacific War, the 700,000 different items used by our armed forces must be double and triple-wrapped to protect them against tropical climates. So share this magazine with others—then turn it in for salvage.



**IT ALL DEPENDS
ON US!**

There it is—the greatest fleet in history, manned by the "fightingest" crews. The Navy's getting results. Now—we must add to naval battle strength new ships of every description. War Bonds will help get them. Buy YOURS today!

This support of the 7th War Loan Drive is contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'O.

**CLOROX IS MY STANDBY FOR
SANITARY HOUSE CLEANING!**

**IT'S MINE, TOO! PROTECT-
ING FAMILY HEALTH
IS NOW EXTRA
IMPORTANT!**



SAFEGUARDING family health is always a major responsibility. And it is especially important now because of fewer civilian doctors and nurses. A simple yet effective precaution is to use Clorox in routine cleansing of tile, enamel, porcelain, linoleum, wood surfaces; also in laundering white and color-fast cottons and linens. For Clorox disinfects, also deodorizes, removes stains. Simply follow directions on the label.



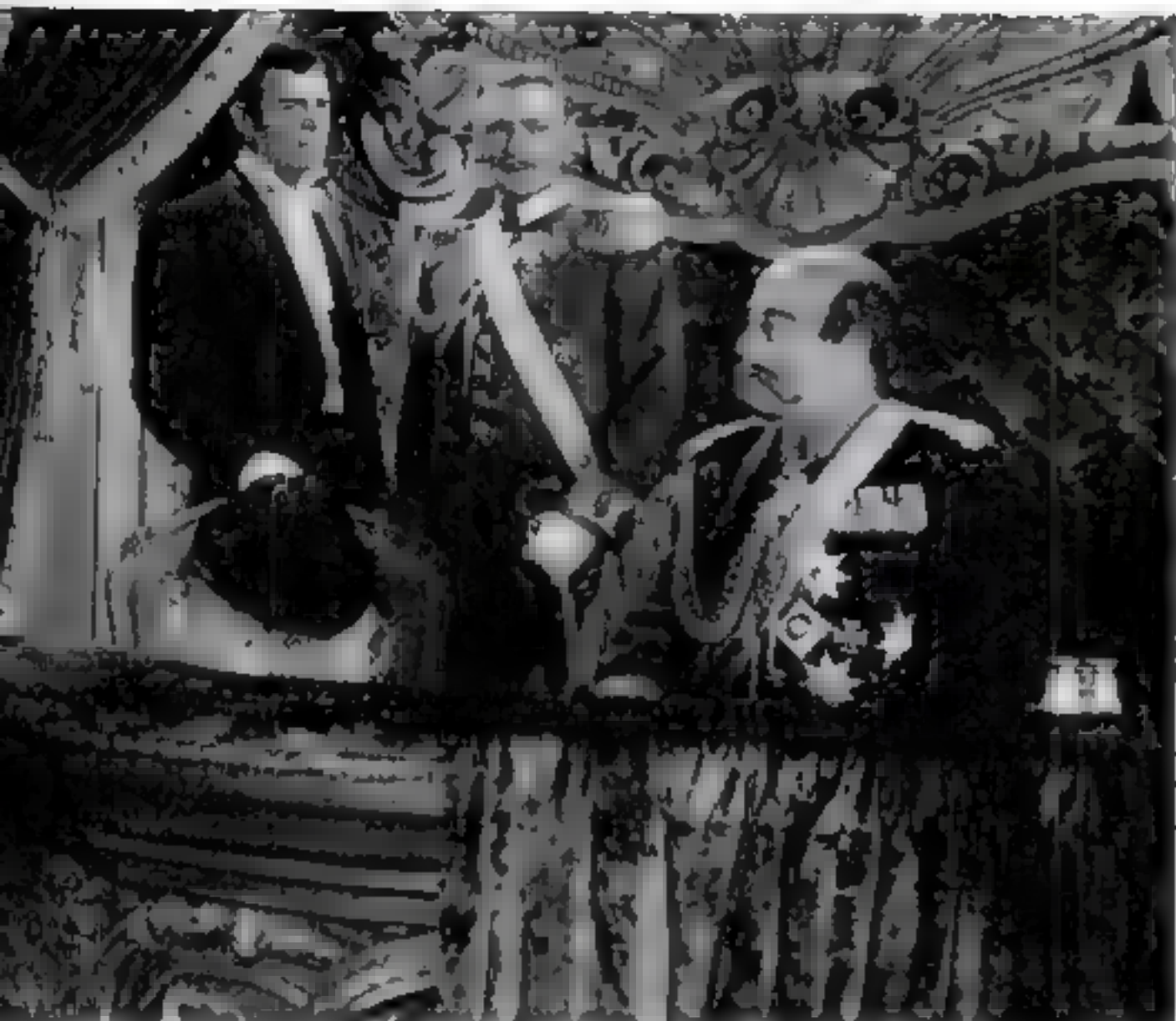
"Salome" CONTINUED



General Leo, following surrender at the close of the Civil War, advises Cleve, then a Confederate soldier, to go to college. But Cleve goes west and becomes a bandit.



Duel scene, in which Cleve, the stage-coach robber (David Bruce), kills the Prussian Count von Bohlen (Albert Dekker), is fought on slippery, blood-red floor, ends



Chancellor von Bismarck is asked by War Correspondent Jim Steed (Rod Cameron) when he intends to attack Austria. Von Bohlen (center) is scandalized by his audacity.



with von Bohlen's body hurtling over a 12-foot parapet. For *Salome*, Universal Pictures built 52 sets like this, a number that set a near record for this type of picture.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



JUICE OF
1 LEMON

IN A GLASS
OF WATER

FIRST THING
ON ARISING

Winning America! This new natural way to keep regular

Over 8,000,000 now take lemon and water, national surveys show. And no wonder! This simple fruit drink in most cases makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary.

Most people find they can enjoy prompt, normal elimination just by taking the juice of a lemon in a glass of water when they first get up in the morning. And unlike harsh laxatives, lemon and water is good for you.

Lemons are Health Builders

Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, and supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They alkalize, aid digestion. Lemon and water is surprisingly refreshing, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up.

Why take harsh laxatives when lemon and water offers *healthful* aid? Try it ten days.

BUY EXTRA
BONDS—7TH
WAR LOAN



Keep regular the *Healthful* way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

This STAY-MOIST SHAVE makes tough beards behave!

AND HOW!
LIFEBUOY SHAVING
CREAM'S RICH
HEAVY LATHER
STAYS MOIST
...KEEPS BEARDS
SOFT THE WHOLE
SHAVE THROUGH



Today the people of Maine are working like beavers to speed Victory and the homecoming of our boys. But, when you vacation here again, you'll find the same warm welcome, the same friendly hospitality, the same delicious "Down East" foods and, of course, the same thrilling scenery, healthful outdoor recreation and bracing summer climate that have made Maine the nation's favorite vacation land.

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America's Finest Manicure Implements
BOHNKEPCL BROS. CORP., 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20

"Salome" CONTINUED



In Berlin Salome, who hates Prussians, had pumped von Bohlen for military information about Austro-Prussian war, turned it over to Correspondent Jim Steed.



In a frontier town Salome, who has fled Europe, puts on her dancing act. Inhabitants are so impressed that they rename their town Salome, Where She Danced.



At an outlaw encampment where she has been abducted by Cleve, Salome learns to appreciate the subtle poetry of moonlight on the vast, cactus-studded Western desert.

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as always
this Trade Mark is
your guarantee
of quality in
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There is a Maiden Form
for Every Type of Figure!

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that's all you
need know
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because the name "Mojud" is the seal of the maker's integrity. It means long-established highest standards in knitting, testing, examining, finishing. No wonder that millions of women who ask for Mojud stockings have made Mojud one of America's largest selling brands. At better stores everywhere.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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For methods of projection that assure enlarged images on a large-sized screen

For notable improvements that combine "better listening" with better pictures

For familiar push-button tuning

For a wide choice of strikingly beautiful cabinets

There's a great day coming when you can turn on Belmont Television and bring a new world of enjoyment to your home. It's a pleasure you can count on for some near tomorrow. And Belmont is planning for that tomorrow . . . planning television receiving sets that will be out front with the features you want, the cabinet styles you like, and prices that put a strong accent on value.

This promise that Belmont makes for the future is backed by a 17-year record of manufacturing fine radios. Belmont's peacetime-built receiving sets are faithfully serving owners by the million. And today, Belmont is one of the large-volume producers of high-precision electronic equipment for Uncle Sam . . . by all odds, the world's most critical customer.

Through wide experience, unexcelled facilities, careful research and practical engineering, Belmont has fitted itself for a leading part in the electronic world of tomorrow. Keep your eyes on Belmont! Belmont Radio Corporation, 5923 W. Dickens Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Wage War with Your Wages . . . Buy War Bonds!


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By showing a black and white picture on the television screen in the above illustration, Belmont is being realistic. This is the type of picture you can expect to see. But when television in color is ready and practical, Belmont will have it for you.


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Whichever service he's in he's glad there's a *Martin Mariner*

 *Looking for Trouble*, from Europe to the Philippines, Martin Mariners have served with the U. S. Navy on every front. Mariners helped crush the Jap fleet in the first battle of the Philippines, hit the Nips hard at Saipan, crippled a Shokaku class Jap carrier at Leyte—accomplished scores of such exploits.

 *In the Battle of the Atlantic*, Mariners have sunk many U-boats to help Army transports with men and supplies get through. One helped capture Germany's ace U-boat commander who sank the British carrier "Ark Royal." Others have bombed enemy vessels, fought enemy planes, intercepted blockade runners.

 *Serving as Transports*, Mariners have speeded mail and supplies to remote Marine garrisons, evacuated wounded, trained Marine paratroopers. With the Naval Air Transport Service, Mariners pioneered routes in the Pacific and the Atlantic . . . carried in one year nearly 6,000,000 pounds of cargo, 25,000 passengers.

 *Many Rescues* are credited to Mariners and their Coast Guard or Navy crews. Landing in 15-foot waves to pick up 48 survivors of a troop transport . . . rescuing under enemy fire . . . giving courage and confidence to valiant Navy airmen by flying with carrier-based planes to rescue airmen downed in combat.

They're in up to their necks . . . are you only ankle-deep in this war? Buy War Bonds! Take a war job! Buy only the things you need! The war must be won both at home and abroad!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD., U.S.A.


AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



S. O. S.! Sturdy construction, high gull wings and a 3000 mile range make Martin Mariners tops at high-seas rescue work . . . heavy firepower and bombload make them bad news to the enemy. Ranging the world's sea lanes, these big 24-ton patrol bombers are blazing trails for tomorrow's overocean airliners.



In San Francisco Salome promptly becomes the protégé of Colonel Ivan Dimitrioff (center), a fabulous Russian. Chinese philosopher, Dr. Ling, is Dimitrioff's adviser.



Final chase, in standard Western tradition complete with cliff to fall over, occurs when Cleve flees arrest for killing Count von Bohlen. Colonel and Jim pursue him.



Typical fade-out provides a happy ending as the Colonel and Steed admit that they are powerless to thwart love of Salome and Cleve. Gallant in defeat, Steed looks on

IS YOUR DOG ONLY "HALF-NOURISHED"
BY WARTIME FOODS?

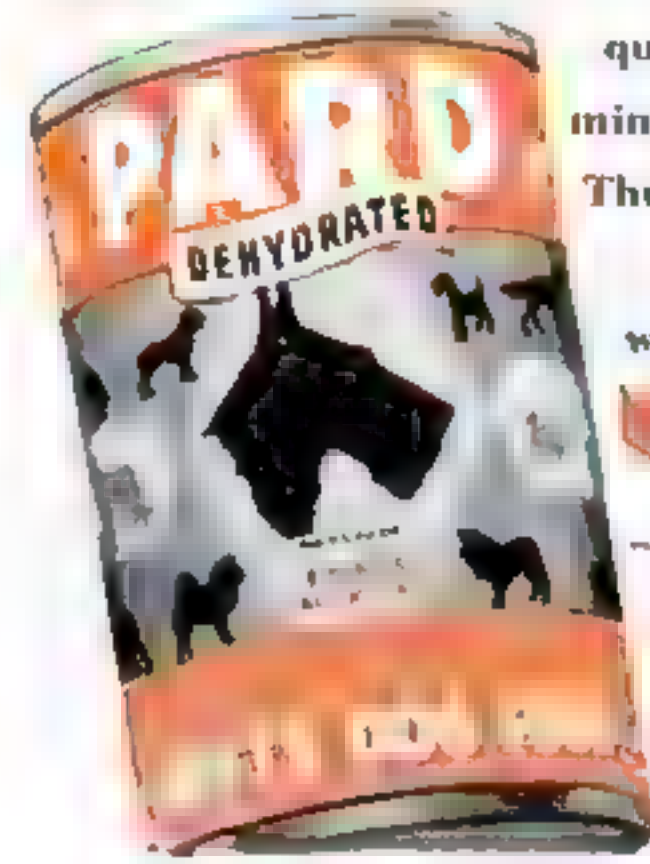


PARD

GIVES **FULL-STRENGTH** NUTRITION



The very food elements your dog needs most may be partly or wholly missing from his present diet—lost through excessive heat in manufacture. Only Pard is manufactured by the protective low-temperature process invented by Swift which adequately retains the high quality meat proteins, essential vitamins and minerals usually lost in dog food manufacture. Thus your dog is assured full strength nutrition in Pard. Feed him Pard for 10 days, and watch for new alertness, brighter eyes, better appetite.



PROOF OF PARD'S FULL-STRENGTH NUTRITION! In successive generations of dogs fed Pard exclusively (9 on Canned Pard, 3 on Pard Dehydrated) not one dietary illness ever appeared. Robust health always!



SOME 500,000 CELEBRANTS SWARM INTO TIMES SQUARE THE MORNING OF MAY 7 AFTER THE A. P. ANNOUNCEMENT THAT GERMANY HAD SURRENDERED. OVER A PUBLIC.



A "Hitler," who is really Bill Eckert of the Merchant Marine with hair over his eyes, is throttled by celebrating passers-by.



On top of a traffic light another celebrant perches precariously, waving an American flag and a paper telling of Nazi surrender.



A Hitler dummy, with dagger in its heart and a Japanese flag on its chest, is exhibited to Eighth Avenue crowds.



ADDRESS SYSTEM MAYOR LAGUARDIA TOLD ALL TO GO HOME OR RETURN TO THEIR JOBS



A horse and wagon is decorated with flags. A funeral cart, draped in black crepe, tried to start a procession. Policemen, however, drove it away. Circus pitchmen sold flags, balloons, carnival hats and badges.



TORN PAPER FLUTTERS DOWNWARD TO PLAZA IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Life Goes to Some *V-E Day Celebrations* Only in New York is there a real hullabaloo

The nation could feel proud of itself for the way it acted when the big news came on Monday, May 7. There was a little cheering, a little drinking and a few prayers. There was a great sense of relief and of a dedication to the job ahead. A Pennsylvania sergeant in Manila summed it up, "That's three beachheads left—China, Japan and San Francisco."

Only in New York was there a real hullabaloo. There wild street celebrations were whitened by snowstorms of paper cascading from buildings in Times Square, Wall Street and Rockefeller Center. Ships on the rivers let go with their sirens. Workers in the garment center threw bales of rayons, silks and woolsens into the streets to drape passing cars with bright-colored cloth. Then the workers swarmed out of their shops, singing and dancing, drinking whisky out of bottles, wading in their own weird confetti.



In Wall Street ticker tape fell on crowds below. All vehicular traffic was shut off outside Stock Exchange. Stocks reacted by closing slightly lower on the day's trading.

COLLECTORS' CORNER



These fabulous French chessmen from Rouen date from the period, circa 1850. Of precious, hand-painted Faience porcelain, they are part of a rare set now in the china collection of the Guillet Montague shop on New York's famous Madison Avenue.



*There's always
a best of
everything....*

FINE ARTS is all whiskey. 5-year-old whiskeys are carefully selected for outstanding characteristics . . . deep body . . . aroma . . . full-rounded flavor. These are then superbly blended into one—a whiskey of matchless perfection.



90 PROOF

FINE ARTS WHISKEY

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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

V-E Day Celebrations CONTINUED



President Harry S. Truman, on Tuesday morning before reading his proclamation on the radio, tells White House reporters that Germany has surrendered unconditionally. Seated near wall (left to right) are Elmer Davis of OWI; Henry W. Wallace, Secretary of Commerce, Major General Philip Fleming, Federal Works Agency.



Workers cheer at news in Wright Aeronautical Plant, Wood-Ridge, N. J. Most war workers worked through V-E Day though absenteeism was a problem in Detroit.



President Truman, Representative Joseph Martin, House Minority Leader, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, J. Leonard Rensch, temporary press secretary, Colonel Harry Vaughan, President's military aide, John Snyder of Federal Loan Administration, Mrs. Truman, Henry Stimson, Secretary of War, Mary Margaret Truman.



Statue of Liberty is lighted again. Dimmed because of the German submarine menace, it was illuminated for 15 minutes the night of D-day, had been dimmed ever since.

Long-Lived as an ...



Powerful as a ...



Rugged as a ...



DELCO

BATTERIES

A QUALITY PRODUCT

BY DELCO-REMY



KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS

Delco-Remy... WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

"I'm Looking for SOLAREX"
SCIENTIFIC SUN GLASSES



SOLAREX
 THE ORIGINAL
TWILIGHT COLOR
 Changes Brightest SUNLIGHT into Soft Restful TWILIGHT



Yes... and your friends and neighbors are looking too... for this year the demand for SOLAREX is stronger than ever due to the needs of the Armed Forces.

SOLAREX, the original TWILIGHT-COLOR, Changes Brightest Sunlight into Soft Restful Twilight... protecting precious eyes against glare, strain and fatigue, caused by the Sun's Irritating Infra-red (Heat) and Ultra-violet (Sunburn) Rays.

Remember the name... SOLAREX... It's your guarantee of Dependable Eye Protection.

★ **Your Savings are Safest in War Bonds** ★

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ALONG ASSEMBLY LINE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN AIRPLANE FACTORY JET

UNDERGROUND PLANT

Nazis circumvented the deadly Allied bombing by building their jet planes in a salt mine



PLANE FUSELAGES IN VARYING STAGES OF COMPLETION ARE RANGED

Just before war in Europe ended, the 2nd Armored Division, advancing through Germany, came on a sight suggesting Jules Verne. It was Nazi-dom's answer to the Allied airpower that wrecked German war industries. Nine hundred feet below the earth's surface, in a 150-year-old salt mine near Schönebeck, GIs found a superbly tooled, well-ventilated plane factory which no aerial bomb could reach. In cavernous, concrete-paved "halls" some 2,400 workers, mostly slaves, built six jet-plane fuselages a day. Wings and motors were installed elsewhere. The daily production had been scheduled to increase soon to 17. Said a Nazi industrialist, "If there were another war nothing would serve but to put our factories underground."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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pairs of shoes for
our Armed Forces
—and more are on
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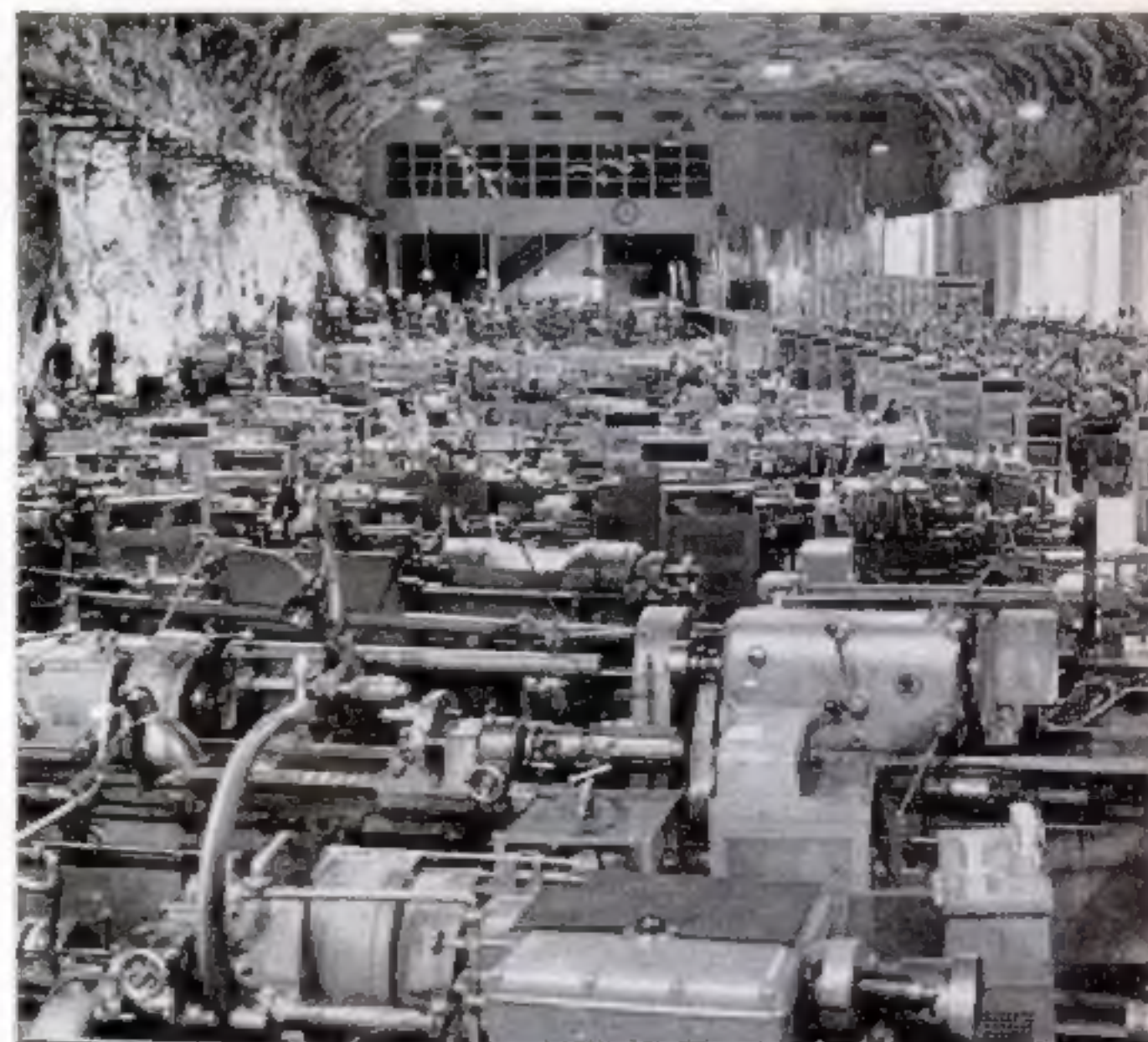
Underground Plant CONTINUED



Time cards show factory worked up to the day before the Americans arrived. Slave labor worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week for the equivalent of 40¢ a day.



Low-ceilinged "hall" is the plant cafeteria where the workers ate what food was allotted them. Most underground plants made jet planes, rocket and robot bombs.



Lathes and grinders fill big "Hall 6," were used to turn out fuselage parts. The din of machines in underground echo-accumulating vaults literally stunned workers.

PLATINUM STRIKE

—in Colombia's
"Mountains of Gold"

1 "Finding my first nugget," writes a North American mineralogist stationed in Colombia, "was certainly a spine-tingling thrill—almost pure platinum, sprinkled with gold. But I quickly learned such finds are by no means rare ... Colombia is one of the world's chief platinum producers. Why, I saw a man here on the San Juan River trade a nugget like mine for a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky ... which, by the way, goes to show how highly they prize Canadian Club, even in these remote parts."



2 "Yesterday this area was all but inaccessible. Today, a network of air routes—affiliated with our own Pan American World Airways—links the San Juan Valley with all Colombia ... and in 12 hours' flying time, with the United States."



3 "Another never-failing thrill is Colombia's riot of orchids—some of the world's finest varieties grow wild here. As for the botanical garden in Medellín, dynamic industrial city—that might well be termed the Orchid Capital of The World."



4 "Yet even dearer to Colombian hearts are her spreading acres of red-berried coffee trees. They produce coffee with a flavor that's mellow, distinctive—almost as distinctive and delightful as the flavor of Canadian Club."



5 "Mentioning Canadian Club in this connection comes easy, for every place I've been in this progressive land, I've found this whisky with the unmatched taste as highly prized as at home."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is light as Scotch,

rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

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Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



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